The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

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Joan Crawford—The Girl behind the Gardenias!

Janet Gaynor Tells Her Success Secrets

Gary Cooper's Cinematic Life Story


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P 51

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FEB 21 1935

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*

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James M. Fidler, *Western Representative* Tom Kennedy, *Assistant Editor* Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

April, 1935 Vol. XXX, No. 6



NEXT MONTH

The Best Story You've Ever Read About CLARK GABLE!

HE'S news now, this big genial chap who has been in so many box-office pictures of late. That's why it is important that you should read the most interesting interview he has ever given, in next month's SCREENLAND. Clark hates to talk about himself—he'll discuss the weather, his nearest rival's next picture, hunting, fishing—with great charm and candor; but if a writer tries to pin him down about himself, he'll say: "Skip it!" But not *this* time! For once, a SCREENLAND reporter managed to make Gable give his really personal views, his own slants on his inner self, his philosophy and sense of humor. You'll like this feature; you will find it gives you Clark Gable as a real friend, as a pal to help you solve your own problems!

Remember—this Clark Gable feature appears in the May issue of SCREENLAND, on sale March 26th.

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HEADS UP, FILM FANS!

. . . for M-G-M's greatest film festival o'er land and sea!

Now all the heaven's a stage for Uncle Sam's fighting, flying men. You'll thrill as never before when you see the famed "Hi-Hats" wing into action! You'll grin as you watch the West Pointers getting a P G course in courage and daring! And you'll weep with the girls they leave behind as they soar into the skies to keep a date with the angels!

It took six months, thousands of men, $50,000,000 worth of equipment to make this exciting saga of the sky devils. You'll never forget it!

Wallace Beery

in

WEST POINT of the AIR

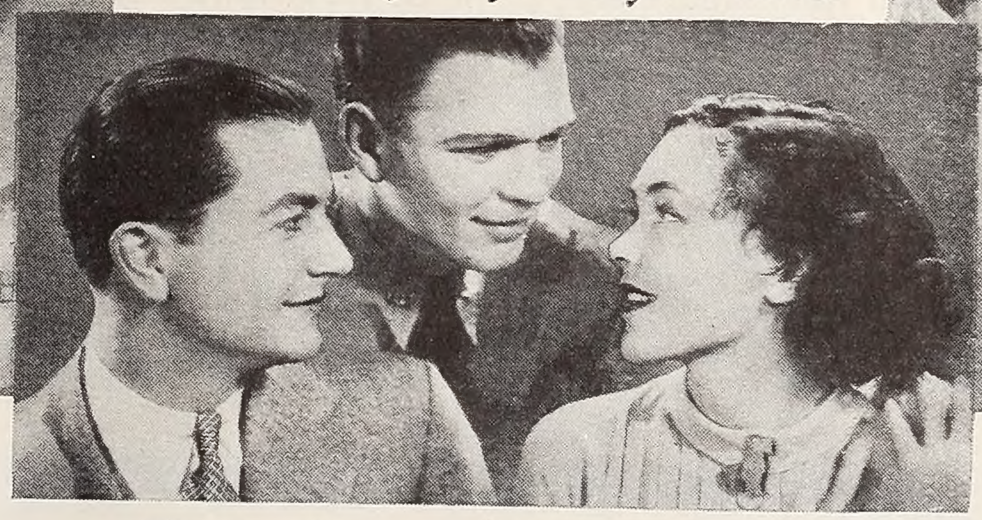
with

ROBERT YOUNG
LEWIS STONE
MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
JAMES GLEASON

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



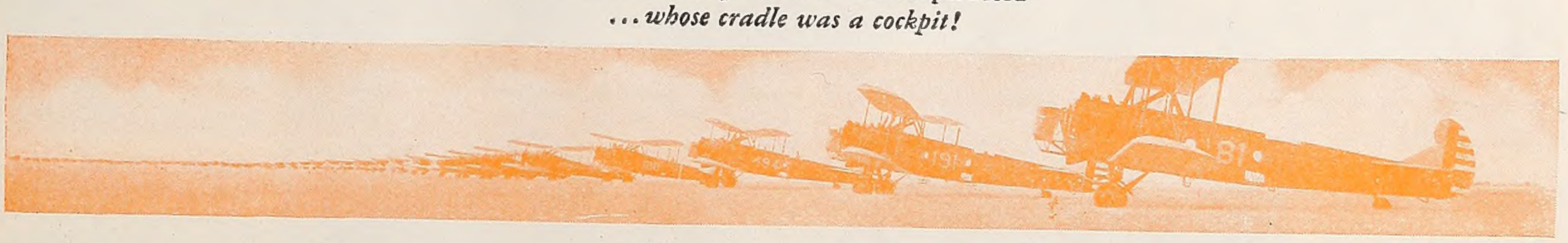
The two old-timers who sat around...*and wore out their brains!*



The three mosquiteers of Randoph Field
...whose cradle was a cockpit!



The girl who loved as they lived...*dangerously!*



SCREENLAND Honor Page



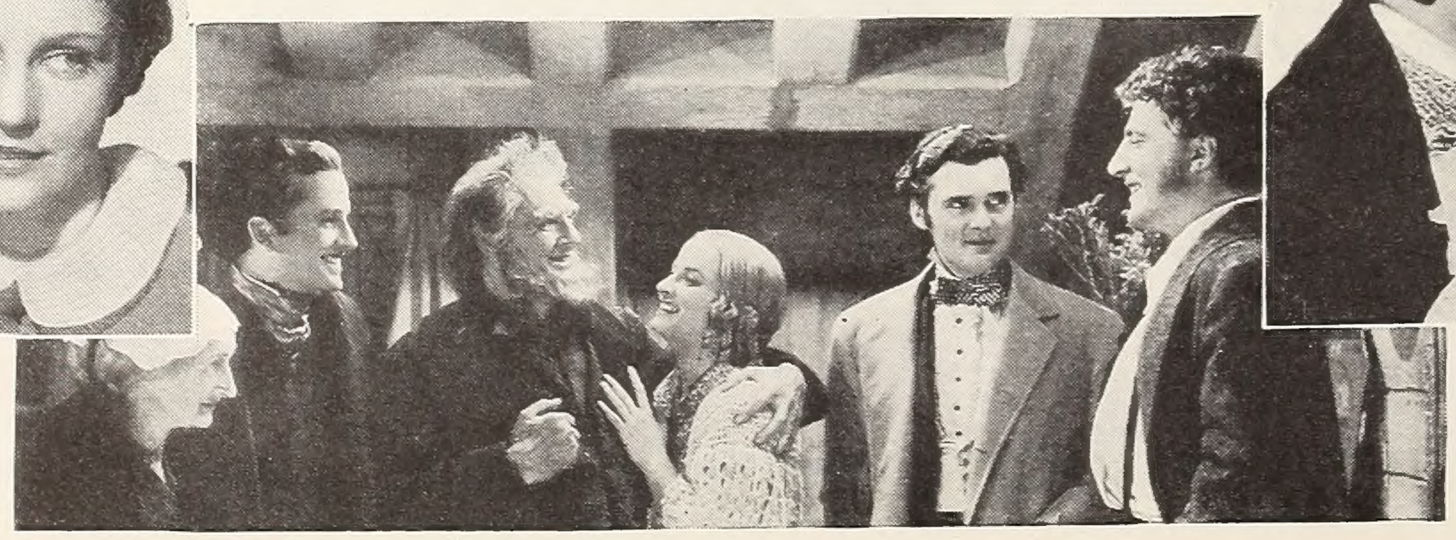
George Cukor, the ace director of "David Copperfield," is shown directly above guiding Freddie Bartholomew and Elizabeth Allan through a scene. The close-ups above, show Freddie, left, as the boy David *with W. C. Fields as the inimitable* Micawber; *and, right, with Jessie Ralph, the perfect* Peggotty.

All Honor to All Those who Made "David Copperfield" the Miracle Motion Picture! Thanks to the Courageous Producer, the Brilliant Director, and the Distinguished Cast who Captured the True Spirit of Charles Dickens' Masterpiece!

IT IS easy for us, watching "David Copperfield" on the screen today, to admire and marvel at its perfection. But stop to think for just a moment of the terrific two years' work, energy and devotion that went into its production! First, the courage of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in undertaking it. Second, the painstaking adaptation. Third, the flawless casting. And through it all the genius of director George Cukor, who has taken his fine material and woven it into an immortal motion picture. Cukor has contributed more than polished technique, more than clever craftsmanship; he has expressed a rare sensitiveness and understanding and humanity worthy of Dickens himself. Indeed, if D. W. Griffith may be called the first great director for giving the screen most of the dramatic devices still in use today: the close-up, the struggle, the chase—then surely George Cukor is the second great director—who, achieving technical perfection effortlessly, goes many steps further and re-creates the inner beauty that is always hiding in the hearts and souls of men, waiting for the great artists to reveal it. Hail Cukor!



The grown-up David, *acted by Frank Lawton, with Madge Evans,* as Agnes, *above.*





Above, David *and his child-wife* Dora *(Maureen O'Sullivan). Left, more stellar performers.*

"Spanish Blonde"

By JAMES A. DANIELS

When she's bad, she's very, very good! That's Marlene Dietrich's success story in one short sentence. • The wickeder she is on the screen the more the screen-goers love her. The more masculine hearts she shatters the louder the fans cheer. • Look at the record: In "Blue Angel" she played an alluring but heartless siren who wrecked the life and career of a man who adored her. The fans promptly voted her the biggest box office attraction of the day.



"Blue Angel"



"Shanghai Express"

"Morocco" added new legions of Dietrich fans. And when their Marlene swept devastatingly across the colorful Chinese background in "Shanghai Express" the whoops of delight from her admirers could be heard from Times Square to Timbuctoo. So here's the good news of the day: La Dietrich is back in character—this time as the heartless and exotic blonde Spanish dancer in Paramount's "Carnival in Spain." • Once again she exercises the fatal charm that brings men to her feet. And once again she tramples on their hearts. As that rarest and most alluring of racial beauties, the Spanish blonde, Marlene takes everything and gives nothing. • Directed by Josef von Sternberg, "Carnival in Spain" unfolds a gripping story of the love of two men for the Spanish Blonde, the idol of all Spain. Unhappiness and tense drama follow in her wake. And through it all, this loveliest of all sirens, continues to prove that, when she's bad, she's very, very good!



"Morocco"



"Carnival In Spain"

(*Advertisement*)



Here's Fred Astaire at the left, shyly acknowledging the salutes by which you vote him "tops" this month.

Salutes and Snubs

Wherein readers tell the truth about stars and their pictures! Send us your snub or salute

magic and romance about the place—truly the land of make-believe. The librarian as heroine of a love story centering about her daily work is an angle that has scarcely been touched upon.

Leonard Eury,
Appalachian State Teachers College,
Boone, N. C.

YOUR LOGIC IS PERFECT!

Well, it just goes to prove that looks don't mean a thing! Take Fred Astaire. He is not my idea of good-looking, but oh, his winning personality!

Jennie Friedman,
667 Hemlock St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

LET 'EM LEARN CHOPSTICKS!

If asked my pet screen peeve, I'd say without hesitation that it was phoney piano players. No other deceit so spoils the cinema illusion as players sitting at a dummy keyboard going through silly gyrations. Why not delete the scene if the actor is not a pianist?

Mrs. Hannah Feldman,
209 Peters St., N.W.
Atlanta, Ga.

THE GOOD-BAD GIRL

Jane Withers was so "bad" that she stole "Bright Eyes" from Shirley Temple! Somebody ought to paddle her, and then give her a contract.

Ruth King,
2 Hamilton Ave.,
Cranford, N. J.

GRAND IDEA!

Fans, here's a brand new idea! Why not form a "movie" charity club whereby all the poor boys and girls could see at least one movie a week? This plan would bring more joy than a lot of the organized charities and we'd be sure that our contributions were well spent.

Louise Williams,
1007 West Grace St.,
Richmond, Va.

(*Continued on page 91*)

The meeting comes to order, and without preamble the public debate is on! From the first speaker to the last, exciting matters are discussed with a pertinence and spirit which all you SCREENLAND readers seem so extraordinarily gifted in bringing to considerations of everything pertaining to the screen.

Especially fortunate is Hollywood in receiving some excellent suggestions and ideas for shrewd casting of its outstanding stars as well as lesser lights. And to the rest of us whose screen activities confine themselves to seeing the pictures and reading about the movies, the letters this month offer particularly stimulating and entertaining comment.

If you are not regularly contributing to this department, decide now, for the fun you'll get and the opportunity afforded to win a prize of $5.00 if your contribution is judged among the best eight for the month, to write your ideas as they occur to you. Just a brief letter—confined, please, to fifty words—and your contribution to the interest of fellow fans, and perhaps the advancement of a star or the art of making better films, will be considered for inclusion in this important topical record. Address letters to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

The first eight letters receive prizes of $5.00 each

KNOWS HER HOLIDAYS!

Here's my holiday calendar in terms of stars:

New Year's Eve—Jean Harlow. St. Valentine's Day—Mary Brian. St. Patrick's Day—Maureen O'Sullivan. Easter—Ann Harding. The Fourth of July—Ginger Rogers. Thanksgiving—Jackie Cooper. Christmas Eve—Shirley Temple.

Joyce Kent,
321 West 94th St.,
New York, N. Y.

GLAMOR AMONG THE BOOKS

Why hasn't someone thought of the public library as a film setting? There is

everything is made for use, for the keynote at Glenda's is informality. The "gang"—which in this case includes Mary Brian, Dick Powell, George and Joan (Blondell) Barnes, and Phil Reed—wander in in slacks, sweaters, shorts, or pajamas and make themselves at home. All very "small-townish," as Mary puts it.

Above all, they like to go horse-back riding early in the morning and wind up at Glenda's for breakfast, which everyone helps prepare.

"The favorite repeat dish is, of course, waffles," said Glenda, offering me a crisp sample. "I have a very special recipe for them.

Waffles

2 cups flour
1 heaping teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
3 eggs

"Mix and then add the well beaten yolks of the eggs. Just before you're ready to cook them, add the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs.

"I like tomato juice for breakfast—or 'brunch,' as we call it—but we often serve pineapple or orange juice unless melons are in season.

"Hazel has great success with popovers. This is how she does it:

Popovers

1 cup flour
⅞ cup milk
¼ teaspoon salt
2 eggs
1 teaspoon melted butter

"Mix salt and flour, add eggs and milk gradually. Beat with egg-beater and turn into hot greased muffin tins and bake in hot oven. You must have your oven very hot for the first 15 minutes, then reduce the heat and continue baking for about 30 minutes.

"I'm no French chef myself—my hobby is recreating homes. Look, can you see that one down the street? If I had it, I'd turn it around so that the side we can see would be in front; imagine it with that veranda made into a sun-porch at the side! If you cut an entrance between the chimney and that window—my dear, *see* what a precious place it would be!

"Do have some marmalade! This is carrot marmalade, Tommy's special. You know how orange marmalade is—you ought to chew it quite a bit and Tommy simply won't, so we give him this, and now the whole gang adores it.

Carrot Marmalade

4 oranges
1 can grated pineapple
12 grated carrots
1 lemon
Sugar. Use ⅔ as much sugar as you have fruit after cooking.

"Cook it all together for one hour the first day; let stand and cook one hour the second day; again let it stand and cook one hour third day, and by that time it's done."

The Siamese cats, Frankie and Johnny, came in to see us; amazing animals who can all but talk. They carry on a conversation with mews and purrs; their inflections would please any dramatic coach.

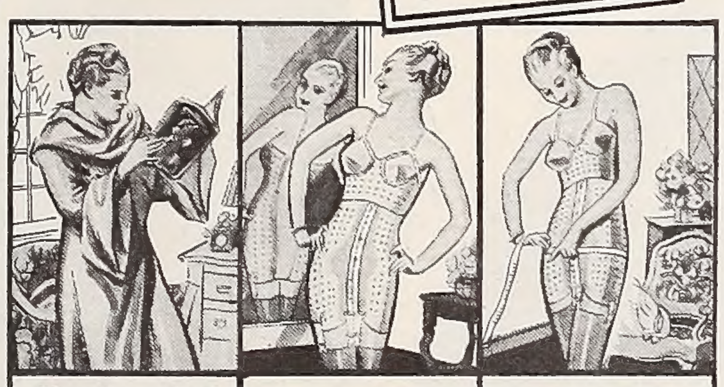
"They're smart as whips," smiled Glenda. "But you should see the Duchess—oh, there she is!" A gorgeous white Persian stalked majestically into the room. "When I was making *'Lady for a Day,'* I met this cat in an alley. She was a wee bit of a kitten then. Naturally, I called her *Apple Annie,* and then what does she do but grow into this glorious creature, so we had to change her name to the Duchess. Frankie and Johnny don't care for her—no, Frankie

(*Continued on page 68*)

+ + + NOW *You* can *Reduce*



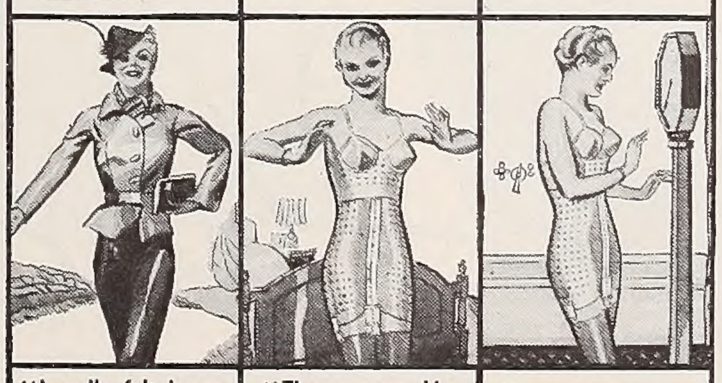
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"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE folder".

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"The massage-like action did it . . . the fat seemed to have melted away".

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THREE INCHES in 10 DAYS
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PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
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Every time your hands feel dry and drawn, rub in a little Hinds. It supplies the skin with beautifying oils to replace skin-oils stolen by soap suds, March winds, housework. And always Hinds at night—to keep your hands thrillingly smooth. Economical! Big 25¢ and 50¢ sizes in drug stores, 10¢ size at dime store.

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Hinds
Honey and
Almond Cream



The Editor's Page.



An English boy of ten, Freddie Bartholomew, becomes the new child sensation of the screen in "David Copperfield." He was reciting Shakespeare at four; appeared for charity in England; knows much of Dickens by heart; emotes easily at the director's bidding; has dark brown hair and big blue eyes—and is thoroughly sold on our American ice cream, and Hollywood!

An Open Letter to "David" (Freddie Bartholomew)

DEAR David—I mean Freddie:

Don't blame me for confusing you with the character you play in "David Copperfield." I think sometimes you must get a little confused, yourself. You used to be Freddie Bartholomew. Now perfect strangers rush up to you in the street and hug you and if possible kiss you, before you can duck, and say: "Little David! You *darling!*" And all the ladies want to take you right into the nearest corner drugstore and fill you up with ice-cream and candy—"Poor little boy! Poor, poor little David! You must be SO hungry!"

I know you must be pretty fed up with it, David—er—Freddie. But don't be too hard on us. We can't help feeling that way about you. Even looking at you in the well-scrubbed flesh, in nice, new, well-made clothes, and meeting your very charming aunt, whose main interest in life ever since you were three has been to look after you to see that you have everything you need—even so, Freddie, we feel a catch at our throats and that certain moisture in our eyes—all because you did such a good job of making the boy *David Copperfield* come alive on the screen.

Now that the three months of hard work making the picture, and the trip to New York and meeting the press and coming up to SCREENLAND'S offices and being fussed over and patted on the head are all over, you can be yourself again, Freddie Bartholomew, well-bred English boy, aged ten. That is, until your next screen rôle. Then you'll become someone else again—whatever boy you have to play. Just another job for you to do, but by some magic you'll make us believe it. Fortunately you have no silly ideas about your Art. To you it's all so simple—why, you just put yourself in another boy's place, that's all. Instead of taking "David Copperfield" big, you seem to remember most favorably the fact that the "soap" *Peggotty* used to wash your face was really white of egg and sugar; and that the "medicine" fed you by *Aunt Betsey* was chocolate malted milk. "Jolly good, too," was the way you put it. You'll do, David!

Delight Evans



As he was! Gary Cooper the cowboy, before he became noted as an actor.

Something new in screen biography for you! How a tall Montana boy became a great movie star, told step by step, with sidelights here revealed for the first time

By James M. Fidler

Gary Cooper's Cinematic Life Story

THE screen career of Gary Cooper was born on February 6th, 1925. It was a pale, sickly-looking infant; not even a fond mother would have predicted then that the "baby" would grow to its present hale and healthy condition.

It was a strange apparition of man—a super-tall, skinny specimen—that came out of Montana about Thanksgiving, 1924, and chose to earn a living as a salesman of advertising space on theatre curtains. He must have grown thinner on his earnings, because in January of the following year Gary Cooper relinquished the job. On advice of a friend, he became a motion picture extra. He found occasional work as a cowboy actor in Westerns—enough work to provide food for his six-feet two-inches of body; enough to buy trousers to sheathe those long, gangling legs.

His first step from the ranks of extras occurred about mid-1925, when a "poverty row" producer chose Cooper for the leading rôle in a two-reel "horse opera" with Eileen Sedgwick.

Soon after completion of this "noble cinematic effort," Samuel Goldwyn started to produce a motion picture titled "The Winning of Barbara Worth." It starred Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky, and there was a third important part that needed a tall, he-mannish type. Goldwyn issued a general summons for all actors fitting that description, and among those who responded was Cooper.

Now in those early days producers had strange ways of selecting players. The elaborate tests so common today were then unheard of. To select his type, Goldwyn ordered the applicants to form a long line, and to march past his office door, one at a time. The parade of lanky



Right, Gary in the days when he was Clara Bow's leading man: shy, reserved, and camera-scared! Center, Cooper in his latest and unquestionably his greatest rôle in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."





Profile of a dreamy young man before fame hit him! Sam Goldwyn gave Gary Cooper his first real screen chance. Then Paramount signed him, and groomed him for stardom.

Westerners began, each pausing only long enough to make a complete turn in the doorway.

Cooper was about fifteenth in line. Goldwyn's eyes narrowed when the Montana cowboy twisted about in a slow, awkward turn—a turn that seemed to start with his feet and coil gradually until the entire body was around.

"What is your name?" asked the producer.

Cooper responded.

"Can you act?" was Goldwyn's next inquiry.

Cooper pondered this deeply, before he answered, "I don't know." Then, realizing that his frankness might cost him the job, Gary frowned, after which he grinned.

The grin won Goldwyn. He called Cooper into his office, and dismissed the other applicants. Then he settled down to business.

"How much money do you think you are worth?" he asked.

Cooper, who had been paid thirty-five dollars a week for his two-reeler with Eileen Sedgwick, mumbled something about "hundred and fifty a week." Then, while Goldwyn turned his back to consider this proposition, Gary whispered to the producer's assistant, "I'd do the part for nothing, but don't tell *him* that!"

Goldwyn finally offered Cooper seventy-five dollars a week, which Gary accepted immediately. This salary is mentioned only because Gary, after ten years, is again working for Samuel Goldwyn, opposite Anna Sten in a new picture titled "The Wedding Night," and his salary today is approximately one hundred times greater than the original weekly stipend which Goldwyn paid for his services as a cowboy-actor.

Goldwyn was in doubt of Cooper's acting ability, and to guard against nervousness, he instructed the director to "keep that tall fellow away from the camera as much as possible. When you must have him close, tell him it's a test shot." Cooper worked the first two weeks without knowing that he had actually won the rôle; he thought he was being "tested."

It is interesting to know how Goldwyn's question, "Can you act?" was finally answered. Henry King was the director of "The Winning of Barbara Worth," and King was a great lover of speed and action. His test of Cooper's "acting ability" consisted of a sequence in which Gary raced into a scene on a horse, dismounted, and dashed into a log cabin. Cooper, born and raised on a Montana ranch, was of course a fine horseman. He went through that "acting test" like a cyclone. King, in a frenzy of delight, telegraphed Goldwyn: "Cooper is a find; he is a real actor."

"The Winning of Barbara Worth" was "the making of Gary Cooper." Word of his prowess spread quickly, and soon he was given a contract by Paramount. His first picture under the new agreement was "Wings," in which he played the small part of *Cadet White,* who was killed in an early sequence.

It was during "Wings" that the friendship of Cooper and Richard Arlen was born. This friendship has endured through the years; today "Dick" and "Coop" are close pals.

During the filming of "Wings" on location in Texas, Arlen rented an automobile, (*Continued on page 65*)



Study in contrast! Above, the "promising young actor" in his first home in Hollywood, somewhat self-consciously posing for his first "home" publicity pictures! And now just let your gaze travel to the right, please.



Above, Mr. Cooper, eminent cinema celebrity, at his carved mahogany desk, in the library of his present home. Note tasteful furnishings. Also note he's true to the West—see those spurs and quirt on wall-light?





The Girl *behind the* Gardenias

Don't be deceived! Joan Crawford isn't like that at all; she's like *this!*

Our little picture, top, shows the glamorous Gardenia Lady. But this story tears off her mask. The real Joan is right here!

By Maude Cheatham

SHE has a very beautiful big home on a beautiful palm-lined avenue in exclusive Brentwood Heights, and there is an imposing front entrance. But Joan Crawford goes in and out of the house by the kitchen door!

"It is nearer the garage," she explained, simply. Adding, with a laugh, "I guess the real reason is that I love kitchens. They are so cheerful, so homey, and they always smell so good!"

It was during luncheon in her newly decorated dining-room, all in soft grays and a spring-like green, that I was making some amazing discoveries about the girl behind the gardenias, those exotic flowers she wears that dramatize the glamorous screen star. Back of the snowy blossoms is an entirely different Joan—warm, sparkling, emotional, and very girlish, still cherishing her ideals and still dreaming dreams.

She's a strangely vital, exciting personality; yet at heart, Joan likes the simple things of life.

"When I'm home," she told me, "I like to slip into a gingham dress. The other day I was in the kitchen arranging some flowers when a messenger boy, very grand in his new uniform, knocked at the door. I answered it and he handed me several packages. Then, glancing up, he recognized me. His eyes looked as if they would pop out of his freckled face, and I laughed. After a second, he joined in, and as we stood there laughing he said, 'Gee, I never thought you'd be like *this!*'

"I've gloated over that. I think it's a pretty nice compliment!"

Knowing it was Joan's great courage and determination that carried her over terrific obstacles to screen fame I wondered if she had ever known doubt, or hesitancy, or fear. When I asked her, she answered promptly, "Yes! For one thing, I'm deathly afraid of the dark.

"When I was a little girl my brother locked me in a dark closet. To him it was just a boyish prank. To me it was tragedy. When they opened the door I had fainted. I've never really recovered from that shock.

"I always sleep with three electric lights burning. I used to have just one, but once it went out and I woke up in the dark. It seemed ten years that I lay there paralyzed with fear until dawn crept in through the windows to light up the room. I've never run such a risk since then.

"In my first picture they put me down into a manhole. During the rehearsal I (*Continued on page 85*)



Baxter's Dreams Come True

The inspiring story of Warner's vision of happiness —and how he attained it

By Vera Ingersoll

If you are dreaming of the success you hope for some day—and who is not?—be cheered by this revelation of Warner Baxter, who made his dreams come true.

Left, the terraced blossom-bordered walk of the Baxter estate at Bel-air, located on the hillside.



Warner had this set, right, from his film "As Husbands Go" copied for his wife's own boudoir.

HOME may be in your hat, or a hotel room, or a hovel—or a mansion. The Warner Baxters elect the mansion, and since W. B. was one of those few canny souls in Hollywood who did *not* indulge in U. S. Steel at 260 in 1929, but stayed liquid as a lake instead, there is no stringency of bank account now to prevent his giving fullest rein to fancy in a home of palatial proportions, with swimming pool and tennis courts, and sunken gardens and a system of electric lighting straight from fairyland.

But don't make any mistake. This Belair home of the Baxters is not any mere architect's dream of grandeur. In a very special and true sense it is The House that Warner Built, bit by bit and room by room from the various pictures in which he has played. Whenever a fireplace or a built-in bookcase or a bit of portico has particularly charmed him, he has tucked it away in his brain with the resolution: "Someday I'm going to have that in my home."

Most people of imagination indulge in such day-dreaming, that too often ends right there. The Warner Baxter type of dreaming is of the happier type—that comes true, because he looks well to it that it does. But let Warner tell it for himself:

"There was a Colonial living-room in the Fox picture, 'As Husbands Go,' that I found simply delightful. I liked everything about it; the mantel, with the ship in the center, and the wall settee, and the placing of the Duncan Phyfe table. 'Don't look any further,' I told Winifred, the first day I saw it. 'We have a living-room,' and so we have. It's exactly reproduced now at Beverly Hills, from the one in which I acted with Helen Vinson.

"The modernized Victorian room in 'Such Women Are Dangerous' had the same effect upon me. It's all in brown and white and chartreuse, used with a lightness and *esprit* that simply 'got' me. There was an American Empire sofa in that room that fairly took my breath; it was of eggshell satin tufted with tobacco brown moiré; the cushions of the moiré with ermine trimming. The woodwork was of eggshell white. The lamps at either side were fashioned from old-time glove stretchers—that held my fancy, I liked that suggestion of a beautiful woman's hand, supplying light to the home. The shades were of white buckram trimmed with tobacco brown moiré ribbon; the rug of white and brown, with chartreuse wool fringe. The moment I saw that sofa I knew I had to have it in our home. (*Continued on page 79*)



So she won't talk, eh? Well, she talks to SCREENLAND readers! Yes, Janet answers our questions frankly and fully, in this delightfully honest feature. And here's a new picture of the little star, one of the very few she has ever consented to pose for in her home.

Janet tells her Success Secrets!

Want to know why the little Gaynor girl tops the list? Then read this exclusive feature, one of the very rare authentic interviews granted by the star

By Mark Dowling

EVER since a hard-headed group of motion picture exhibitors chose her as Hollywood's most popular feminine star, according to box-office reports, seeking to explain Janet Gaynor's amazing success has become Hollywood's leading indoor amusement.

Since "Seventh Heaven" she has stood among the first three box-office attractions of the world, with a steadily growing army of fans—a record which no other star has ever equalled, or even challenged!

Before telling you her own answers to the questions we popped at her—in one of the frankest interviews she has ever granted—we want to tell you the quality her own studio co-workers believe responsible for her triumphs.

One of them told me, "Janet has something that makes her startlingly different from all other stars. Too often they come to regard picture-making as a pretty prosaic business. There are so many tedious details—long hours, hard work, and going over a single scene again and again. *Janet, on the other hand, is always as keenly thrilled over her latest picture as she was about her first starring part!* I believe her enthusiasm shows through to audiences from the screen."

Janet said to me, "How *could* anyone be bored in this business? You can never be sure that your picture will click until people have actually seen it in theatres, and this uncertainty keeps you on your toes. When we began work on 'One More Spring,' for instance, Warner Baxter told me seriously that he felt doubtful about its chances. Now we've just been working on the picture a little while, and he cries happily, 'It's beginning to shape up, Janet! It's going to be good!'"

She can be just as enthusiastic in going over to the wardrobe department to try on a simple skirt as another star would over the most elaborate costume, and the

same spirit extends to all the details of her career. She will go over a scene again and again with a fellow-actor who slips up in his lines. Seemingly, she never tires. She sits for hours in the projection room watching her "rushes," and if she believes that a certain scene can be improved, asks to do it over. Usually, it *is* improved. She has an exceptionally clever screen mind, and directors often ask and follow her advice.

SHE IS NEVER BORED!

SCREENLAND believes that this, more than any other one thing, is responsible for Janet's amazing success. Read the story, then let's hear what *you* think!

When we asked how she has avoided the mistakes which so often prove fatal to the most brilliant careers, she hesitated to answer. (Later, she told us her reasons for not granting interviews more frequently.)

Then as we chatted of Hollywood, pictures, and careers, she unconsciously revealed an astonishingly well-thought-out formula for success.

"I never engage in studio politics," she said first. "I believe many actresses make the mistake of trying to do too much. It's a full time job for me to learn my parts and to act. I'm willing to leave everything else to the heads of the studio. *It's to their interest as much as mine for my pictures to be successful,* and I believe their judgment on many things is superior."

If you have ever heard the loud groans and raves of other stars about their "mismanagement," you know that Janet's view-point is as unusual as it is wise.

Our conversation was interrupted when she had to go before the cameras. Carefully a prop man sprinkled her coat and hat with drops of water from a sponge. On the set, artificial rain fell with realistic effect. A moment before her brown eyes had been dancing over an amusing anecdote, but now the cameras saw a poignant wistfulness that would hold audiences breathless. She played a lonely waif seeking refuge from the storm, and this Cinderella motif prompted me to ask her about "being typed." This is the favorite complaint of every star in town, but Janet has gone on playing the same type of character year after year.

"There have been stories printed that I long to make a drastic change—to play more sophisticated parts—but none of them was true. As (*Continued on page 93*)

What, can this be our Janet? Yes—and we're using it to show you that La Gaynor is much, much more than merely demure! This Spanish effect was just for a character study, but wasn't—and isn't—she cute?

Seems to us Janet always had that certain charm! Below, when she was only twelve. Right, as she looked when she first went into films. Not much change, is there?



Maureen Knows Hollywood!

Here is the O'Sullivan girl, whom many know but few understand—until they've read this penetrating story

By
Ben Maddox



Maureen smiles gaily as she astounds fans and critics with her newly revealed emotional depth, concealing her serious nature.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN has been the loneliest girl in Hollywood!

I think that somehow this year she is going to work out her problem. Certainly I hope so. It is too cruel to conclude that there is no *out*. Maureen is such a splendid girl and she asks so little of life.

Practically no one in Hollywood knows the real Maureen. I have the weirdest feeling when some one says to me that she's a cute Irish gal. As though that summed her up!

And then, stopping for a moment, I realize that they know no more of the real Maureen than you who see her on the screen. She has never "opened up" to them. That gay, brave front she assumes is taken at its face value. While all the time there is the pulsing, dynamic girl behind that camouflage.

The hit Maureen made in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" lingers on with the fans and the critics, who were astounded to see her shed her ingénue fluffiness and nearly steal the picture from Shearer, March, and Laughton —all winners of the Academy Awards as the industry's finest artists. That one performance of Maureen's brought her sharply to the fore last season. In "David Copperfield" she has more recently held her own with all-star competition. So it seems to me that this is the right hour to disclose her story.

To me Maureen O'Sullivan is more than interesting. There is an emotional depth in her which almost frightens me. And I feel sorry for her. Yes, *sorry!* Because she has been living, *is* living a true life story which is definitely unhappy.

In a way she has much in common with that noted Michael Arlen heroine, *Iris March.* Oh, Maureen is a great deal younger and there is no secret eating out her heart, nothing for her to conceal. But, like *Iris,* she seems to be a girl "who will never be let off anything."

Today those who are merely acquainted with Maureen, on the screen or in Hollywood itself, have no idea of what she has been going through. She doesn't wear a green hat like the Arlen adventuress. But green is the color of her native land and she has a heap of pride. She keeps a stiff upper lip, her head up, and smiles as though completely happy.

"I *bore* me!" she exclaims to casually inquisitive people. It is only during those rare minutes when she pours out her innermost thoughts that one gets close to her.

On the surface you would catalogue her as indeed a very lucky young woman. She has been a leading lady in pictures for five years. She is most attractive. And she's in Hollywood, most exhilarating of cities True enough. But let me take you into my confidence. The reason I am sorry for Maureen is because she has led and is leading no such ideal existence. Rather, she has stumbled upon unhappiness.

I am not one of those annoying pests who blames Hollywood for making people unhappy, and neither is Maureen. Which is the pity of her case. I am quite sure she would have met the same fate *whatever* she'd drifted into.

Now I want to turn back first to her growing-up days, to give you the correct background slant. Maureen is the eldest daughter in a family of five. Her father is a retired major of the English army. At eleven she left home, which was Dublin, for a convent in London. At fifteen-and-a-half she was expelled. "For 'consistent insubordination,'" she recalls. "No other convent wanted a little rebel like me after that branding, and so ended my formal school days."

The irrepressible child was optimistically packed off to Versailles to acquire French (*Continued on page 82*)

But It's All New to John!

By
S. R. Mook

Three pictures, and John Beal finds himself much in demand as a leading man! Here's what he thinks of it



"Young Mr. Beal is a gentleman, but don't let that scare you, he's also nuts," says Dick Mook in this close-up of a star newcomer.

A PRESS agent once tried to sell me the idea of a story on a newcomer. "I can't work up any enthusiasm about newcomers until I've seen what they can do," I answered.

"You writers give me a pain in the neck," he retorted. "You all want stories on them *after* they're stars but you never want to help make them stars."

Maybe he's right. I dunno. But I've seen a newcomer—John Beal—in his first picture—"Another Language," in his second, "Hat, Coat and Glove," in his third, "The Little Minister" and I've seen him do a few scenes from his fourth—"Laddie."

I think he's swell—and so does the editor of SCREENLAND. And, because we're agreed he's going places, we are proud to present him to you and to extend a helping hand in his climb towards stardom.

Mr. Beal is by way of being a gentleman—but don't let that scare you. He's also nuts. John looks to be in his early twenties and his näiveté, for one who has been on the stage as long as he, is astounding. Not since James Dunn first hit Hollywood have I met anyone as unspoiled and trusting as Mr. Beal. I'm satisfied, in my own mind, that when he says his prayers at night he interpolates, "And please have Santa Claus bring me a nice, fat part."

Didn't he tell me, "Maybe I am tolerant—more tolerant than most young people, because it just doesn't seem right for one person to have enjoyed the run of luck I've had the last two or three years. Why shouldn't I be gullible and trusting? I've had practically everything I've ever wanted and few of the heartaches that go with the attainment of desires and ambitions. The only thing that keeps my feet on the ground is the certain knowledge that it can't last. I expect to go under any minute now and have a long streak of bad luck. Then, maybe in four or five years, I'll have fought my way back to the top."

John made an embarrassed sort of noise—half laugh, half grunt. "Here I am talking about making a comeback when I haven't even made a good start! But I think I'm going to be not so hot in this new picture. I've looked at the rushes and while I have a couple of good scenes, most of the time I look at myself and think, 'Well, you certainly are the height of dullness.'"

He considered things for a minute and burst out: "You know, you're under a terrible disadvantage when you're young. No one takes you very seriously and everyone thinks you're either very juvenile or very gaga. Youth is something you can't help. It's an indisposition that only time can cure. I don't see why people should feel the way they do about it. Young people are certainly just as positive personalities as older ones and their problems are just as real as those of anyone else!"

It's an interviewer's business never to be surprised at anything—certainly never to show it. I'm afraid I must be a very bad interviewer because my eyes must have been sticking out like cherries on a stick and my jaw dealt my stomach a blow as it dropped. Possibly other youngsters have felt something of all this but it's the first time I've ever met one who formulated it into a thought and expressed it in so many words. But I'd better start at the beginning of this interview.

John faced me across the luncheon table, looking somewhat like one of Harry Leon Wilson's characters dressed up in his Sunday best—and hating it.

"Cocktail?" he asked.

"No," I responded, hoping he wouldn't believe me.

"I don't think one cocktail could set me off enough to spoil my work for the afternoon, do you?" he inquired.

"No!" I shouted.

(Continued on page 84)

Come to England's

Meet your British film favorites on their home "lot"—and greet some of our own stars "on loan" over there!



Leslie Howard, one of the most noted "exchange" stars, made "The Scarlet Pimpernel" in England. Diana Wynyard, below, is beloved both in her native land and her adopted America for "Cavalcade."

Wide World





"Gertie" and "Doug"—our own Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and his stage and screen co-star, Miss Gertrude Lawrence, famed on both sides of the Big Pond. Romancers?

ELSTREE! Hollywood across the sea. A cinema-city suburb of London. Three great groups of film studios. The same jargon, signs, cries: "Silence! . . . Lights! . . . Stand by! . . . Sound! —Roll 'em over!" The same kind of scenic skeletons of the Corners of the World standing all over the lot: A "dive" in Shanghai; a stage-coach courtyard scene from Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop"; a corner of Paris through which Leslie Howard recently drove a tumbril filled with condemned royalists on the way to the guillotine; a waterway in Venice from Elisabeth Bergner's "Escape Me Never." . . . All a bit mistily shrouded with London fog, the last time I saw them. But for all the slight differences and 5,500 miles of ether, land, and sea dividing them, Elstree is bound as tightly together with Hollywood, as though they were only across the way from each other, beyond that hedge of hawthorn with the holly grove behind it. The same group of world artists are today illuminating both Elstree and Hollywood!

Say what we may, it is not—and never was—the pictures, the stories, the authors, or the stupendous sums spent in making the screen world, that have captivated a universal audience and held it spell-bound for twenty-five years. Persons and personalities are the things that count! What is it we remember of what we have seen and felt of the cinema after a decade or after a score of years? Not "Less Than The Dust," for example, but Mary Pickford who played in that and in a score of other pictures whose names we have long since forgotten. "The Thief of Bagdad" was wonderful, but not so wonderful as Douglas Fairbanks. Even that grand play, "The Last Laugh," is hazy, but we shall never forget the performance of Emil Jannings.

For more than a score of years Hollywood has stood paramount in the picture world; all other producers in every land—save for an



One of the loveliest stars to appear in British pictures also shown in the United States: Anna Neagel, co-star with Sir Cedric Hardwicke in "Nell Gwyn."

HOLLYWOOD!

By Henry Albert Phillips

The well-known journalist, on a special visit as SCREENLAND'S reporter, personally conducts you to the British studios and presents you to leading players.

occasional shooting star—have wobbled like rank amateurs in the game of pictures until now. For the first time in film history, Hollywood is sharing her laurels, her stars, and her personalities with another producing land; with England, from which country we had borrowed practically half of them. Now we are lending them some of our people. It is a good healthy sign of the film times ahead!

Elstree is a legend, just like "Hollywood" that forgets to tell the world that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is not in Hollywood but in Culver City, and so on. So likewise is Gaumont-British in Shepherd's Bush. But Elstree, like Hollywood, will go down in British film history as England's cinema center of gravity.



Exquisite Madeleine Carroll, the blonde star who made "The World Moves On" for us, now "home."



Below, our own Helen Chandler, who scored in Englishfilms, notably "The Unfinished Symphony."



The noblest English cousin of them all: George Arliss, shown above in his most recent rôle of the Duke of Wellington in the British-Made Film "The Iron Duke."

There is one major difference between Elstree and Hollywood, which will account for a scarcity of spicy gossip, domestic scandal, and keyhole profiles. Elstree is not a colony, but a workshop. The Milky Way of the stars of Elstree is London, whither they shoot nightly and come out in the social heavens to twinkle, to tango, or to tank up, or whatever it is said that stars do all through the night. However, and fortunately, stars seen from any hemisphere the world over behave much the same, only it requires a little more high-powered telescopic information and many eyes to observe it all.

Anyone half-blind, however, could read the sparkling lights shining through the fog on Charing Cross Road announcing that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Gertrude Lawrence were playing together. And playing what? the world of gossip asks, remembering young Doug's interlude with Joan Crawford. I met Douglas, Jr., one night in his dressing-room at the Queen's Theatre, and asked him that very question: "What about you and Miss Lawrence?"

"Why not ask me what about myself and Elisabeth Bergner, with whom I recently (*Continued on page* 63)



Merle Oberon, sensational English beauty of "The Scarlet Pimpernel" with Leslie Howard, is now in Hollywood. She's the transatlantic star of the day.

Cross-examining Capra!

The Hit-Maker tells all! Another star article in our series about great directors

By James Marion



Frank Capra and Clark Gable, who worked together in making "It Happened One Night." Read what Frank says about Clark.

"ARE good pictures accidents?"

Frank Capra, 37-year-old Italian born director of "It Happened One Night," "Lady for a Day," "Broadway Bill" and a long string of box-office successes, ran a hand through his mop of black hair as he pondered my opening question.

We were lounging comfortably in front of a logfire in the living-room of his Beverly Hills home, and Capra had promised to answer a long list of rather pointed queries.

"No," he answered at last, "I would say that good pictures are *not* accidents, but the result of forethought, of serious study, and of lots of hard work. It is true," he qualified his statement a bit, "that occasionally someone will hit upon a novel idea that strikes the public fancy for the moment and the resulting picture will earn money. But such accidents are the exception among good films."

"How do you prepare for pictures like 'It Happened One Night' and 'Lady for a Day'?"

"With our writers, we first develop the story, sometimes spending months in preparing the script and working out, as far as possible, major and minor details. We do not point for certain players; rather, we work out the story first and then decide on the cast, trying to find the players best suited to the parts as written, instead of making the parts fit the actors."

"What are the chief qualifications of a good director?"

"I would say that he must be a teller of tales and, at the same time, a good audience. I mean that he must be able to watch a scene in the studio and tell, instinctively, whether or not it will appeal to the public. Of course he must also know the technique of directing, the cutting, camera angles and other behind-the-scenes business of motion picture production. A director, after all, is merely a man who tells a story through moving, talking shadows of real human beings."

"What do you consider your best picture, from a box-office viewpoint? From a personal viewpoint?"

"From a personal viewpoint I would say 'Lady For a Day.' Next I would say 'It Happened One Night.' The latter, I suppose, was best from a box-office viewpoint.

"Yes, I believe that the gross income from 'It Happened One Night' may reach $3,000,000, although as a rule I do not know exactly what each picture costs nor what it brings in. I do not want to know."

"How should an ambitious young man go about becoming a director?"

"I believe a job in the cutting department would offer the best preliminary training. Not only does the cutter learn the technical end in the best place possible, but he comes in contact with producers, supervisors, directors and cameramen, and he learns their problems at first hand.

"Next I would advise writing. Any kind of writing, just so he learns to tell a story in an interesting way. After that he should start as an assistant director, but not until he's had both cutting-room and writing apprenticeships to equip him for the work ahead of him."

"How do you account for the success of 'It Happened One Night' which was certainly not a 'big' picture?"

"We had the right story and the best cast we could obtain. We succeeded in telling the story so that the audience loved each player. Both Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable were excellent in their parts. Some of the best bits in the picture were developed right on the set. The players were smart enough to catch the new ideas, and work them out in just the right way.

"When the picture was first completed I thought we had a very good film. Naturally, no one could guess that it would do as well as it has done."

"How do you make people (*Continued on page 70*)

Here's Bob! Close-up, without make-up!

By Sydney Valentine

PERMIT me to personally conduct you on a key-hole visit to see Robert Montgomery! Allow me to remove the key from the lock, so that you may look through and see the real Bob—the one a few of us are privileged to know.

Bob likes to sprawl. His long legs seem to enjoy their privilege of removing his feet as far as possible from his body. At a bridge table, for instance, his feet may rest under his own chair, or under his partner's. At a table for two, keeping off Bob's feet is a worry.

That small, close-lipped smile is his pet expression. When he smiles that way, he resembles a spoiled child, caught in a pout it cannot hold. Bob rarely exhibits a toothsome grin; he either smiles with closed lips, or he guffaws.

He rarely talks about other people. In the years I have known him, Bob has never uttered a word of criticism or gossip about another person. He has given me two reasons for this highly commendable trait: "I never repeat private life gossip that I hear about people, because I have been the goat of too much gossip about myself ever to believe the evil that I hear about others," he says. "Every star, no matter how decent his private life may be, sooner or later falls victim to gossip. No actor or actress, therefore, should ever repeat slanderous talk he may hear about other members of his profession.

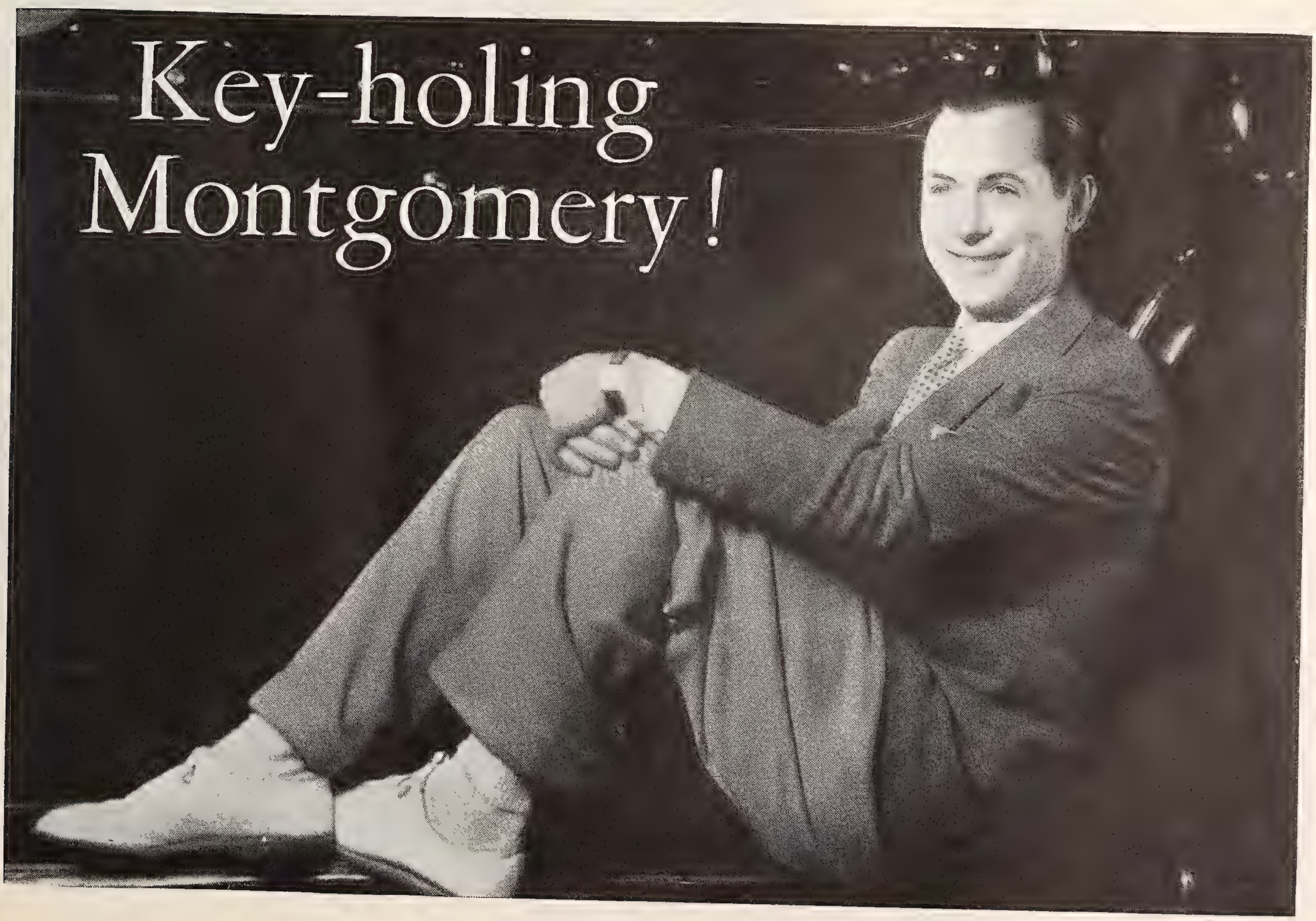
"I never criticize the screen efforts of another actor. The circumstances that may have preceded the filming of a bad scene may have been the cause of that scene's failure to be well done. In 'Night Flight,' for example, there was a brief sequence, enacted by Helen Hayes, which was severely panned. Now I happen to know that for weeks previous to the filming of that scene, Miss Hayes protested against doing it, but the producers ordered that it be made. Now wouldn't I be silly to comment, after seeing the sequence, 'Miss Hayes is a poor actress'? In my opinion, she is one of the best—if not *the* best—actress in the world today.

"It would be just as silly for me to criticize the work of any other actor, for how am I to know that he did not do his work under protest, and therefore could not give forth his best efforts?"

Bob has a pet peeve. It is his belief that motion picture producers give players too little credit for judgment. A star is rarely heeded when he offers an opinion.

Montgomery once told me about a famous stage actress who came to Hollywood to appear in a picture. After several days of conference with some producers, the star halted proceedings and said: "Gentlemen, there is only one fault I have to find with this conference. *You refuse to concede that I may have good judgment of my own.*"

"On the stage, a star is employed for three reasons," Bob told me. "They are: talent, box-office value, and judgment. In Hollywood, only talent and box-office value are considered. Producers refuse to grant players the privilege of thinking for themselves. The stories are picked by the producers; the very clothes that a star wears in a picture are chosen for him; the words he speaks are written by someboly else, and the actor may not change the words without the consent of the producers. Even a star like Helen Hayes, with years of successful experience and therefore a definite conception of her own limitations—if (*Continued on page 67*)



Landi Finds Herself

At last, the real Elissa is revealed, both in her screen work and her private life. You'll enjoy this intimate interview, in which an aloof lady turns into a vivid human being

By
Dickson Morley



If you've been thinking of Elissa Landi as a cool and correct person, you'll revise your views after seeing her latest films and reading this amazingly honest story. Ben Maddox has discovered the hidden Landi, and you'll like her.

I HAVE just received Elissa Landi's permission to tell the whole truth about her!

Behind every star "front" in Hollywood there is the pulsingly human *real* story. For various expedient reasons all the facts are seldom revealed. Even as you and I might hesitate to lay bare our innermost thoughts and actual life.

But now I discover that Elissa Landi is making a clean break with her English yesterdays. I note that she is zealously bent on becoming 100% American. And under the peculiar circumstances that have arisen she has consented to my request that the fans be let in on the Elissa I know.

Until this interview she has been only partially frank. She has held back much that is of the greatest importance to her, personally. I am sure you will agree that what she has concealed goes a long way towards explaining that restraint some critics have felt in her screen work in the past.

In the last two pictures a vibrantly beautiful, vivid Landi has been captured by the cameras. This is an inkling of what is to be, for actually Elissa is no more the cool, stiff sexy siren than Myrna Loy was that fantastic Oriental vamp who used to slither across kindly heroines' paths.

She is brilliant; yes. Probably the brainiest woman in Hollywood, with a keenly analytical and humorous mind that makes her grand company. But haughty? Not Elissa! She's the epitome of friendliness. And mysterious? Well, she has been perplexing up until the present. But because she was posing for a purpose. She was playing the gallant lady. And as frequently happens, gallant ladies get no thanks at all for their consideration.

Elissa has no desire to be aloof or mysterious, however. "I loathe mystery!" she exclaims. "To me it's a pose, a relying on 'props' to impress. I am not the sort who delights in being secretive. I want to share my life, my enthusiasms and my fun, with others. And so far as the fans are concerned, whatever they wish to know about me I am glad to tell them!"

She is the first to point out that she is changing. "Why, I'm coming alive in films!" Her assertion was exultant. I am thrilled to be able to say that she is also coming alive—in person.

Brilliant as Elissa undoubtedly is, she is a woman, first of all. I think she doesn't (*Continued on page 66*)



Colbert's Life Story

Continuing our exclusive account of Claudette's colorful career, with the star's own announcement, here published for the first time, of her separation from Norman Foster

By Elizabeth Wilson

Don't miss this second chapter in our exclusive life story of the "Cleopatra" girl! Elizabeth Wilson's racy record of Claudette's personal and professional life will give you a fresh new slant on one of the screen's foremost stars.

WHEN Claudette was sixteen the thing she most wanted to be was a Flapper. All the girls at the Washington Irving High School had dozens of boy friends who bought them Hershey bars, and waited outside the classrooms, and walked home from school with them, giggling and "cutting up" all the way; but our little Claudette, alas and alack, did a Garbo on the sidewalks of New York and walked alone!

It wasn't that the boys weren't attracted to the pretty little French girl with the tremendous brown eyes, but she was so shy, and never could think of anything to say to them. She worshipped from afar the big blond captain of the New York University football team, and the day she saw him pull up a telephone pole right there on Washington Square she nearly swooned from unrequited love. Poor boy, he never knew that for an entire year he was the secret adoration of a future movie star!

When a young French student, approved by the family, invited Claudette to a prom at Columbia University she spent weeks trying to practice up on "small talk" and flapper slang. But the night of the party she couldn't think of a thing to say to all the gay young men who seemed to expect a lot of snappy repartee; not even the old reliables, "So's your old man" and "Applesauce" came to her aid; and when she saw herself becoming a wallflower, panic seized her and she ran home and cried all night. That was the beginning of her great inferiority complex. It moved right in that night and didn't leave until years later when Messieurs Zukor, Mayer, Cohn, Laemmle and Warner started fighting over her autograph. "Boys are stupid. I'd rather read a book," announced Miss Colbert to her mother and father and girl friends, but deep down in her heart she knew darned well she'd give anything to be a flapper and go sloshing down Lexington Avenue in open galoshes with a youth on either side.

So no wonder when one young Davenport of Georgia kissed her on the moonlit deck of an ocean liner returning from France in the late summer of 1924 that Claudette felt that she should marry him at once. Young Davenport didn't expect "small talk" for he had a line all his own, so that's very likely the reason Claudette fell for him, that and because he looked like Valentino. But as soon as they landed Mr. Chauchoin gave his little daughter a "talking to," and (*Continued on page 72*)



SCREENLAND Glamor School

Edited by Kay Francis

She's always News, but especially right now, after her grand triumphal tour, and her sensational social successes in Paris, London, Rome, New York. Our "Best-Dressed" Woman shows us—first, of course!—her smart new clothes. Glamor—in Person!



Angel-skin, in dull black, fashions the dramatically designed gown posed by Kay at the left. The bodice is softly draped, and the crushed belt is lacquered satin that fastens with a huge cameo clasp.

For early Spring Kay Francis selects the ensemble pictured at the right. The brown dress is topped by a waist-length jacket fastened with a chrome steel buckle. The dolman sleeves and high draped collar are of pussy-willow striped taffeta. Kay wears brown alligator shoes in smartly sensible street style, and matching brown hat, gloves, and hand-bag.



Special Scoop! The Very First Exclusive Pictures Posed by Kay Francis Since Her Return from Europe!



In her first picture since her vacation, "Living on Velvet," in which she appears with George Brent, Miss Francis is seen in the brightly colored house gown shown above, designed by the famous Orry-Kelly. Tiny white flowers edged in black dot the cheery red wool crêpe of the gown, which has Pierrot sleeves and neckline.



Left, Kay wearing an unusual sports coat of natural camel's hair. Loosely cut, it has dolman sleeves with stitched pyramid cuff folds, and the cowl neckline is cleverly substituted for the customary tailored collar.



Orry-Kelly designed this lovely hostess gown, right, for Miss Francis. Steel-cut beads dot the sheer white fabric, and the lines of a monk's robe are followed in the full sleeves, and silver rope girdle.

All Pictures Posed Exclusively for SCREENLAND'S *Glamor School by Miss Francis and Photographed by Elmer Fryer of Warner Bros.*



From Art *to* Artifice!

Being the startling story of Josephine Hutchinson's conversion to glamor

By
Leonard Hall

The Josephine Hutchinson of today bears little resemblance to the starry-eyed and very arty young person she was when Mr. Hall first met her. Read this bright and witty account of a new chapter in Hollywood's amazing and colorful case history.

A FEW evenings ago, seated by the fire with Charles Butterworth (my favorite Schnauzer), and a glass of mild grog, I was shocked to read this paragraph in a Hollywood gossip column—

"Among those seen at the Club Trocadero in recent nights were Marlene Dietrich, Myrna Loy, Rouben Mamoulian, Gloria Swanson, Herbert Marshall and (gasp!) Josephine Hutchinson."

The (gasp) was mine. I couldn't have been more stunned if I had read that Beryl Mercer had been caught doing the *Carioca* with a scented gigolo. It couldn't be the same Josephine Hutchinson I knew—yet, damme, it probably was!

For the Jo Hutchinson of my acquaintance was not the sleekly-coiffed, satin-chassised actress in Warner pictures, but a frowsy-headed, starry-eyed and very Arty (capital A, please), young person who wouldn't be dragged within a mile of a snickering saxaphone.

You have probably seen this handsome and eloquent newcomer with the eminent young tenor, Mr. Dick Powell, in "Happiness Ahead." If not, you will no doubt witness her in "The Right to Live" or "Oil for the Lamps of China," for both of which she is earmarked. If you did, or do, you come face to face with the most remarkable repaint job Hollywood has accomplished since Miss Bette Davis was practically rebuilt from stem to stern and given a high duco finish.

In fact, the present incarnation of La Belle Hutch is one of those absolutely incredible things you refuse to believe until the movies r'ar up and do them. Really—the girl's story must be preserved as another weird chapter in Hollywood's lengthening history. A droll tale it is.

Pull up your chairs and refill your glasses. It's early.

Some years ago, in the capital city of the nation, I was bidden by a rich man's son to gargle a dish of tea and meet a young actress. Sure of the quality of the tea (with a spot of rum), I took a chance on the actress and so came eye to eye, for the first time, with Miss Jo Hutchinson.

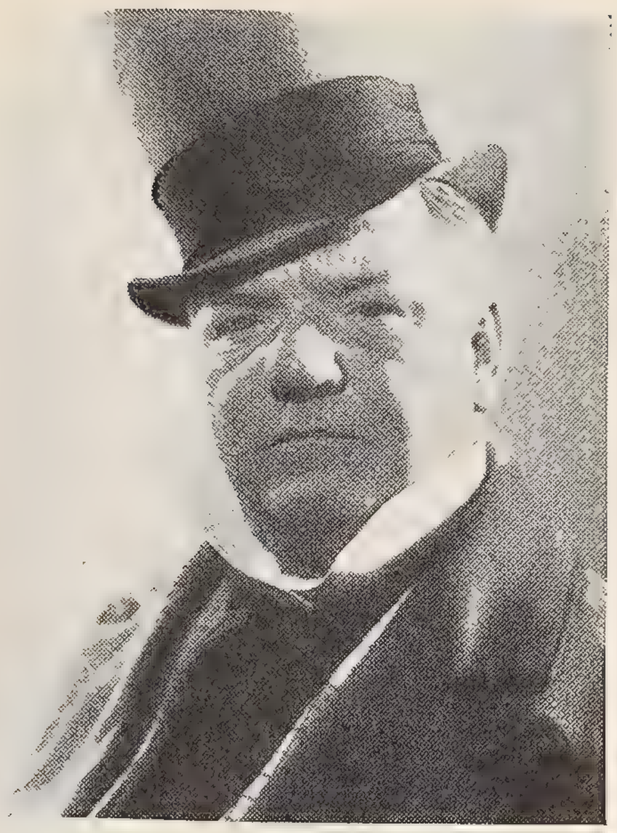
A tasty morsel she was, though a bit coltish. All hair and eyes, with a pointed and dimpled chin. But forget the body. Young Jo was 99 percent Soul, with a goodish dash of Intellect. She was so insanely devoted to her Art, whose other name was Acting, that the affair seemed almost improper. So ethereal was the gal that I felt a stiff breeze would waft her over the White House and into the Potomac River—on whose broad bosom she would float, like the Lady of Shalott, to Norfolk, Va., and the open sea.

Mr. Robert Bell, the rich man's son, was also devoted to the fancier drama, and his wealthy pater had staked him to the most charming "Little Theatre" in the United States. To tenant this charming spot he had formed a group of similar earnest seekers dubbed "The Ram's Head Players." In fact, there was a ram's head over the proscenium arch. To my irreverent eyes it looked very much like a billy-goat. At any rate, he had brought Miss Hutchinson and her mother, Miss Leona Roberts, all the way from Seattle, Washington, to adorn the troupe.

And adorn it they did. Miss Roberts was then, as she is today, one of the finest character actresses in America. Young Jo was vivid with zest, charm, and youthful beauty—a first-rate actress in the making. That was my professional opinion then, and it is today.

Lawk, the things that eager baby played! You know, of course, the dramatic puff-balls "Little Theatres" hurl at the devoted heads of their subscribers. Light, airy stuff like the bride's first biscuits. Well, Jo has played 'em all. Nothing stumped her then; nothing ever has!

She went to the mat with Jolly Little Things by Strindberg, the crazy Swede—fluffy nothings wherein the entire cast sits around a (*Continued on page 76*)



Whether as Mr. Micawber, *above, or his inimitable self, shown below, Bill Fields is Hollywood's pet and pride.*

Life Begins Again at Fifty!

W. C. Fields, great trouper, reviews the past and looks forward to the future—in his own well-chosen words!

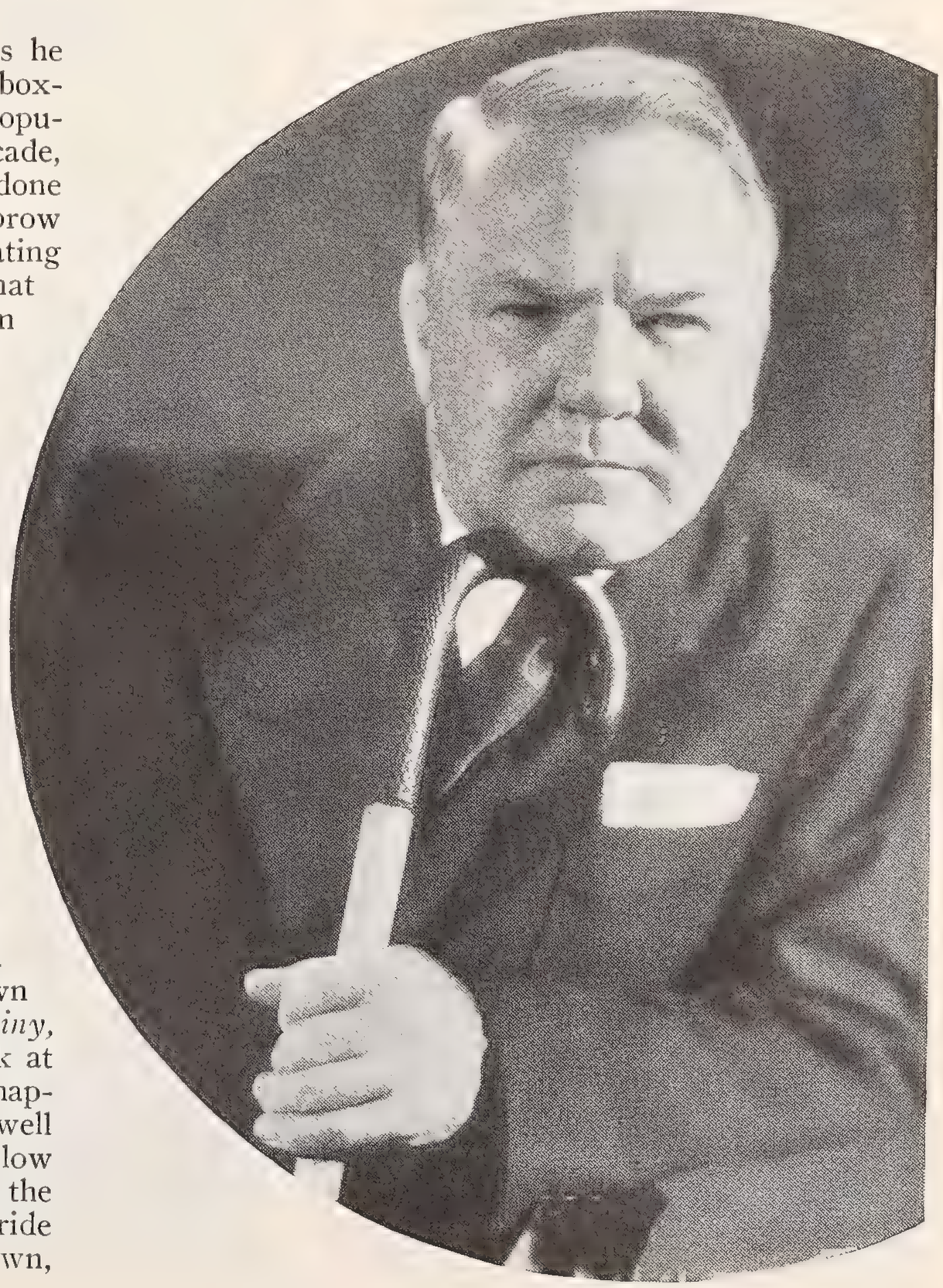
By Ida Zeitlin

"LIFE'S begun again for me at fifty—sure," said Bill Fields, sunk low in his chair, hands thrust into the pockets of the high-waisted trousers he wears as captain of a river boat in "Mississippi." "But listen, sister," he went on with a lift of the brow, "that's not sayin' this particular life won't end six months from now, and that I won't be lookin' around at fifty and a half—or so—" his voice dropped an octave on the last two words, and he fixed me with a benevolent glare, "—for a nice fresh start in life."

"Sister" listened in some incredulity. What was he talking about?—this man who's rated tops as a box-office draw, who's climbed higher and faster into popular favor than any screen comedian of the past decade, who's succeeded in doing what Chaplin alone has done before him—leveled all barriers and united highbrow and lowbrow in a common passion for the ingratiating scalawags he portrays. It doesn't matter how that passion is expressed. From the soda-jerker's: "I'm nuts about Fields," to the many-adjectived raves of the metropolitan critics, they all mean the same thing. And it was that thing which put the skeptical gleam into my eye.

"*All* right!" said Mr. Fields, the flat of his hand out-turned in a gesture of finality. "All right. *Don't* believe me." In his best *McGonigle* manner he was pretending to be deeply pained. And I, who should have known better, was wondering what form my apology should take. Then he grinned. And a more disarming grin—if he'll excuse my saying so—you'd go far to find.

"Think I'm puttin' on an act, hey?" he queried amiably. "Just the big shot tryin' to be a modest violet. Lady, you never made a bigger mistake. I'm scared, see? I'm *always* scared. I've been thrown out on my ear so often—yes, when I was goin' over just as big as they say I'm goin' over now. This game's just one merry round of bein' thrown out and discovered all over again. *Eeny, meeny, miny, mo!* It's not just me——look at May Robson—look at Marie Dressler—look at Lionel Barrymore—it happened to all of 'em. The public may think you're swell—you may think so yourself—" He gave me a slow wink. "But the time comes when the fellows with the money think you're through, and it's waste of pride and energy to argue with 'em. So you laugh, clown, laugh and put up a front, until one fine day some guy says: 'Why isn't that fellow workin'?' Nobody knows why he says it just then, he least of all. But there you are—back in the money again—sittin' high and pretty and lookin' down over your shoulder for the boot." He grimaced in a fashion that managed somehow to be genial and ironic at the same (*Continued on page 86*)



Screen Style SECRETS!



Bernard Newman, RKO's master designer, whose first creations appear in "Roberta." He advises you here on your fashion problems.

THE secrets of the Hollywood lots are so closely guarded they make Scotland Yard seem like a children's playground by comparison! To every *Dr. Watson* there are at least a dozen executives who go around with sealed lips and a furtive eye lest some other studio beat them to the preview.

At the moment the newest importation to the Boulevard of Broken Schemes is Bernard Newman, RKO's master designer, whose first assignment is the much-conjectured, much-discussed and much-publicized "Roberta."

"Roberta," as a play, was a Broadway success. It is the story of a Russian princess, played by lovely Irene Dunne, and a bogus Countess, enacted by the vivacious Ginger Rogers, and for its background we have the fashionable establishment of a modiste. What a setting for feminine beauty and lavishness of apparel, and that very distinctive glamor which Hollywood alone brings to women everywhere! And who better than Bernard Newman to give it the magic touch of brilliance and the no less important stamp of authenticity?

Why? Because he actually *has* created wardrobes for royalty and celebrities such as the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, Lady Astor, Gertrude Lawrence, Lynn Fontanne, and many others—but only after studying his art in the leading style centres of New York and Paris. A young man in years—for Bernard Newman was born in Joplin, Missouri, on November 18th, 1903—he has, for the past ten, built a reputation which permanently has established him as foremost among outstanding designers.

"Mr. Newman," we said, "we have come to appeal to your sporting instinct!"

"Sporting goods," he remarked drily, "are on the fourth floor."

"Sporting, not spoofing, instinct," we replied. "Everyone has heard of the fashion pageant to be *the* feature of 'Roberta,' in view of which should women be kept in suspense while stars and mannequins parade before the cameras behind locked doors?"

"My dear," he answered, with exaggerated gravity, "those are our Secrets! Nevertheless," he smiled charmingly, "I should like to share with those women my own style secrets, and you shall have the first real lowdown on the 'Roberta' fashions!"

And that is how SCREENLAND now comes to present the story of Bernard Newman's sensational style scenario for this RKO picture.

"Secret One, I might divulge, is a good figure. And when I say a good figure I don't necessarily mean a perfect one! Miss Ginger Rogers is my nominee for the reigning ideal, with her willowy grace and her casual smartness. Yet, for the young matron type, the effective poise and curved slenderness of Irene Dunne is no less a vision and a model to be carefully followed.

"Now women must *not* be discouraged if they are an inch or so taller or an inch or so shorter than the object of their inspiration—provided they are proportionately heavier, or lighter, as the case may be, or if their own measurements vary accordingly. Yet what is even *more* important is having a 'good line'—real or simulated. If a woman's bust-line is too angular or her shoulders fail to slope in the prescribed manner, exercise and care in correct posture will ultimately bring results. Even a mannequin, you know, is the product of careful, consistent development.

"Secret Two is the outcome of such development — a graceful carriage—and no less the designer's ability, in the actual cutting of a costume, to skilfully over-





Ginger Rogers, above, one of the stars of "Roberta," wears this unusual coat with fur cuffs almost to her shoulders!

Irene Dunne, left, as a Russian princess, requires more dignified clothes. Mr. Newman designed for her this charmingly simple frock.

Latest in SCREENLAND'S exclusive series presenting the priceless ideas of the master dress designers of the studios. In no other way can you learn so practically the lessons of fashion as taught by the cinema!

By Helen Harrison

come slight abnormalities until, to the casual observer, they are non-existent! Women should never 'gloss over,' but study seemingly unimportant irregularities to prevent them from ultimately becoming serious hazards to line and grace.

"With Miss Dunne and Miss Rogers I unfailingly discuss their reactions to a rôle—how they wish to look for the part; and between the stars' own conception of character and their own intrinsic personalities a very satisfactory result is attained. Each star has her own particular idiosyncrasies, I might say, 'hallucinations,' as to her defects and best points. These must be tactfully and



Miss Rogers, in keeping with her vivacious dancing rôle, wears this navy blue polka-dotted taffeta, posed for you to the right. Note the wide ruching, of which three rows are used on the tunic, while another row forms the Pierrot collar.



Below, an interesting glimpse of the important ceremony of designing a dress for a star! Irene Dunne, one of the best-dressed women in pictures, consults with Bernard Newman on details of a very smart frock for "Roberta."

diplomatically approached and overcome. However, in the instance of a woman impersonally estimating her *own* style possibilities, these ceremonies happily are omitted, permitting a short-cut to *honest* conclusions.

"Secret Three is the manner of wearing clothes, and most important. A regal manner goes far to enhance the simplest costume. I do not mean a woman should assume the 'grande dame,' but a gown may be given importance and personality through the proper attention bestowed upon it by its wearer. Miss Dunne is indeed the essence of true regality. In this film she wears no less than fifteen changes of costume—a miniature fashion show in itself—and in each she is a lovely picture. You see it is her manner. But let me (*Continued on page 75*)

The bigger you are
the harder you'll fall for Shirley
in "THE LITTLE COLONEL"

What a heart-stirring team they make! . . . this tiny star with Lionel Barrymore, veteran of a thousand hits

Another honey from the greatest trouper of them all—Shirley Temple. Watch fans of all ages go for this one. Here is the darling you adore in a new type of story . . . the kind of *dramatic* entertainment you'd expect with Lionel Barrymore as co-star!





"Now we're going to baptize Henry Clay just like the big folks do."

"If the old Colonel ever finds out where we got these sheets, he'll baptize us good."

You're going to laugh, cry, lose your heart as Shirley steals the heart of Lionel, her grandfather, an embittered Kentucky Colonel of the hectic 70's . . . as she charms him into forgiving her mother (Evelyn Venable) for marrying a Yank (John Lodge). And you're going to cheer Bill Robinson, who'll show you some high and fancy steppin'.

And the finish—GUESS WHAT! A gorgeous, Technicolor sequence, showing Shirley with her peach complexion, golden curls, smiling, blue eyes and dimpled cheeks!

So take the whole crowd to see "The Little Colonel." It's another in the list of "must-see" pictures coming from the Fox lots this month!

John Lodge and Evelyn Venable

Shirley TEMPLE
Lionel BARRYMORE
in
"THE LITTLE COLONEL"

A B. G. De Sylva Production

Based on the story by Annie Fellows Johnston which thrilled millions!

More BEST BETS from the Fox Studios!

WILL ROGERS in "LIFE BEGINS AT 40"

The riotous story of a modern country editor. With Richard Cromwell, Rochelle Hudson, George Barbier, Jane Darwell and Slim Summerville supporting your favorite star. Suggested by Walter B. Pitkin's best seller.

GAYNOR & BAXTER in "ONE MORE SPRING"

This unusual story from Robert Nathan's stirring novel tells what happens to two men and a girl when a winter of discontent melts into a spring of romance. With Walter King, Jane Darwell, Roger Imhof, Grant Mitchell, Stepin Fetchit and others.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS OF '35

The big musical smash of the year! Beauty, Songs, Comedy with George White himself, Alice Faye, Jimmy Dunn, Ned Sparks, Lyda Roberti, Cliff Edwards and gorgeous gals.

FOX



Del Rio's all-white boudoir provides the background for these startling portraits. In a white satin house robe Dolores reclines in a huge white chair, with her white dog at her feet—and a white china kitten close by!

Bert Longworth

—And Decorates!

LEAVE it to Hollywood to make the most of Dolores Del Rio's Latin loveliness! She and her art director husband, Cedric Gibbons, have used their picture experience to make their modern home a perfect setting.

Hollywood Dances!







Extreme left, George and Carole start with left foot, follow with the right, then make a complete turn to left, ending first movement same as at start.

Second position, at left above, extend left foot to side, draw right foot to position equal with left, execute twice and then repeat with right.

Above, position three: man leads the girl backwards in semi-circle and returns her to original position to the count of 4. Repeat 4 times.





Sweep and grace mark the new dance demonstrated here by Carole Lombard and George Raft. It is the newest ballroom number originated in the cinema capital especially for the co-starring team of "Rumba," by the famous Veloz and Yolanda, whom many critics proclaim the greatest ballroom dancers.

All photographs by Don English, exclusive to SCREENLAND

A revival of rhythm sweeps out from the heart of Hollywood. Here we show you the latest, as performed by Carole Lombard and George Raft in "Rumba."



Above, fourth position. Man turns backward and girl follows in this position to take 2 full turns. Movement ends with arms swinging to right.



Position five is at right, above. The man leads his partner to the left, pausing at the end of the fourth beat. Step then repeated to right.



Extreme right, the final movement. Man extends left foot, drawing right close to it, steps forward with right, closing on the left foot.



George Raft and Carole Lombard danced to fame as a co-starring team with the intricate steps they performed in their memorable Bolero *in the picture of that title. Will they repeat their successful collaboration in their new production offering as a feature the dance they illustrate for you here?*

Hollywood Debunks!

CLARK GABLE is no drawing-room Exhibit A, as you may have been thinking after seeing him in "Forsaking All Others." He's an outdoor man, and he'll prove it in his next screenplay, "Call of the Wild"—yes, adapted from the well-known novel by Jack London, with Loretta Young opposite.

Kenneth Alexander





Elmer Fryer

Hollywood Hypnotizes!

AFTER her smash performance with Leslie Howard in "Of Human Bondage" Bette Davis found herself famous. But she swore off accepting any more "mean" rôles. Then Hollywood, with the way it has, persuaded her to play in "Bordertown" with Paul Muni, in another picturesque part; and lo! another hit!

Hollywood Dramatizes "The Little Colonel"



The perfect casting! Lionel Barrymore as the crochety old Southern Colonel, *Shirley Temple as the spirited* Little Colonel *who wins his heart. Our gratitude and applause to Fox Films for an inspired picturization!*

Family group! Lionel Barrymore as the old Colonel, *who opposes the marriage of his daughter, Evelyn Venable, to the Northerner, played by John Lodge. But then* The Little Colonel *comes along and straightens things out!*

The littlest and sweetest woman of them all: our Shirley as Lloyd Sherman, The Little Colonel, *one of the most lovable children in all the realm of fiction. The book has lived for years. We predict the picture will live longer!*



Study in temperament! Two high-spirited thoroughbreds face each other: the old Colonel *and his grand-daughter, before she convinces him that even though her papa came from 'way up North, still he is worthy of a welcome into the family. Lionel Barrymore and Shirley Temple are a new sort of screen team, and their scenes together will surprise and thrill you with their artistry.*



Romantic love in "The Little Colonel." Evelyn Venable as the charming Southern bride of the handsome Northerner, played by John Lodge, and the mother of the little heroine. It is a fortunate part for Miss Venable, particularly since the picture has been photographed by her real-life husband, Hal Mohr; and it is Mr. Lodge's chance to establish himself in an appealing American rôle.

First photographs of "The Little Colonel" exclusive to SCREENLAND, *by Otto Dyar, Fox Films.*





Girls of all ages have been waiting to see "The Little Colonel" on the screen. And now that there's Shirley Temple to play the beloved little heroine, their dreams have come true!

Bill Robinson, the famous dancer, who has taught so many now celebrated dancing stars all they know, was brought from Harlem to Hollywood especially for this production. He taught Shirley new dances, and says she's the brightest pupil he has ever had. Of course Mr. Robinson also plays an important rôle, as well as entertaining with his marvelous dancing. Right, Shirley and Bill in a number.



Ernest A. Bachrach





Hollywood Dances An Encore!

SUCCESS for Fred Astaire in "The Gay Divorcée" meant a request from our readers for his autographed portrait, which he obligingly provides, above; and for another picture with Ginger Rogers, which he supplies in "Roberta," the new musical from which we show dancing scenes on this page.





Bing Crosby in side-burns, all done up for his very different part in "Mississippi."



The matinée idolish Fred MacMurray as "one of the finest" in his next film.



Douglass Montgomery plays a difficult rôle in "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

Only his first real part, but in "Only Eight Hours" Robert Taylor stands out.



Wally Beery as a brisk and businesslike sergeant flying instructor in "West Point of the Air"—and not a boyish grin to be seen!

Hollywood Dares to be Different!

Variety is the spice of screen entertainment! Actors in rôles you don't expect!



The suave Charles Laughton, right, as "Ruggles of Red Gap"—how's that for surprise casting?

Hollywood is Domestic!



How's that for beguilingly blissful domesticity? Left, Mr. and Mrs. Jolson alone together, like any happily wedded couple, before their homey and old-fashioned living-room hearth.

And there, below, is Al Jolson in the midst of his working implements, books and typewriter, to say nothing of the knotty pine panelling, ship models, and etchings which decorate his comfortable study.





Ruby Keeler and her pet Scottie greet you at the entrance to the Jolson house at Belaire, a handsome and striking building featuring the graceful lines and detail of Spanish architecture.

The Jolsons—Ruby Keeler and Al—here prove that stars are people and that "Home Sweet Home" is something more than the title of a song

Special home photographs exclusively posed for SCREENLAND *by Scotty Welbourne.*



Close-up of a star comedian at work in the privacy of his study. Right, Al Jolson, who writes much of his own comedy, putting ideas on paper. Note Al's collection of maps, on the wall.



Mr. and Mrs. is the name, when you meet Ruby and Al in the living-room of their own home, below: a room of unpretentious comfort with chintz-covered sofa and chairs, convenient lamps and tables.





Right, in the patio we meet Ruby Keeler Jolson, clad in white slacks, enjoying the sunshine and friendly surroundings which form the setting for the house that's "home" to Ruby and Al.

Hollywood Dignifies!



Otto Dyar

ALICE FAYE, from Broadway, takes on perfect poise now that she has joined the siren sorority of cinemaland. Aside to frantic fans: don't fret; Miss Faye hasn't acquired too much dignity to be amusing in the new "George White's Scandals," her next screen effort.

How Hollywood Stars Emphasize *The Appeal of Beauty*



The Secret Is a New Make-Up Now You Can Share It

YOU can instantly make your beauty more attractive if you adopt this new kind of make-up, created originally for the stars of the screen by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius.

It is called color harmony make-up, because each shade of powder, rouge and lipstick is a color harmony tone designed to harmonize with each other, and with individual complexion colorings of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead. Thus, the appealing beauty of each type is emphasized to the utmost.

Famous screen stars have found magic beauty in this secret ...so you may confidently expect your own color harmony in in this new make-up to create a lovely, entrancing, fascinating beauty for you. You'll note how the face powder imparts a satin-smooth, clinging make-up... how the rouge gives life and color to the cheeks naturally... how the lipstick creates a color-perfect lip make-up that lasts and lasts.

Discover new beauty by sharing this luxury of Hollywood's stars, now available to you at nominal prices. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores.

☆ ☆

FOR personal make-up advice ...and to test your own color harmony shades in powder and lipstick... mail coupon below.



POWDER

The color harmony shade for Gloria Stuart's blonde colorings is Max Factor's Rachelle Powder... clinging, it creates a satin-smooth make-up that beautifies the skin.



ROUGE

The harmonizing color-tone is Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge...creamy-smooth in texture, it blends evenly, imparting a delicate lifelike color to the cheeks.



LIPSTICK

Max Factor's Super-Indelible Vermilion Lipstick completes the color harmony make-up. Moisture-proof, the permanent color keeps the lips lovely for hours and hours.

© 1935 Max Factor

GLORIA STUART

Appearing with Dick Powell in Warner Bros.' Musical Extravaganza

"GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935"

Max Factor's Make-Up Used Exclusively

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP: *Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick In Color Harmony*



***Mail for your* COLOR HARMONY IN POWDER AND LIPSTICK**

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR ... HOLLYWOOD

JUST fill in the coupon for Purse-Size Box of Powder in your color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illustrated book, "*The New Art of Society-Make-Up*"... FREE.

NAME _____ 4-4-89

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	*EYES*	*HAIR*
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	*LASHES* (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here.* ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	*AGE*	

Photographed on location in the San Bernardino Mountains, for the new Samuel Goldwyn film

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Anna Sten and Gary Cooper in "The Wedding Night"



By Maude Lathem

Francis Lederer wants you to understand him, and he explains himself here

Heartbreaker? NO!

He is famous as a stage and screen lover, the last thing in the world he wants to be! In this very frank story the handsome Czecho-Slovakian tries to make you see him as he really is. You'll be rather amazed!

WHEN Jean Muir once told me she had seen Francis Lederer in his stage play, "Autumn Crocus," forty-seven times, I thought she was stretching her narrative a bit. I hadn't seen Francis Lederer then!

When a drama critic on a New York paper announced that Lederer was God's gift to women, it didn't disturb my allegiance to Clark Gable, Leslie Howard or Robert Montgomery. When Edna Ferber, usually so conservative, stated that he was the greatest actor of this age, I thought: "That's okay by me, too, for everyone is entitled to an opinion." But I hadn't talked with Francis Lederer at that time!

When I read that all Germany united in declaring him the greatest *Romeo* in Europe, after his sensational performance with Elisabeth Bergner in "Romeo and Juliet"; when, later, the people of Berlin declared he was equally delightful in his musical comedy, "Wonderbar," and so dubbed him both "the singing and dancing *Romeo*"; when the staid British came right along and gave him just as warm a reception, and proudly announced that Lederer had learned to speak English in six weeks, well—I was just having my credulity stretched to the breaking point. But I was yet to know Francis Lederer!

Now I am prepared to state, without fear of contradiction, had he not made his first American picture appearance in a rôle which, according to our viewpoint, completely hid his natural charm and good looks, he might by this time have pushed all the gay Lotharios into the background! Now I understand why New Yorkers immediately declared he was the first matinée idol since the days of young Jack Barrymore; now I can even appreciate how the young women felt who, after seeing his performance in "Romeo and Juliet," unhitched the horses from his carriage and themselves pulled his carriage through the streets of Berlin. *For today I spent two hours with Lederer!*

It gives him no satisfaction to be told he is a heartbreaker. "Of course, one is always grateful for love and appreciation," he said, "for it means a greater opportunity for usefulness. But the things that hearten one are when people write that (*Continued on page 92*)

SCREENLAND'S Critic Really Sees the Pictures!

REVIEWS of the Best Pictures By Delight Evans



David Copperfield
M-G-M

Miracle out of Hollywood! "David Copperfield" is Hollywood's most dramatic answer to its critics. Here is a masterpiece. How will the world receive it? If you and I are sincere in our demands for finer pictures, we will support "David Copperfield" and encourage other such splendid and courageous films. I can't "review" this for you—it would be an impertinence. "Copperfield" can only be seen, appreciated, and seen again, and again. The first "chapter," the story of the boy *David,* is the most poignant drama I have ever seen, or read; the second story, of *David* grown-up, is almost as perfect. This picture is over two hours long; it is often episodic; it demands quiet attention and understanding. But it is well worth the effort. I should like to see the first half, without cuts, as a complete picture for permanent exhibition not only in theatres but in schools and churches. It is breathlessly moving and heartbreaking in its incredibly real record of the boy *David's* fight for freedom—a plea more potent for tolerance than most sermons. The Honor Page credits the flawless cast. I only wish I had more space in which to praise "David Copperfield" as it so richly deserves. It's great!



The Scarlet Pimpernel
United Artists

Excuse me a minute while I change my Victorian costume to one more suited to the French Revolution. There! Now I'm in the mood for "The Scarlet Pimpernel." These period pieces are all very charming, but I wish they wouldn't happen all at once. It's just a little confusing, meeting *Clive* in India one day and *The Duke of Wellington* at *Mr. Micawber*'s the next. Well, let's make the best of it—and among the best is "The Scarlet Pimpernel." For sheer suspense and convincing characterization Leslie Howard's latest is very nearly tops. That is, if it weren't for Mr. Colman's, and Mr. Arliss', and Mr. Lawton's. Anyway, if you can resist Leslie in the delightful and daring and incredible rôle of *Sir Percy Blakeney* who ducks in and out of France rescuing aristos from the guillotine—what? of course you can't, any more than I can. He's utterly elegant. As for Merle Oberon, her sultry beauty in Romney hats and gowns is a sight to see; and her high intelligence, her sure and subtle ability, match her beauty. The direction, the sets, the costume, the casting—all superlative. Positively not to be missed! Family note: here's absolutely clean entertainment — exciting, too!



Lives of a Bengal Lancer
Paramount

Every small boy's dream of what a movie should be! Any parent who keeps his child away from this one is guilty of extreme cruelty, and should be subjected to just a little of the torture inflicted upon those brave Bengal Lancers Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, and Dick Cromwell by the big bad natives. Here's the super-one-piece-screen-serial of all time, fast, furious, and more Kiplingesque than Rudyard himself. Don't expect to see on the screen very much, if anything, of the original book by Yeats-Brown. Instead, you'll plunge right in to the daily adventures of the Lancers in India, Hollywood version, with pig-sticking in the morning, spying in the afternoon, and a little quiet torture for tea, followed by an evening finishing off a couple of thousand natives, with attendant flag-waving, heroism, and hurrah for our side. This is indeed Hollywood's bow-to-Britain month in the movie theatres. Gary Cooper has the rôle of a lifetime as the lanky Lancer who glorifies his job. Franchot Tone reminds me of his early promise in the most congenial part he has had in months. Sir Guy Standing and C. Aubrey Smith with the grand voice are also excellent. It's all great fun. And Cooper's best work by far.

You Can Count on these Criticisms

Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!



Sweet Music
Warners

Introducing a brand new and grand new personality: ladies and gentlemen, I give you Rudy Vallee! Now please don't say you don't want him; that you saw a certain picture he made a long time ago, and you'd rather give him right back to me. Just go to see "Sweet Music," is all I ask; and I'll practically guarantee you'll all become Vallee-conscious in the cinema as so many of you are over the air waves. For here's a different Rudy, a genuinely likeable chap who satirizes himself before you can, who lets himself be handsomely kidded by the cast, who charms the gals with that inimitably mellow voice, and who wins the men who've been rather grim about him by singing *I Know A Tavern in the Town* in such a robust and regular way as to make it one of the most thoroughly satisfying songs ever caught by the sound-camera. There's a refreshing spontaneity to "Sweet Music" absent from the screen since "Forty-second Street," with a sprightly romance with Ann Dvorak dancing back to high favor; the side-splitting Brittons with their mad Band; and through it all the Vallee Charm, which I'd always believed to be a myth but now admit is an American institution.



Devil Dogs of the Air
Warners

The sky's the limit in this thriller! How the small boys, and girls, too—yes, and all their mothers and their fathers and their sisters and their cousins and their aunts are going to it and for it! Jimmy Cagney is cast as an "air circus" flyer who joins the Marine Corps and thinks that the circus should continue in the service. Can't you see Cagney in a part like that? In fact, you *will!* Following the immensely popular pattern of "Here Comes the Navy" you find Jimmy and Pat O'Brien again as friendly enemies with vivid Margaret Lindsay the girl in the case, and Frank McHugh contributing even more laughs than usual. The Navy Department and the Marine Base at San Diego, California, did their bit in no small way to add authenticity to the thrills—and then gave more by staging a super-exciting sham battle with the Atlantic Fleet booming in. Pat O'Brien is everybody's idea of how a marine should look and act. Master Cagney is his usual exuberant self, but Auntie Delight will spank if he doesn't stop working that irritating laugh. Naughty, naughty! The stunt flyers in this air opera do things that make me want to stick to street cars. Ooops! The month's thrill movie *de luxe!*



The Iron Duke
Gaumont-British

If you're an Arliss addict, don't miss the latest in his gallery of historic screen portraits. If you're not, then you may view the Great George's interpretation of *the Duke of Wellington* as just "Old English" on horseback. However, you'd better see it and judge for yourself. Mr. Arliss is, as always, clever, cerebral, calm and cool whether meeting Napoleon on the battle-field or a pretty gel in the drawing-room. Excuse me—I seem to have been a trifle hasty in saying that Mr. Arliss *meets* Napoleon at Waterloo. He doesn't; he just catches a glimpse of him now and then through the smoke of battle. And that's what's wrong with this picture. It never makes *the Iron Duke* a living, breathing, fire-eating man; it keeps him a dignified diplomat, devoted to his wife and sons even though he can't help glancing now and again at willing beauties. Maybe that's your idea of *Wellington,* as it is Mr. Arliss'; it isn't mine. There are certain solid merits in this British-made film, including believable backgrounds and atmosphere; and the scenes in which *Wellington* fences with the scheming daughter of ill-fated *Marie Antoinette,* Gladys Cooper, have dash and drama. Miss Cooper is excellent.

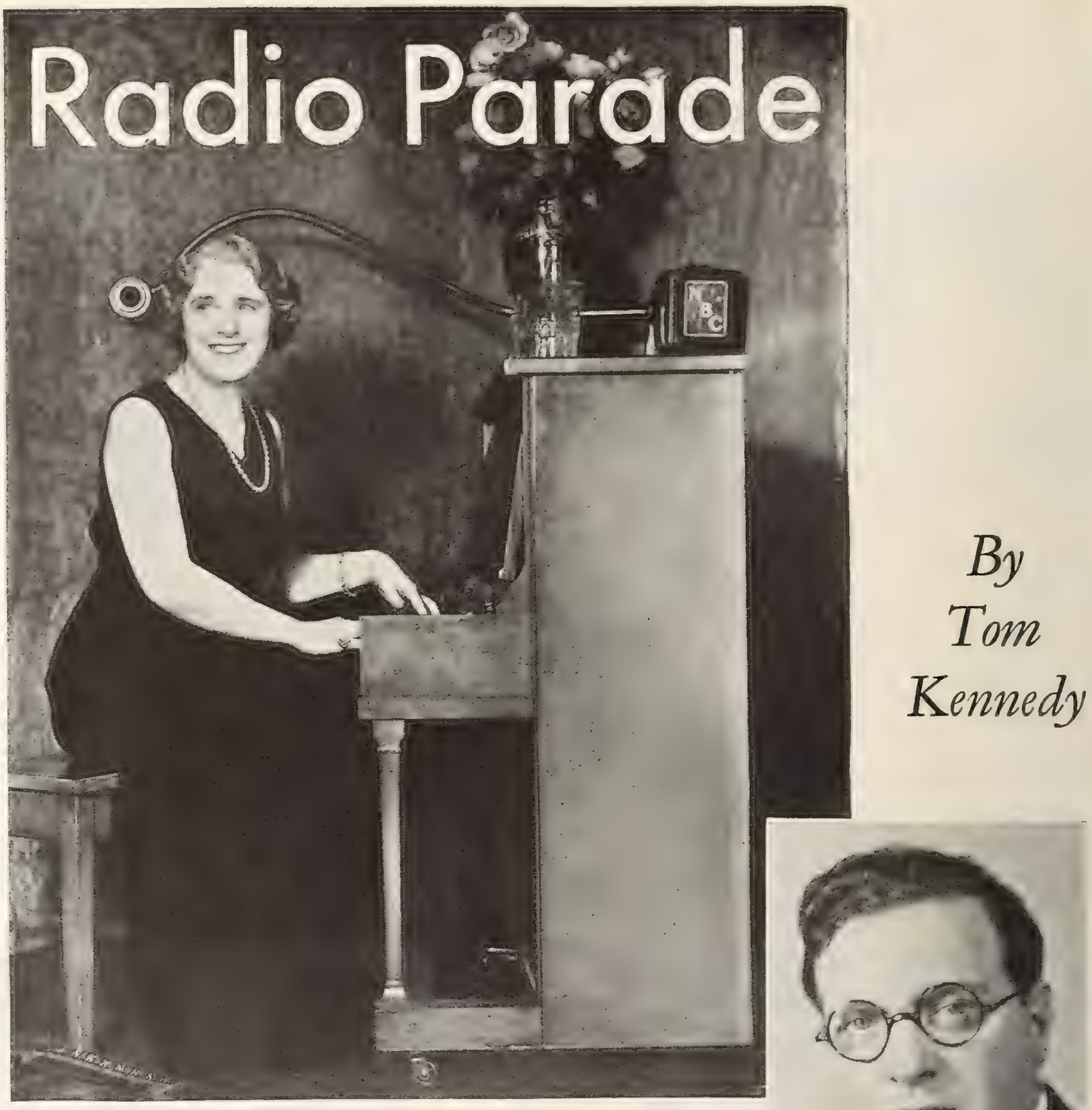


Clive of India
United Artists

"Clive of India" is the first motion picture within my memory—and I have a good, long memory going 'way back to "The Birth of a Nation"—to make married love really romantic. Oh, I remember "The Thin Man" too; but I'm talking about Romance, good, old-fashioned, swashbuckling Romance. And this picture has it, superlatively. The wooing-and-winning of lovely Loretta Young by handsome Ronald Colman is one of the most lyric love stories the screen has ever told. And it represents the finest acting yet offered by the pulse-stirring star and his exquisite leading woman. I've heard murmurs that this "Clive of India" is too insistent upon our hero's private life and domestic doings; but what woman in the audience will ever object to *that?* Ronnie could conquer India, and did; he and his trusty troops overcame elephants and other obstacles; but after all the shouting was over I wanted to see him come home to Loretta. It's a strong new characterization for Colman, played with ardor and imagination. Miss Young is a dream of loveliness and her acting is as good as she looks. Perfect combination of stirring, sweeping drama and thrilling, intimate romance. For the family!

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films

Radio Parade



The vitality which Geraldine Farrar brought to opera as a Metropolitan star manifests itself again in connection with her new career as microphone star. Right above, Miss Farrar in her broadcasting booth at the Metropolitan Opera House. And at the extreme right, Milton J. Cross, another important ambassador of good-will for music.

By Tom Kennedy

If happy days are here again for opera let it thank broadcasting and the microphone stars

IT IS entirely true, as those critics say who are now scolding the broadcasters for not devoting more energy to the development of their own talent and attractions, that radio is leaning pretty heavily on opera just at present. But it is equally true that radio is proving a most important and efficient pulmotor in bringing opera's gasping breath back to more than normally brisk respiration.

If, as a result, there isn't today a larger audience than at any time in the past for operatic singers and opera itself, then a lot of radio biggies are fooling themselves —and me too, for bringing up the subject at all in this corner.

However, the suspicion if not the conviction is that America is tremendously eager to give ear to operatic works and opera artists. How else can one account for the presence on radio programs of so many representatives of opera? With one exception (Friday), every day in radio finds that some of the most pretentious of the day's programs include at least one star whose fame rests upon association with opera.

But if radio is hitching its little band-wagon to the star of opera, look, please, how opera—despite the lethargy of its own nominal guardians, who long were indifferent if not hostile to the idea of putting their performances on the air—look how opera, we repeat, is being lifted by its own boot-straps to a popular interest more widespread than opera knew even in those halcyon days when its glamorous stars, its gossip of the dressing-rooms of the chorus and ballet was the talk of every town that had a newspaper; just as today Hollywood supplies, more ample but no more highly flavored chit-chat broadcast under the "by-lines" of syndicated columnists.

Indeed, it might be claimed that radio lavished upon the opera one of the few major refinements the broadcasters have brought to their business this year. This is the improvement made in (*Continued on page 78*)



When your hair is your fortune, you're rich! You can make it your greatest beauty if you will

By
Josephine Felts

Cameo in spun glass. Portrait in porcelain. Here's lovely Astrid Allwyn in the modern manner looking for all the world like the girl grandfather fell so madly in love with.



"WE ARE going forward by going backward!" declared my favorite movie star the other day. "Just look at the new hats! Our grandmothers wore them!"

Just three generations from bonnets to bonnets, it seems. And if you don't believe me, compare the new Spring versions with the one grandmother wore when grandfather had that snapshot of her taken. The one he carried in his watch so long.

They are alike as two peas. You will fall in love with these hats but you will wonder what to do about your hair. Take a tip from that same grandmother and transfer your curls from back to front.

Lovely Astrid Allwyn shows you how. Both her coiffures shown on this page are made from a long bob. In the large illustration, the one I have called "cameo," the back is curled in poppyette curls which are combed out and caught at the crown of the head. Then the ends are re-curled over the finger to blend in with the front hair which has been curled to cover the forehead. It is a ravishing way to wear your hair, particularly if you are the fragile blonde type.

The coiffure in the second illustration can be worn by practically everybody. In doing your hair this way, first, shadow-wave the thin side of your hair and then brush the ends sleekly around the back of the head and neck curling the heavy side in flat ringlet curls. It seems the flat swirl at the back of the smartest heads all winter meant business. The new Spring mode is carrying it on and adding a swoop of curls to the front.

Perhaps you don't realize it yet, but you are pretty sure to be wearing curls on your forehead before the year is out. Maybe they are going to be smooth sleek curls, demure curls that look as if they wouldn't hurt a fly, curls that cast down their (*Continued on page 68*)

Greet Spring with that Hollywood Figure!



Get ready! Start to follow James Davies' advice now, if you want to welcome the bathing suit season at your lithe and lovely best!

Here is pretty Ann Sheridan illustrating for you the limbering-up exercise that she swears by. This charming Paramount player looks forward to a long and brilliant screen career, so she knows she must keep fit. The other picture shows you Mr. Davies as "assistant" to Miss Sheridan in another of the exercises.



Want to have expert advice to help solve your weight and contour and posture problems? James Davies will help you! Follow his practical articles. If you wish specific advice, write to him and he will be glad to answer the most representative of your letters, those of widest general interest, in this magazine. Sorry; Mr. Davies is too busy to answer you by mail, so please don't enclose stamped addressed envelope. Address James Davies, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

NOW is the time for all wise girls to begin to get in trim for the bathing suit season!

In winter, especially if you live in a cold climate, you are inclined to be less active, partly because there's not much you can do outdoors except scurry around with your shoulders hunched against the icy blast, with an occasional chance to ice-skate, skii, or toboggan. The thing I notice about winter sports is that people who engage in them work up an excellent circulation but pay very little attention to posture.

When the thermometer is down below freezing point, you naturally require more and heavier food to combat the chill, and there's no argument that this sort of food will put on pounds.

So take a critical look at yourself in your mirror. Get on the scales and see whether or not you are above the mark you've set for yourself as ideal. Take out the measuring tape and go over your measurements. Have you a little roll of fat around the waist? Or are your hips too large?

A group of famous artists compiled a list of ideal measurements for the ideal girl not so long ago. They are supposed to be for a girl 5 feet 6 inches tall, built on what the screen would consider too generous lines, so when you consider them in relation to your own, remember that a Hollywood figure would be somewhat less. However, here they are:

Perfect ankle	8 inches
Perfect knee	14 "
Perfect thigh	20 "
Perfect waist	26 "
Perfect calf	13 "
Perfect hips	34 "
Perfect bust	34 "
Perfect upper arm	10 "
Perfect wrist	6 "

"We'll consider that you (*Continued on page 95*)



Have You Seen Kelly?

By Dena Reed

Who hasn't? Patsy is the new comedy princess of pictures, and this story explains her



The Patsy! That's Miss Kelly above with her former co-star and friend, Thelma Todd, as they appeared in one of their short films. You'll be seeing Patsy in some big features soon.

PATSY KELLY is exactly the way you know her on the screen. She has the same walk, the same half-smile now of bewilderment, now of wisdom, the same expressive eyes and the same manner of wise-cracking. Everyone is "Toots" to her. An interviewer must catch her on the wing or do without, so our talk became a game with Patsy wise-cracking and me trying to keep her from realizing she was being interviewed.

"I'm afraid of interviews," she had told me over the 'phone. "I guess it's the Garbo in me!"

I trailed her for a week and when I finally caught up with her she confessed that the reason she decided I might be human was because she had "one of those summer colds that last into the winter" and I had a cold, too!

Like most comedians, Patsy rarely laughs out loud and is essentially a serious person. Her mannerisms are not affected—they are strictly Patsy Kelly.

"I just play myself," she explained. "We all have a certain way of walking and certain gestures that make up our personality and distinguish us like our handwriting. That mine happen to strike other people as funny is just dandy for my pocketbook! I can't think I'm funny because I've looked into the mirror long enough to get used to my face.

"My New York friends have been ribbing me unmercifully over an interview," she confided. "You see I got a write-up in one of the dailies—it was swell that anyone should want to interview me and I'm terribly grateful, but there was a slight misunderstanding. I said I couldn't bear to see my pictures—and that's true. It makes me feel kind of sick; you know, that sea-sick feeling. But I said that now when Thelma Todd and I have to look at our rushes in the projection room we get hysterical. It was true, that—not because we think we're so good but because we've had such a good time shooting the picture and it even got to the point where either of us had only to crook a finger to send the other into giggles for no earthly reason. Well, the story gave the impression that we didn't like our pictures at first but now we laughed ourselves sick because we were so funny!

"I didn't see the paper at first but it seems all my friends did, and all hours of the day and night my 'phone would ring and someone would say 'Do you think you're funny?'

" 'Why, no,' " I'd answer.

" 'Well, neither do we!' they'd say, and slam down the receiver. I knew it was a gag but couldn't find out what the gag was at first. Five of my friends practically kidnapped me and made me go to 'The Girl From Missouri' and every time I'd come on the screen one would say, 'Don't you *really* think you're funny in that shot?'

"Well, as soon as I saw the paper with that story I caught on, and the next time the 'phone rang with one of my buddies pulling that line I answered, 'Sure, I'm funny! Boy, I'm the funniest (*Continued on page 94*)

Here's Hollywood!

Late news of the lots where movies are made

By

Weston East



The new model of a famous Egyptian charmer! Here's Arline Judge lending her flashing pulchritude to a new incarnation of *Cleopatra* in the Nile sequence of "George White's Scandals," 1935 edition.

COLLEEN MOORE'S famous doll's house, which cost the star nearly $75,000, is now on a tour that will take it to the principal cities of the world. A minimum charge will be made to view the house, and the entire proceeds will be turned over to charity. If the house comes to your home town, by all means do not fail to have your glimpse. The miniature castle is built of aluminum and bronze. It contains gold and silver plated furniture, and precious stones and expensive murals adorn the walls. It covers a total of nine square feet and has been seven years in the making.

To Miss Moore goes one of SCREENLAND'S monthly close-ups—a gorgeous close-up with a perfect sound track—for her generous donation to charity.

WHEN the Pickens Sisters of radio fame—Jane, Helen and Patti—were last in Hollywood for a motion picture, they were assigned to a dressing-room together. A member of the studio publicity department, in search of the sisters, knocked on their door and called, "Hey, who is in here?" Whereupon the *Jane* of the sisters gleefully answered: "Ain't nobody in here but us Pickens!"

ONE of the funniest, (and most dismaying), sights I have ever seen was the remnant of a once fine automobile that was dragged to Clark Gable's home.

It *had been* Gable's expensive coupé, but enroute to the Los Angeles shopping district, it caught on fire. The fire department extinguished the blaze, whereupon Gable continued to town in a taxi, leaving the car surrounded by fans.

When a garage truck arrived to tow the machine to Gable's home, it had been completely wrecked by souvenir hunters, who had taken every removable accessory, ripped the seats to shreds, stolen the door latches, and had even taken headlamps from the car.



Famous couple say *au revoir* as Benn Levy, writer, sails for England. His wife, Constance Cummings, remains here to star in a stage play.

WILLIAM POWELL was showing some friends around his new Beverly Hills home, including much discussion of the decorations and furnishings, which were supervised by Jean Harlow.

One feature of the house is a thermometer in every bedroom. Said Bill of the instrument in his own room: "The darn thing doesn't work. It's been eighty degrees ever since I moved in. I think the room is a little warm, so I'm going to get a thermometer that is stationary at seventy."

JANET GAYNOR is making no secret of the fact that she plans to retire from motion pictures at the end of her present contract, or in about two years.

"Retirement plans" are often announced by stars, but are seldom carried out. Miss Gaynor is willing to wager two thousand dollars to one thousand dollars that when 1937 rolls around, she will turn in her make-up kit and call it a day.

Any takers for that bet?



Dick Powell takes a look at the view from the house he told you about last month in SCREENLAND. The location is Toluca Lake. That's quite an establishment for a bachelor—or did Dick have something else in mind when he built it?

GARY COOPER is fighting his inner self, and it is all because his inner self wants to take up airplaning, and Gary's more taciturn self realizes that he hasn't the time for it.

For the "lack of time" reason, Cooper has refused to learn to fly. He says he does not want to become an "aviation nut." However, he has purchased a plane and hired a pilot, and now he flies to his Montana ranch for week-end hunting trips.

THE stars themselves, and the wives and husbands of the stars, are often amused by the gossip about themselves. At a recent bridge party attended by several Hollywood actresses, one guest happened to read aloud the "dirt column" of a local paper. Presently she came to this item:

"What popular, he-man star who formerly hated a certain feminine star now thinks she is aces?"

"Why, that's Clark," exclaimed Mrs. Gable, laughingly.

ONE of those pathetic moments that take place now and then in life occurred on a set at Warner Brothers studio. Jackie Saunders, once a star, was playing an extra rôle, and she was seated near James Cagney, who was talking to other members of the cast. Suddenly Miss Saunders burst into tears and ran from the set.

Production was delayed long enough to discover what had happened: Miss Saunders, the once-wealthy star, had overheard Cagney say that he had just purchased her old home, and was having it redecorated throughout.

ROCHELLE HUDSON believes in having her fun. There was a great deal of mystery attached to a diamond ring that she wore on the proper finger for several weeks. After maintaining the mystery for some time, Rochelle at last told a friend, who asked what man had given Miss Hudson the ring: "Nobody gave it to me. I bought it myself. Haven't you ever done anything for publicity?"



Wide World

Scene of a now frequently seen companionable pair at Hollywood events. Above, Spencer Tracy and his wife dining at a café in the cinema capital.



Margo does a twirl of triumph after completing her rôle in "Rumba," in which George Raft and Carole Lombard co-star, and Margo makes a hit.



First picture of Ronald Colman's new dressing-room suite, with Ronnie in his "Clive of India" costume making himself comfortable in the drawing-room. The handsome and commodious quarters also include a kitchenette and an office.

SOUTHERN California tourists who happen to motor through the Toluca Lake district are often amused by a parade of white-clad nurses pushing perambulators. Obviously, the nurses of the district get together and take their daily jaunts in one large group.

It is not the congregation of nurses that is of interest. The identity of the babies, if the tourists could only recognize them, would cause all motorists to stop and stare. In the group, as a rule, may be found the three Bing Crosby children; Richard Ralston Arlen; Susan Ann Gilbert, tiny daughter of Virginia Bruce and John Gilbert; and Mary Astor's baby.

BULLETIN FROM YE STORKE:

HEAR ye! Hear ye! I have scheduled many visits to ye film colony for forthcoming months. My date book reveals the following engagements:

March: Mrs. Andy Clyde; Mrs. Eddie Nugent. May: Norma Shearer. June: Mrs. Kent Taylor. July: Mrs. Richard Dix; Gloria Stuart.



Sweet-scented romance! Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery in "Vanessa: Her Love Story."

DICK POWELL tells this story on himself: Dick went into a Hollywood café for luncheon, and as he came out, he was accosted by one of two small boys. The lad said, "Hey! Will you autograph my book?"

Dick would, and did. The small boy looked at the signature, then turned excitedly to his young companion. "See—his name is Dick Powell!" he cried. "I told you this guy was a movie star!"





Romance of the old South! Above, we making for "Mississippi." Left center is and Gail Patrick seated. On the right is front of the battery of sound

LIFE'S saddest moment for an ambitious young photographer took place when a friend informed him that Greta Garbo had just entered a certain office-building for the purpose of visiting her tailor. The youthful cameraman, all agog, hurried to the building and set up his camera in the lobby. Then he waited for Garbo to appear. Three hours later he was still waiting, and he might have been there yet had not the tailor himself come forward to reveal the fact that Greta had departed two hours past—by way of a back door.

WHILE trying out his new car, George Raft was accidentally rammed by a machine behind. The collision removed the other car's bumper. Raft leaped to the ground, picked up the severed bumper, and presented it to the owner of the damaged car with a very elegant bow and a murmured, "Your bumper, I believe." Then, with admirable dignity, he returned to his own machine and drove away.

Dixie Lee, in private life Mrs. Bing Crosby, returns to the films. Left, Dixie in make-up for her new part.



take you to a studio set to see a scene in the Bing Crosby with Joan Bennett at his side Director Edward Sutherland seated in cameras recording the action.

AS THE farmer who looked at the two-headed giraffe said, "I've seen everything!"

Mae West, drinking tea on the set every day at four o'clock, tops anything Hollywood has known to date. Can it be possible that La West is taking the title of her new scenario seriously? The original title, you know, was "Now I'm a Lady."

Speaking of that picture, an executive of the studio, when asked how it looked, responded, "Clean, but pretty good anyway."

STRANGEST case of absent-mindedness on record is that of Claudia Dell's new husband, a Hollywood agent. The two were engaged for three years before they married. On the day of their wedding, the husband was engrossed with a business problem—so engrossed, in fact, that he actually drove his bride half way to her home before he realized that they were married, and had a home of their own!



Romance with a song! The new singing team of the screen, Mary Ellis and Carl Brisson, in close-up, above.

ONE of the warmest friendships in Hollywood is that which binds Janet Gaynor and Margaret Lindsay. The friendship began at the beach two summers ago. Miss Gaynor, not a good swimmer, was attracted by Miss Lindsay's prowess in the water. They met, and the admiration increased. It was returned in equal degree by Margaret. Now they sneak to previews together, visit the beach, have dinners together with their respective boy friends, and even visit each other's sets. "Set visiting" is the mark of extreme friendship, because most stars dislike being watched by other players, and only the best of friends encroach upon this privilege.



Speaking of romance, here's Alice Faye as *Juliet,* in a scene for the new film musical revue in which she appears.

WHEN news that Bette Davis was living in an auto camp outside of San Francisco spread through that district of California, people gasped. Hundreds went to see for themselves, unwilling to believe that a film star would live in such modest surroundings. What happened was this: Bette's husband got a job playing in an orchestra near San Francisco. In order to be near him, Miss Davis moved. Because her husband worked nights and slept days, he needed a quiet residence. The auto camp was near the night club where he worked, and it was quiet, so when the husband indicated a liking for the place, Bette said, "Why not?", and they moved in.

JIMMY DUNN showed up at Lakeside Golf Club with a "little red book"—but not the kind you think. No, sir! This book contains a record of the number of rounds of golf Jimmy must play.

You see, Dunn has "done got fat," and he's trying to reduce. Still, he has an avid taste for sweets. So whenever he pleases this taste, he chalks up in the red book, so many extra holes of golf to be played to offset the "fat calories."

MYRNA LOY was the recipient of a fan letter from a man who wanted to renew their high school acquaintanceship by taking her to dinner. Miss Loy might have accepted, but for the fact the writer's letter went on to say, "I never invited you out when we went to school together because in those days you had too many freckles on your face!"



Stars of a recent Hollywood surprise wedding! Right, Josephine Hutchinson, film actress, and her new husband, James Franklin Townsend. *Wide World*

So that's where the Vanishing American went! Below, Mae West and Tito Coral, one of the seven leading men in Mae's new film.





YEARS ago, when Jean Muir was playing a minor rôle in a New York show, she was known as Jean Fullerton. The theatre press-agent constantly misspelled her name—Fullarton, instead of Fullerton. Now she's in Hollywood, and the same press-agent, now a scenarist, was assigned to write a screen story for her. The first thing the writer did was to mis-spell her name "M-u-e-r"!

ALTHOUGH Dixie Lee will not allow hubby Bing Crosby on her sets, she spends her time between scenes on his sets, working cross-word puzzles. . . . Tullio Carminati's full name is *Count Tullio Carminati di Brambilla;* he uses name and title on his calling cards. . . . A room of Warren William's home is decorated like a ship; the windows are portholes, and a ship's steering wheel revolves a hidden bar into sight. . . . Italy bestowed upon Wallace Beery the National Medal for the finest screen performance of 1934, in "Viva Villa". . . . A jokester sent Mae West a copy of a book titled, "What Every Girl Should Know". . . . Ricardo Cortez, working with Virginia Bruce in a picture, was taught by her to knit—and he actually made a small sweater for his dog!. . . . Andy Clyde wired friends from San Francisco: "Having swell time. Wish it were paid for". . . . Marlene Dietrich, believe it or not, was voted by Hollywood style experts as "The screen's best dressed woman" of 1934.

Now she'll sign! Left, Katherine DeMille, having made good on her own, agrees to play in a film to be made by her father, Cecil B. DeMille.

Come to England's Hollywood

Continued from page 23



Elisabeth Bergner, in the film version of her current stage hit, "Escape Me Never."

played in the picture, 'Catherine the Great'?" smiled young Doug. "However, it is a fact that we are scheduled to play together in a screen version of 'La Boheme.'"

Quite so. However, Gertrude Lawrence's personal pictures were all over the room, and young Doug was worried to death over the fact that Gertrude had that afternoon missed her first performance due to illness—an illness which later caused them to close the show. He called her up while I was there and then begged to cut our chat short because he was going up to her hotel and spend an hour. All of which could most logically be professional worry. Who can tell?

Their play, "The Moon Is Silver," by Clemence Dane, was no masterpiece, to my mind. But there's your example of what the personal popularity of the movie star becomes. All London was crowding the house to see "Our Doug and Gertie"—as the press fondly called them—"in person."

"Expatriate?" scoffed young Douglas. "Do they call me that? Well, tell them that I have something of the same taste for the world as my father, but there's always a little bitterness in it, because I'm homesick for America!"

I met Elisabeth Bergner under many circumstances, but I don't think I should ever truly come to know just how human she was off the set, if I had not studied her one whole afternoon on the side lines at Elstree. She was not "working" but, as usual, insisted on seeing every working point of the picture, "Escape Me Never," being made—the way that she thought it ought to be made. No directing or technical detail escaped her sharp eyes. But no little human scrap got by her either. For example, one of the little charity children in the big scene fell and lay there crying until Elisabeth ran and picked her up and comforted her. Rosalind Fuller, one of London's accomplished actresses, cracked up in her big scene and began to cry, too. Again, Miss Bergner was on the scene, comforting her and starting her off right by showing her how she would do the lines. Later, over tea, Elisabeth confided to me almost tearfully, how she had spent nearly the whole of the night before trying to *lose back* to members of her company the pennies she had won from them during the long waits between appearances on the job. She would never gamble again, she swore!

It was refreshing to meet Paul Robeson, America's colored genius, on the Elstree lot. London is not new to him, although Elstree is. He first appeared in England as *Brutus Jones* carrying on his broad shoulders and mental make-up the one-man show, "Emperor Jones." Now he is playing another slant on the same plot, a negro who has spent part of his life in Liberian prisons, from which he finally escapes and establishes himself as king of a small tribe in the Congo. Those who have seen the movie of "Emperor Jones" have a treat in store when "Congo Raid" will be released shortly by United Artists. I reminded Robeson of the time I had heard him sing in a Paris Catholic church to the accompaniment of that expert organist, Konrad Bercovici, who wrote among other things, "The Volga Boatmen."

And who should happen along but the father of three of the world's most famous film sisters, Constance, Joan and Barbara Bennett? Mr. Richard Bennett himself! Mr. Bennett said he was on his way to India to make a film entitled "Daughter of India." Then he will travel to Moscow to play in the filming of "He Who Gets Slapped."

While we are on the subject, we may as well spike that rumor that one of the world's most popular wisecrackers was on his way to Elstree to make a team picture with his wife, the erstwhile Betty Compton. We refer to the inimitable Jimmy Walker, who once wise-cracked himself out of New York, but is now wise-cracking himself into the hearts of the London populace through his feature page in *The Sunday Despatch*. I had no little trouble in locating "Jimmy" and his Betty in a little love-nest cottage in a quiet village 40 miles out of London town. Said Jimmy Walker, "There are bigger things in life than the Empire State, and this little English cottage is one of them. Give us time to catch up with some of the happiness we've lost, then we'll come out and do that picture we've promised. It's only a couple of hours' drive to Elstree!"

Elisabeth Bergner is not the only one who is heading for Hollywood whether she wills it or not. There is that other



English stars who are well known Hollywood figures! Above, Leslie Howard, at present the star of New York's outstanding stage hit, "The Petrified Forest," and Merle Oberon, on location for the film they made in England.

sensation of stage and studio for the moment. Robert Donat. He has recently returned from Hollywood after establishing himself as a star of real importance for his work in the character part of "The Count of Monte Cristo." He has stepped directly into the hero rôle in London's most popular stage play of the moment, "Mary Read." It was not so great a job to make Monte Cristo picturesque, but Mr. Donat has made it credible with a distinguished presence, a fine masculine voice, and a most convincing sincerity. And that is just the sort of person he is off-stage where I met him to discuss his future plans. "There are contracts," he said, "but I haven't yet signed them. I've had a year of continuous work," he added. "I know of a lonely house on the Sussex coast where I can wear old clothes and forget the tinsel of stage and screen. I'll make my plans there—not in Elstree or Piccadilly." Now I hear that Robert Donat after due deliberation has signed with Warners—and ho for Hollywood!

I suppose that George Arliss is the most popular of these British-American exchange stars. In a popular voting contest, the British public put him above Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, or Ronald Colman—which I don't think the American feminine film fan would have permitted. Even Royalty favors Arliss. While it seems to have been a premature rumor that he will be knighted, certainly it was a fact the other evening when I was held up more than an hour in a taxi in the Strand because the Prince of Wales was making his third visit to see the Gaumont production of "The Iron Duke" with Arliss in the rôle of the Duke of Wellington. We asked Arliss, just before he returned to Hollywood, if he was coming back again to his native England. "Coming back?" he asked with that sly smile. "Why, I shall always be coming back—back to the stage, back to Hollywood, and back to Elstree! That's what makes life interesting."

Reverting for a moment to that British voting contest for your favorite film star, the first six male stars were: Arliss, Clark Gable, Wallace Beery, Robert Montgomery, Ronald Colman. The first six woman were: Norma Shearer, Marie Dressler, Greta Garbo, Kay Francis, Marlene Dietrich, and Katharine Hepburn. The most unpopular stars were: James Cagney and Mae West!

There's been no end of rejoicing in Elstree as well as all over England, over the return of Britain's prodigal son, Leslie Howard. A test of Mr. Howard's personality was evident throughout the filming of that gigantic spectacle, "The Scarlet Pimpernel." Whether in the picture or in looking on, the popular actor was always the cynosure of all eyes. To me, there is always something appealing about Leslie Howard. Seeing him in his grotesque make-up at first made me laugh, but the next minute I could have cried as readily. He records and elicits the most sensitive impressions and emotions of any artist we have today before the camera.

I asked him, "Have you come to any actual conclusion as to the relative merits of screen and stage art in putting over a truly fine idea?"

"Yes," he told me. "I think that the film today can say all that is to be said on the boards. But it can go farther, deeper, and show so many more facets to the thought beyond what the stage offers. It can carry the audience to the top of the highest mountain and to the deepest sea and bring ten thousand persons to reinforce it—like they have brought hundreds into the mobs of the French Revolution in this picture. Listen to them sing the *Marseillaise!*—the stage could never give certain tonal values to the story like that."

I caught just the faintest glimpse of Jack Barrymore when he dropped in at Elstree to get the feel of his future studio home for some months to come, when he returns from his holiday in India. There was an evident struggle going on as to what should be the subject of Mr. Barrymore's first British-made picture. Shakepeare seems to be a possibility. It is about time that the screen grew up to the stature of the stage in this respect.

Elstree is still echoing with two feminine names who promise to make film history for both England and American studios. Merle Oberon is already in Hollywood where she went to play the lead in "Folies Begere," opposite Maurice Chevalier. But it is her part opposite Leslie Howard in "The Scarlet Pimpernel," as *Lady Blakeney,* that won their hearts. The other young woman is Flora Robson, who has made a series of terrific personal successes. She was the dynamic *Elizabeth* in Bergner's film, "Catherine the great." Now she is carrying London in the title rôle of the stage play "Mary Read." In a month she will be back at Elstree in the part of *Queen Elizabeth,* in a straightforward historical film.

While it is true that Gaumont-British studios at Shepherd's Bush seemed a bit lonely on my visit, without the dominating personality of Arliss, yet there was excitement in the air. Gaumont was negotiating for more property, determined to hold its lead as the biggest studio in England. When I was there, they had six feature films in production. Three of the big pictures to follow will include titles that will make the picture-goers sit up in expectation: "Anna Karenina," "Bella Donna," (starring Conrad Veidt), and "Mary Queen of Scots." They will join the Dickens procession, (following "Great Expectations," "David Copperfield" and "Old Curiosity Shop"), with an early production of "Mr. Pickwick."

The Beverly Hills of Hollywood find a substitute in a range of chalk hills south of London, called the North Downs. In that section called Ashdown Forest we find the secluded retreat of the lovely Madeleine Carroll, remembered in the U. S. for "The World Moves On." She lives in an oak-timbered house built from the stones of the ancient home of the Sheriff of the Forest. Behind the old house is a model farm—orchards, chickens, Jersey cows and strawberries! Something new in hobbies for movie stars!



Fay Wray, above, is one of the Hollywood stars now on loan to the English studios.

No sooner had Charles Laughton sailed away to Hollywood to fulfill his part-time contract, than London Films sets to work preparing his next British picture scheduled to be made here in Elstree. His infinite variety and superb characterization brought to the screen in "Henry VIII" has brought to light no less than an original story published in *Punch!* They are calling it "Sir Tristram Rides West." Laughton will take the part of a ghost that haunts a medieval castle bought by an American.

Noel Coward has a rival! Hollywood too will be rivalled in the production of a second "Cavalcade"—this time on British soil by an all-British cast. The statesman, Winston Churchill, has written the script. It is planned to be released as a Birthday Gift to the King. Three hundred copies of the negative will be sent simultaneously to every corner of the British Empire to be shown March 1st. And the title will be "The Reign of George V."

I talked for an hour with Diana Wynyard in her dressing-room in His Majesty's Theatre, where she is playing superbly in a play called "Sweet Aloes." The public in England feel that they owe her a debt of gratitude for the service she did England in her part as a mother of sons in the American made film of "Cavalcade." I asked her when she intended to return to the films. "I think if one has a talent one should use it," she replied. "It is nearly four years since I had appeared on the London stage, and I had a secret desire to see how things were going with my talent."

There was certainly nothing wrong with her talent the night I saw her. Miss Wynyard "in person" astonished me in being so very young! "I am just paying a little visit to my English home for the moment. Plans are all set for Hollywood and I shall carry them out—perhaps before the year is half out."

At the British International Pictures I found them all still talking about our American Helen Chandler, who had just sailed back to Hollywood. She is the star of the forthcoming "Radio Parade," and was working in the last scene of "It's A Bet," the night before she caught the boat. Arthur Woods, the young English director, told me: "We've been watching Miss Chandler ever since we saw her fine work in 'Outward Bound,' 'The Last Flight,' and 'Christopher Strong.' We consider her a great acquisition to British pictures. When she finishes her New York stage engagements we hope to have her again."

Another star who has scored in British films is Sir Cedric Hardwicke, one of England's finest actors. He plays *Charles II* in "Nell Gwyn," which United Artists is now releasing in the United States. Opposite Sir Cedric in this picture is the exquisite Anna Naegel, whose charm and beauty will probably be snatched by Hollywood—which has already imported Sir Cedric himself.

The movies are no longer centered solely on the California coast in a beautiful town in the blossoming desert. Today, there are hands across the sea in a splendid gesture that will make for a more rounded and fuller art; that will put the cinema in the first place in the medium of dramatic expression. Elstree—and her sister studios—are the English cousins of America's Hollywood!

Cinematic Life-Story

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but Cooper was unable to afford such a luxury. Therefore, on the eve of first day of production, Dick volunteered to take Gary to the flying field the next morning. Nine o'clock came, but no Cooper arrived at the designated meeting place. Half-angry, half-anxious, Arlen hurried to his new friend's hotel room—and found Gary still in bed.

Enroute to location, Arlen stopped at a sandwich stand. Gary amazed Dick by ordering a bottle of near-beer and pretzels.

"Is that all you intend to eat?" Dick demanded.

"I reckon this is enough," Cooper opined. "I got some eatin' to do in the picture."

It later developed that his "eatin' to do" consisted of munching one bar of chocolate.

After "Wings," Cooper enacted a rôle opposite Clara Bow in "It." During this picture, he also suffered his first contact with Hollywood gossip—he and Clara were rumored "in love." Stories emblazoning their "romance" smashed magazines and newspapers everywhere—but there was no more romance than there are watermelons on apple trees. Gary's answer to all queries about his "love for Clara" became historic. "She's a fine actress," he invariably replied. Today, years after their alleged romance and years since they have worked in a picture together, Cooper credits Miss Bow with having helped him over the rough spots and having "taught him about acting."

"Children of Divorce" was the next step in the screenlife of Cooper. This picture gave him the toughest bump of his career. The director, Frank Lloyd, had from the first professed considerable faith in Gary's talents. But at the end of two days, Cooper was informed that he was so bad, he was being removed from the cast.

Heart-sick over this seeming collapse of his dreams, Gary climbed into his car and headed for the Mojave Desert, there to "think things out." It is a habit of Cooper to dash to the desert when he wants to do some "serious thinking." Himself a slow, lonely man, his mind works best when the sky is his roof and the desert sands his bed. He returned to Hollywood the following day, still undecided about his career, but no longer confused in his own mind. He went at once to Henry's, a then-popular eating place on the boulevard, and ran headlong into the open arms of Director Lloyd. The rushes of the second day's work had shown such a marked improvement that the studio had decided that no one else could play the part!

Cooper returned to work imbued with new confidence, and no longer halting and awkward. In fact, his improvement was so marked that he went directly from "Children of Divorce" to stardom in "Arizona Bound," the first of a long series of Westerns. In rapid succession he starred in "Nevada," "Beau Sabreur," "Legion of the Condemned," "Doomsday," "Lilac Time," "Half a Bride," "The First Kiss," "Shopworn Angel," and "Wolf Song," during which he met Lupe Velez. He played her lover in the picture, and soon the diametrically opposed Lupe and Gary were centered in a mad romance that was hearsay in the farthest corners of the world. They were seen everywhere together, from brilliant social functions of Hollywood to prize fights at the Legion Stadium on Friday nights. They were as inseparable as clouds and rain.

During this period of his life Cooper fought clear of dress clothes. He was rarely seen in any garb other than sweaters and leather jackets: in fact, he made famous this type of dressing long before Jack Oakie and his sweat-shirts came into prominence.



Gary Cooper in his first important screen rôle, above, with Ronald Colman in a scene from "The Winning of Barbara Worth." Ronnie was a star then, but "Coop" was just a young extra getting a "break" in an important film at a salary of seventy-five dollars a week.

Cooper's first talking picture, "The Virginian," found Gary and his old friend, Arlen, re-united. The first day of production, Cooper was to have called for Arlen at nine o'clock for a long ride to location. He arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon, mumbling his apologies. Then followed the wildest ride of Arlen's life. They raced pell-mell across country, collecting four speed tickets on the way. Incidentally, they collected three more on the return trip—that's how anxious Cooper was to return to Lupe.

Dead for lack of rest and at best never a fast thinker, Cooper had difficulty learning his lines. Arlen had heard that if one relaxed in a hot bath, he could study and learn more quickly. So Dick put Gary in a hot bath at the hotel. Cooper promptly went to sleep. The next day Gary again failed to remember his lines, so Arlen once more put him into a hot bath. "Coop" again went to sleep.

Arlen gave up this plan. However, he discovered that Cooper could easily remember individual lines or "sides," but he couldn't remember where each such piece of dialogue occurred. So during the filming of subsequent sequences, with Gary and Mary Brian. Arlen climbed into nearby trees, and from these perches he signaled the proper lines to Gary. The scheme worked fine except that Gary had to act with one eye on Mary and the other on Arlen.

Following "The Virginian," Cooper's popularity increased unbelievably. His next succession of pictures included "Seven Days' Leave," "Only the Brave," "The Texan," "Man From Wyoming," "Morocco," "The Spoilers," "Fighting Caravans," "City Streets," "I Take This Woman" and "His Woman."

At this point of his career, ill health, made more acute by his historic quarrel with Lupe, forced him to take a leave of absence. He went to Africa to hunt big game. He sailed during October, 1931—still a bachelor interested only in his career.

Although his pictures had been highly successful before, Cooper returned from Africa to give the screen his finest performances in "Devil in the Deep" and "Farewell to Arms." After the latter picture he was, at least temporarily, the most sought-after actor in Hollywood. At the height of his popularity he went to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio on loan, to play opposite Joan Crawford in "Today We Live."

He next returned to his own studio to star in "One Sunday Afternoon" and "Design For Living." It was during the filming of this second picture that Cooper, interviewed on the subject of love and marriage, denied any and all heart interest, and maintained that he would not marry for at least three or four years.

A few weeks later, he became the husband of Veronica Balfe, professionally known as Sandra Shaw. The wedding took place in New York, and only members of the bride's family were present.

They immediately returned to the West, stopping in Arizona for a two week's honeymoon. After that Gary resumed his career, appearing in "Alice in Wonderland." His *White Knight* characterization practically stole that picture. Then he was "borrowed" by M-G-M to appear opposite Marion Davies in "Operator 13." Next came "Now and Forever," and this was followed by the picture that Paramount claims is its greatest production of all time —"Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

At this writing, Cooper is literally "back where he started." He is again working for Samuel Goldwyn. This time he is co-starring with Anna Sten in "The Wedding Night." His salary has increased, during the intervening ten years, *ten thousand per cent*—from seventy-five dollars a week to seventy-five hundred dollars a week!

In looking back over his career, Cooper staunchly refuses to select a favorite leading lady, although he talks more at length about Marion Davies than any other

actress. According to him, Miss Davies is most charming to work with, not only from his own viewpoint, but from those of the grips, technicians, assistants, and other set workers.

"If Miss Davies decides she wants a sandwich or a cold drink, everybody on the set who is hungry or thirsty is invited to have the same," Cooper says of Marion.

Cooper has saved his money. There are some who call him parsimonious, but in reality he is only careful. He dislikes to talk about his success, or his wealth. For example, I asked him if he owned property at Palm Springs, the winter home of the film folk.

"A little," he answered.

Pinned down to facts, he at last admitted that "a little," in this case, meant about three thousand acres!

"A lot of it is just plain desert," Cooper supplemented.

He has an ambition to return to Africa and "finish up" his hunting.

"I want to get a rhino and an elephant," he told me. "My first trip I lost five rhinos, four of 'em because they didn't have good horns, and the fifth because I fooled around too long before deciding to shoot."

He is entertaining no plan to retire. Once he had dreams of buying a great ranch in Montana, and of going there to spend his last days. Now, from his conversation, I understand that he'd like to draw his final breath in front of a motion picture camera.

Landi Finds Herself

Continued from page 26

quite recognize this herself yet. Or she could not have said to me so bravely, "For the first time in my life I have everything I want!"

It was the hour for confidences. We had been chatting before the fire in her private sitting-room at her home. Outside the chilly Winter afternoon merged into dusk. The flames beat a steady tattoo of light and shadows on Elissa's lovely, pensive face.

That was when I won this right to inform you of Landi's real story. I ventured to put her honesty to the test.

"You have *everything* you want?" I asked.

For a long moment she gazed into the fire. Then, suddenly, she looked me squarely in the eye. "Everything material," she amended. Her passion for America poured out. "My proudest boast is that my American friends think of me as one of them." Born in Venice, Italy, and raised in England where she attained stage and screen stardom before coming to Hollywood four years ago, Elissa is the only foreign player I can call to mind who is thoroughly converted to America.

She has invested all her earnings here. The home she has bought in Hollywood is to be her headquarters for always. As soon as her divorce decree becomes final this Spring she will take out her citizenship papers. Shortly her step-father is arriving from Italy. Her mother, the Countess Landi, has been dividing her time between her famous daughter and her husband, who has been in business abroad. Elissa has the greatest affection for her step-father, who adopted her when she was a baby. He was a captain in the British navy during the World War. And then the family will be completely reunited when her brother and his wife and child come from England. They are scheduled to settle in Hollywood this Spring, too.

"America is the only country in the world to live in," declared the widely-travelled Elissa, as she sat quite erect across the hearth from me. "It is such a friendly place. In Europe common, everyday cordiality simply doesn't exist. Much has been printed of Hollywood being a city where everyone is trying to take advantage of you. On the contrary, Hollywood and America stretch out welcoming hands.

"I got that whiff of American friendliness when I sailed into New York harbor four years ago. I was so excited I grinned and winked at the customs' inspector, and he grinned and winked right back. I cried with joy. When he asked if I'd brought many clothes in my trunks I replied, 'Certainly *not!* All my American acquaintances have dressed so much better than I that I'd be a fool to cart a lot of stodgy things across an ocean!'

"I am not English; I am American! Although I lived in England for fifteen years I was always a stranger there. I've felt at home here from the beginning. Nor am I ungrateful to what England did for me in speaking frankly like this. It gave me my first success and I appreciate that. It's hard to explain the difference I feel. England is so terribly reserved and it did something to me. Made me crawl into a shell when I wanted to be—friendly!

"In Europe when people are nice to you it's sometimes so they can wangle something out of you. They show a woman more respect on the surface; underneath they quite possibly hate you. I adore American ways. I'd rather be looked straight in the eye and know that a person means what he says. In America there is a democratic forbearance that I adore. Instead of hating people who have been financially lucky, there is an air of 'Well, it's yours today and may be mine tomorrow!'

"In England it is distinctly bad taste to discuss your personal affairs—to be sympathetic if someone has met with reverses. Why, in such cases, you aren't supposed to be interested even! For instance, if I receive a present from a friend and know giving it to me was a sacrifice I'd be apt to comment: 'Wasn't it sweet of her to do this for me when she really shouldn't have spent the money?' If I said that in Europe it would be considered in bad taste.

The California home to which Elissa has become so attached is a spacious and comfortable villa set in an estate of twenty-five acres. Its terraced gardens look down over the Santa Monica hills to the Pacific and inside it is divided into four distinct apartments. Elissa has her own sitting-room with its cozy fireplace, and a bedroom suite. There are similar quarters for her mother, her secretary, and a wing for guests. Her servants are strikingly loyal, and there's a reason. They are given the best of living conditions. "I want them to be 'house-proud,' to have a genuine attachment for me and for their home," she states.



Acme

Above, Nils Asther arriving in New York after a vacation visit abroad, including a stay in his, and Garbo's homeland, Sweden.

Elissa is as glamorous as any star I know in Hollywood, and yet she doesn't go in for a tricky background. This particular afternoon she wore a simple sweater and skirt, most American-looking.

"Real glamor," she contends, "can stand the close-up test. It isn't dependent on mystery, but on innate charm, intelligence, and sophistication. Assuredly *not* artificialities!" We were discussing various screen stars and unconsciously she was giving away a first-class description of herself, it seemed to me.

An ardent horsewoman, Elissa has even stopped dressing up for her daily canters over the Hollywood hills. "Except when I have very formal company riding with me!" Elissa has a beautiful natural complexion, the healthy glow of a woman who spends much time out of doors, and in day-time uses no make-up.

Her conversion to America is one aspect of her life which has never been publicized before. Her long unhappy marriage is the other important phase—the topic upon which she's spoken only half-truths until now.

"I believe it would have been better if I had stated shortly after I first came to Hollywood that the marriage which seemed successful was anything but that. But I didn't, out of respect for my husband.

"We were married early in 1928. I had already made a name for myself on the stage in London and was doing my first film. The truth is that I was not anxious to marry, for I foresaw that my having to work would be a serious handicap. I would gladly have given up acting and substituted the orthodox duties of a housewife and mother, doing my writing on the side in my spare time, as I've sandwiched it in between pictures. But my husband was a young attorney and, unfortunately, money matters never did work out with him so that I could retire. I could not lay down responsibilities.

"I have no desire to re-marry and I was content to let things drift. Of course, it was difficult for me here because automatically my social life was so limited. I had no 'dates.' My husband visited me once and I pretended to everyone that we were perfectly happy.

"Not until last Spring did circumstances arise which made me feel that my freedom was necessary."

This, then, is her own explanation of her "restraint!" All the time that she was fighting for better rôles and adjusting herself to a new life in America, she was harboring the secret of an unhappy marital condition. And Elissa abhors secrets!

With divorce breaking that chain she is at last commander of her own soul again. Perhaps you are beginning to see just why this country has enchanted her so. We have become so accustomed to our native advantages that we are apt to overlook our blessings, forget that it is still a haven for those who have made youthful mistakes and seek to start anew.

To Elissa, however, America is not taken for granted. It is here that she has discovered the ideal spot in which to live; work that thrills her, and countless new friends.

"You will please tell them," she said to me, "that even now I should not have spoken like this of my marriage if I had not believed I owe some explanation. Always, before, I have had to hedge in interviews. There was a rôle to be played, an illusion to maintain.

"Today I am free to be myself and here in America we do not let an impetuous, young marriage ruin our lives. Nor do we go on indefinitely sacrificing ourselves. Not, at least, when we stumble upon the sad fact that the effort has not been appreciated!"

Elissa has high hopes for the future and I believe that she will gain her wishes. She frankly declares that many of her film assignments have been silly, vapid characterizations and she wonders how she survived them. Under long-term contract to Paramount now, she is delighted with the manner in which this studio is handling her.

"This is my home," she repeated, "whether or not I last in pictures. You don't adopt a career as an actress; it adopts you. There will always be my writing, anyway." To date she has written her novels in long-hand, but at Christmas she was given a portable typewriter. Soon, I fancy, she'll be banging away on it with American speed!

That Elissa, the intellectual, approves so wholeheartedly of Hollywood is balm to those of us who have had to stand up under the scorn of the cynics. No withering blasts from Landi. And the very definite interest she displays in her fans is worthy of mentioning, also. Instead of branding fan letters as a burden, she eagerly looks forward to them.

But has she *everything* she wants? I say no! You'll remember that she hastily altered it to "everything material." I recall, too, that during our conversation she expressed some kind of a wish for American children running around her home. Eventually I believe she is going to meet the man who'll make her life truly complete.

Meanwhile, a salute to Landi, first of the English imports to go 100% American, with no reservations. Why, knowing this "haughty creature" as the regular girl she actually is, I won't be amazed if on my next jaunt to the beach I catch her riding the roller coasters and cheerily waving a hot dog!

Key-holing Montgomery

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any—is not permitted to use her own judgment."

Bob insists upon periodical vacations away from Hollywood, in order to "get a new grip on himself," he says. He has a farm in New England, on which is a rambling old country home. He likes to go there because there he finds the extreme in conservatism, to counteract the effect of the other extreme in modernism which is in Hollywood.

He has no telephone on his New England estate. When he goes there, he is literally swallowed alive. He disappears as quickly and completely as a magician's trick egg, and he reappears as suddenly as the same magician's rabbit.

Bob is a confusing combinaion of serious man and playful, likable boy. About his business, he is the man: concise, terse, quick-thinking, and slightly stubborn. At play he is still in his 'teens: prankish, dry of wit, alert to every opportunity for amusement. When he is the man, his eyes are blue-grey and they hold a steely glint that commands respect. When he is the boy, his eyes turn a brighter blue, and they advertise his inner merriment.

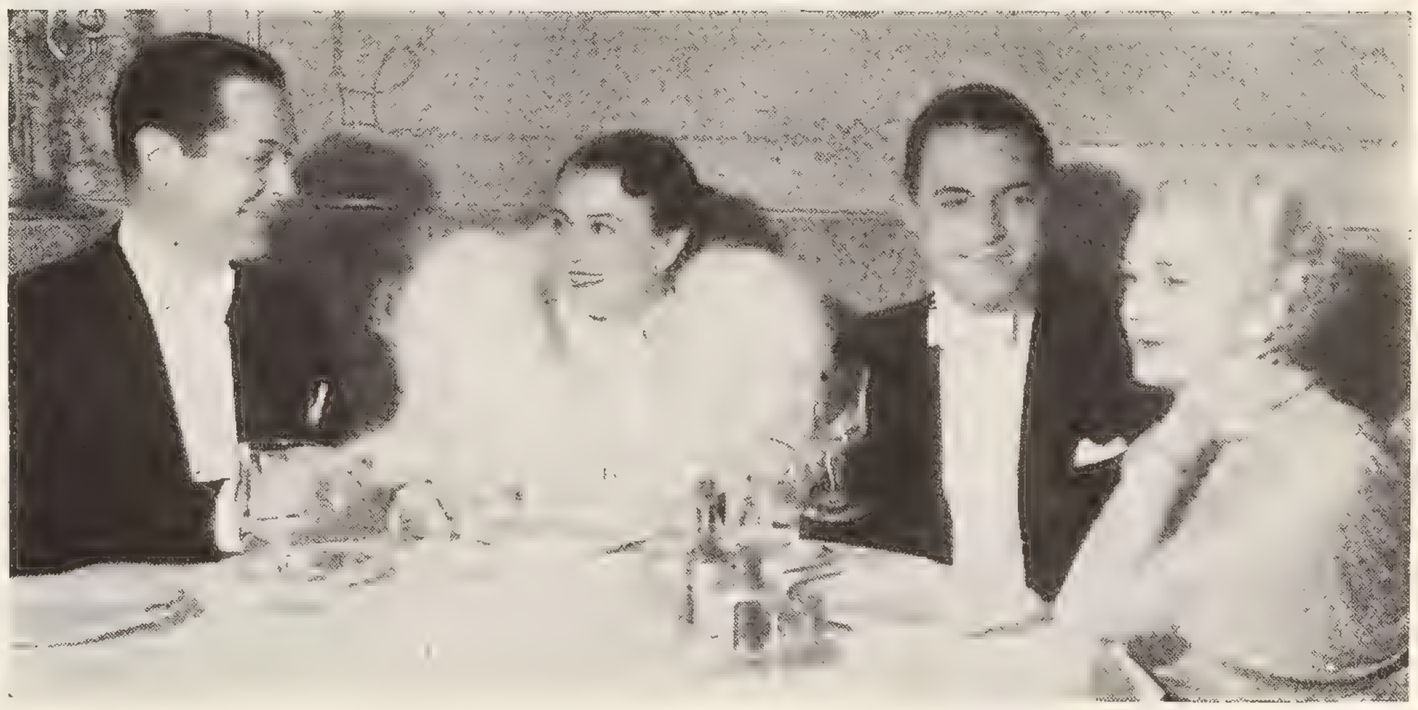
No man in pictures, not even Jimmy Cagney and Clark Gable, look off-screen more like their on-screen selves than does Montgomery. That is why he cannot appear publicly without being recognized. Even though he manages to hide his face, the public seems to spot his very mannerisms.

His hobby, his favorite sport, his pet, are all one—horses. Anything in the form of horseflesh attracts him. The new race-track near Hollywood is his daily habitat, when he is not working. He owns several horses of his own, and I suspect he'd rather be photographed with one of his horses than with Garbo.

His visits to the New England farm mean hours and hours of riding and fox-hunting. You have heard and read little about his love for the latter sport, because he is afraid the public might misconstrue. He fears the gossips might write: "So, Robert Montgomery is riding to hounds! Is he trying to go social?" Consequently he remains discreetly silent anent his fox-hunting.

Bob clings to old friends. He is slow to make new ones. I have never known another man who chose his intimates more cautiously. Note that I specified *intimates:* Bob makes acquaintances easily, but he accepts a rare few of these as real friends. Chester and Sue Morris are perhaps his closest friends. The Montgomerys and the Morrisses are together almost constantly.

They kid each other unmercifully, do



Acme

Bob Montgomery makes acquaintances easily but he clings to his old friends, and above you see him with his wife and two of his closest friends, Chester and Sue Morris, attending one of the Hollywood night clubs.

Bob and Chester. Just the other day, when Morris and I had lunch together, he said: "On days when I work, I let Bob make a few bets for me out at the race-track. Half a dozen times he has telephoned to tell me how much he *lost* for me, but he has never called to tell me how much he *won!*"

A few words back, I mentioned Montgomery's attitude toward gossip. Perhaps I should also have added that he regards gossip as part of the business; as a "necessary evil." He once said to me: "When I return home at the end of a working day, I leave the gossip at the studio. I don't take my make-up home, nor do I take my picture costumes. I think of gossip as I do of make-up and costumes—part of the game, and a part to be left inside the studio gates."

He never troubles himself much with "rules of living," but once, in answer to a question as to his personal credo, he answered, "Live and *encourage* to live."

There is a popular old adage which advises, "Live and let live." I think Montgomery's rule is an improvement. He not only lets the other guy live, but he lends a helping hand. In this respect, I personally know several young actors and actresses who owe much to the advice and help of Montgomery. To mention their names would be to obligate them to Bob. He does not wish that, therefore their names must remain secret.

He likes to relax completely. He is not lazy; he is too busy and too nervously energetic for that. But he enjoys, as an example of his relaxation, to lounge in his car and be motored by a chauffeur. On other occasions, when he is not in such lazy mood, he prefers to drive himself.

He dislikes absurdities in business. He points with an accusing grimace at an outstanding example of this. A few years ago, a writer for a national magazine was sent to Hollywood from New York for the sole purpose of interviewing him. For days prior to her arrival, the studio publicity department repeated to Bob, "She'll be here soon. This interview will be something." And Bob would say in return, "What will she interview me about?" And the reply invariably would be the same, "Wait and see."

Before the woman's arrival, Bob was on nervous edge; so much so that he almost dreaded the interview. When the big day finally arrived and, after proper introductions, they were seated at luncheon together, she told Montgomery the subject of the interview. *She wanted him to give his advice to young girls in love!*

"I can't talk on such a subject!" Bob exploded. "What do I know about young girls in love? You are talking to an actor, not the dean of a girls' college. I'm terribly sorry that you have made this long trip across country for nothing but—what can I do? I wasn't told the subject of the interview, or I would have warned you in advance."

The woman went storyless. As far as his personal control of his interviews is concerned, Bob will permit no "silly rubbish," as he calls it, to be written. He hates it.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 11

remember, mustn't bite the Duchess' tail!"

We had bacon and eggs the day I was at Glenda's, but as a rule she likes to serve Eggs Florentine or Eggs Havana or Belmont Egg. Ever taste a Belmont Egg? This is it:

Belmont Egg

Brown slices of bread in oven, don't toast them but just brown them, then moisten in warm salted milk and butter them. Break eggs carefully one at a time into a cup and slip into simmering salted water one inch deep in saucepan. Toss the water over the yolks until a delicate pink. Slip onto the toast, one to a slice, and surround with chopped meat heated in butter.

The male part of the "gang" likes Eggs Havana.

Eggs Havana

Place in an omelet pan 6 tablespoons sausage meat and 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion, stir and cook five minutes. Beat 7 eggs until light with a seasoning of salt and paprika, pour into the pan and stir and cook until creamy and thick. Pour over slices of buttered toast and serve hot.

Phil Reed strolled in then, to show Glenda some samples of drapes he was thinking of buying for his new house over on Toluca Lake.

"Oh no, none of those will do!" cried his hostess. "Yellow is the thing for that room. A good-looking cream yellow. And have something cool and soothing in the other room or someone will go mad in it—now a soft blue might do, or green—no, green won't go with the walls. Blue, positively."

"Put on your hat and come pick it out," he demanded. "You can look at stuff for your new place at the same time."

Glenda, it seems, has house-fever. She has bought another house on the street back of the acacia-lined one she lives on



Inside the charming Farrell home, Glenda sits by the fire with Johnny, one of Glenda's pair of prize Siamese cats.

and is busily and happily tearing it apart and rearranging it.

"SCREENLAND'S readers should take up my hobby and see what fun they can get out of it!" she laughed. "Besides, if you're successful there should be money in it. I know people who do nothing else for a living but buy and remodel houses and sell them at a handsome profit. This new one Phil's taking was just a speculation on my part, but now I'm getting interested. It had seven rooms when I bought it, but I'm having a wing put on with a bedroom, dressing-room and bath, and an odd-shaped extension next to the play-room. Maybe I'll like it so well I'll have to live in it awhile!"

"Do we buy drapes or don't we buy drapes?" carped Phil. "Will I have to live in a house where people go mad in my living-room, or will I get a little neighborly co-operation?"

Glenda waved him away.

"But I suppose I'll have to go with the brute," she sighed. "Have I said enough about breakfasts? Oh, *I* know! Plantation corn cakes! They're marvelous with maple syrup—George and Joan make perfect pigs of themselves when we have corn cakes. Hazel has that recipe. And get her to tell you how to concoct a cheese omelet. That's a very popular dish at this house, especially with Dick Powell."

Plantation Corn Cakes

Boil 4 cups milk with ½ cup butter and pour into 2 cups cornmeal sifted with 1 teaspoon salt and stir to smooth batter; beat into the batter 4 well-beaten eggs, when the batter is cool add 5 level tablespoons flour mixed with 2 teaspoons baking powder. Bake on a hot, well-greased griddle.

Cheese Omelet

Beat yolks of 4 eggs with 1 tablespoon hot water until light and creamy. Beat whites of 4 eggs to stiff froth with ¼ teaspoon salt. Pour the yolks over the whites and fold until evenly mixed. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in an omelet pan, pour in egg mixture, spread smooth, place over a slow fire and turn pan so that all parts of the bottom will be evenly browned; place pan on top shelf of moderate oven and bake until firm. Remove from oven, sprinkle over 3 tablespoons grated cheese mixed with ¼ teaspoon paprika, slide omelet half out onto a hot platter, lift pan so as to fold over other half and serve very hot.

Beauty Goes to Your Head

Continued from page 55

eyes and are doubly dangerous. Maybe you are going to wear fluffy, upsydaisy curls, the kind that catch the sunlight and play hide and seek with it. We wouldn't know. But you are going to wear curls. And you are going to love 'em!

If you are a blonde, so much the better. Lights have a way of being devastating in blond hair. But if you are a brunette always remember that your hair brush is your best friend and that you can brush lights in and polish 'til it gleams.

There are many new hair styles you can wear with these new hats. Those of you who went Hepburn and cut yourself bangs are in a fair way to arrive at the new style already. Curl up those bangs which have probably grown out a bit by now and let them hang jauntily over your forehead.

You would think we were ashamed of our foreheads to see the interesting things we are doing with curls over them. There is a great deal of room for originality in this new style. You don't have to wear a curl in the middle of your forehead—(and when you are bad be horrid). You may wear the "Little Women" bangs, the softly curling Colbert bangs, or the easy-to-do half-bangs on the side of your face opposite your part.

As the illustrations show you, a long bob can be arranged into forehead curls. Bangs are not essential. But curls certainly are.

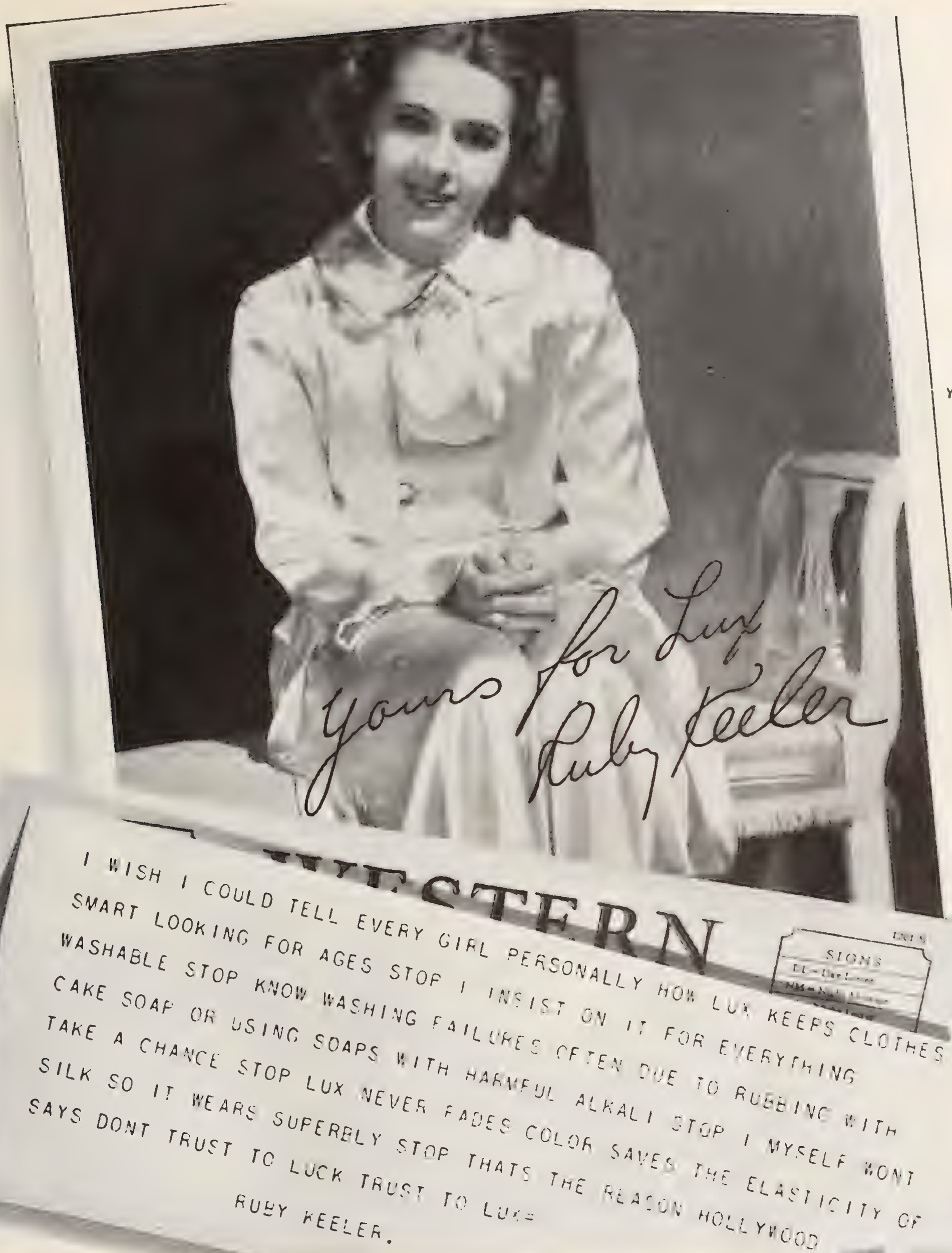
You want a permanent if your hair is not curly, and sometimes even if it is. Naturally curly hair has a way of curling when and where it wants to and sometimes where it wants to and where you want it to are not one and the same place. A permanent solves all this. Even if you are fortunate enough to have a lovely natural wave on top, the ends of your hair (terribly important these days when almost everybody has short hair of one length or another), refuse to curl.

So, a permanent you must have. Be sure before you have it that your hair is in condition for it. Oil treatments for several weeks before the big day will make a great deal of difference in the softness and silkiness of your hair. You are probably used to rubbing the right oil, or hair tonic into your scalp. This is necessary and valuable. But be sure to rub it into the ends as well.

And right here let me say another word on that pet hobby of mine, brushing. Perhaps you think, "I can't brush my hair because it take out my wave." "And I can't brush mine because it makes my hair so oily." The first reason, honestly, is not real at all. Of course if you brush your hair down flat, it is likely to look as if the brushing removed the wave. But don't brush that way. Push up your wave with your hand, and holding it there, holding the ends against your head, brush and BRUSH and BRUSH! Be sure, of course, that your brush has long bristles which are capable of getting right down to the scalp. This brush polishes your hair and gives it a sheen that no preparation on earth, no matter how much you have paid for it, can approximate. You can hardly over-estimate the importance of brushing. Almost every unattractive head of hair you see is unlovely because it isn't brushed enough.

The other reason, that it makes your hair oily, is a misunderstanding of the nature of the oil in your hair. What it does do, is to take that oil which is poured out from your scalp if the scalp is healthy, and distribute it all along the hair shaft instead of concentrating it at the roots of your hair. This is one of the reasons that brushing makes the hair gleam and sparkle. Brilliantine helps. But this natural oil in your hair is nicer than any brilliantine you ever used. And it is your brush that will put it on your hair for you.

Brush for beauty, yes, but brush for cleanliness too. I know it is discouraging to brush hair and then look at the brush and see how much dust has come out. It makes any normal girl shudder. But how about letting the same dust remain in the hair and not brushing it out? This is far worse. It means that your brush should be washed at least once each week religiously. If you are smart, you will want to have two brushes, so that you may always have a clean one on hand.



RUBY KEELER *is the star of Warner Brothers' new production, "Go Into Your Dance"*

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Cross-examining Capra

Continued from page 24

perform so naturally before the camera?"

"It's not a matter of 'making' the players act naturally. If an actor understands his part and really *feels* the rôle, he will act naturally of his own accord. If he does not understand the rôle, he might as well never attempt to play the part.

"I do not hold story conferences or long discussions of the various scenes with the players. If we discuss a scene at all I try to do it discreetly. I like to 'sneak up on 'em' and talk over the various parts indirectly, using parallel ideas or sequences. In that way I try to keep an actor from worrying about individual scenes and his own performance.

"I try never to shoot a scene time and time again, particularly if some player is making mistakes. In fact, if we do have to re-shoot scenes, I'll usually blame it on something other than the actor. To force a player to make the same scene over and over has a bad psychological effect."

"What do you think of the so-called 'directorial touches'—trick camera angles and odd twists in a story?"

"That, in my opinion, is the most important and interesting question you have asked. True, it is a controversial subject and open to argument from both sides but it really *means* something.

"It is my first and most important rule that *nothing* shall be allowed to interfere with the telling of the story through the characters on the screen. NOTHING! That includes camera angles that confuse the audience and drag its attention from the story. It also includes the 'subtle touches' which call attention to the director, the cameraman, the set-builder or someone else *behind* the scenes. The minute the attention of the audience is taken away from the characters telling the story—a picture is lost beyond recall.

"People go to theatres for an emotional cathartic. They can get it either through a good laugh or a good cry. You must give them one or the other, or both. You *must* appeal to their emotions, not to their intellect. You *must* appeal to their hearts, not to their heads. An intellectual picture hasn't a ghost of a chance at the box-office. People go to see moving pictures to be entertained—not to think."

"Who is the easiest person to direct, in your experience?"

"Clark Gable. I really believe that Clark is the easiest man to handle I've ever seen or directed. He has the perfect attitude toward his work and toward his director.

"To give a good performance an actor must have confidence in his director. If he doesn't trust the director, he should either get a new one or the director should get another actor. That goes, of course, for actresses too.

"I found Miss Colbert congenial to work with, but I can understand that other directors might not. She, like Gable, is intelligent, and if she feared for a minute that the director was not sure of himself—that he did not know his business—I have an idea that she might be exceedingly difficult.

"As a rule I have little or no trouble with players. We usually understand each other at the start and have similar ideas regarding our stories. If not, we don't start. We sit down and figure things out until we are in accord.

"Gable, to my mind, is just about perfect. He catches a director's ideas immediately, and he knows just how to carry them out on the screen so that the story is told in the very way the director imagined it.

"Are clever character actors, or not so clever young players, the easier to direct?"

"Good actors are easier to direct, whether they are young or old. If they are good, either on the stage or screen, they have something to offer. The better they are, the easier they are to handle, and the less explaining and directing is necessary."

"Will you name the five best actors and five best actressess in pictures today?"

Mr. Capra thought this one over for at least five minutes but finally decided that he could not answer it and be just to everyone concerned. He explained that there were many pictures he did not see and that even among the actors and actresses he had handled himself, he did not feel that he could name five and say they were the best of the lot. It was the only question that he side-stepped.

"Will you name the five best pictures you have made?"

"Certainly, I'll try that one. 'Ladies of Leisure,' 'Lady for a Day,' 'Dirigible,' 'It happened One Night,' and 'Broadway Bill.'"

"Is it true, Mr. Capra, that you have



Not one, but two popular leading men figure in the new picture starring Kay Francis. Titled "Living On Velvet," the picture is the first screen production to engage Kay's talents since her return from a vacation abroad.

had the same technical crew for several years?"

"Yes, I've had the same assistant, Buddy Coleman, and the same cameramen, sound men and chief electrician for the past four years. I find it much easier to get started on production if I know the crew well. It also adds to the efficiency of the troupe if the members know each other. They do not have to spend days 'getting acquainted.'"

"How many pictures do you make a year?"

"I'm supposed to do three, but I've found that I can not direct that many and do them justice. I suppose my average will be a little more than two. Right now I'm hunting around for a story. When one is found, I'll get together with some writers, and we'll start work on the script.

"When the script is completed and the story is cast, I usually figure on a shooting schedule of from 25 to 40 days. After shooting, of course, comes the work of cutting and editing."

"Did you graduate from the California Institute of Technology?"

"I did, with a degree of Chemical Engineering. My first ambition was to write scientific articles for the layman—articles on scientific subjects written in such a way that the ordinary person without technical training could understand them. However, I became interested in pictures—writing first and then directing—and liked this way of telling stories. I've been with Columbia Studios since 1927, and am now working on a long term contract."

"That's all, Mr. Capra," I said. I've run out of questions."

The director, who had been exceptionally good-humored about all my questioning, grinned genially. I shook hands with him at the door and headed back for Hollywood through a drizzling rain.

This Capra looks like anything but a director. He's short, obviously Italian, and friendly. He speaks rapidly after he has decided what he intends to say, but he never answers carelessly. His voice is low and he's certainly well educated. Cal-Tech, his alma mater, has international ranking.

Born in Palermo, Italy, he came to this country with his family at six. He sold papers in Los Angeles, went through the public schools, and graduated from high school at the age of sixteen. Worked for more than a year inspecting sewer pipes and earned the money to start in college. Waited on tables at school and edited the college paper. Left school when a senior to enlist in the army during the World War. Became a second lieutenant in the Coast Artillery but did not go overseas. After the war he worked as tutor to Anita Baldwin's son on the old Baldwin rancho east of Los Angeles. Went back to school, graduated, and came back to tutor the Baldwin youth.

Later he went to a scenario school. Then his money ran out. Sang in local cafés, and pruned trees in San Fernando valley. Finally started writing gags for motion pictures and worked his way up to directing. Divorced from his first wife in 1927, married to the former Lucille Reyburn in 1932. Smokes innumerable cigarettes when nervous. Does not use "showmanship" tactics; can't imagine what he would do with a megaphone on a set. Believes the farther in the background a director remains, the better his pictures will be.

Columbia Studios *made* Capra by giving him his big chance to direct. Capra has evened the score—he has just about *made* Columbia. His pictures have profited the company several millions of dollars. That's success spelled this way:

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Bouquet Lenthéric

THE DAYTIME FRAGRANCE

Quiet, but with a strange persistence

©1935 Lenthéric

Colbert's Life Story

Continued from page 27

wisely did not forbid her to marry the boy, but made her promise that she would wait a year. So Claudette got engaged with a fraternity pin and Davenport returned to Georgia and things began to happen so fast that by the end of six months, I regret to tell you, our heroine had completely forgotten her handsome fiancé. (He named a daughter after her later.)

While she was waiting for letters from Georgia in the early fall of 1924 Claudette, now a high school graduate, felt that she should do her part towards the support of the family, for Mr. Chauchoin's position in the bank didn't pay so terribly much. First she tried to sell her drawings, but without success, and then at someone's suggestion she decided to give French lessons. While giving a French lesson to Helen Hackett, who owned an art gallery in New York, conversation turned one day to the theatre and Miss Hackett remarked, "You ought to go on the stage." That's been said before, millions of times, but this time something really came of it. Miss Hackett introduced Claudette to Anne Morrison who got her a small part in "The Wild Westcotts" which opened in New York at the old Frazee Theatre Christmas week of 1924.

Claudette was as pleased as punch—her first Broadway play! But no name in lights on the marquee this time, no star dressing-room, no gay boxes of orchids, no supper party at the Waldorf afterwards. Heavens, no! Claudette was nothing more or less than a curtain raiser. She came on the first few minutes of the first act, she wore a red dress, and she said in rapid succession, "Isn't it lovely?" . . . "It's a beautiful party" . . . "Oh, I'm hungry"—and went off. Three-line Colbert, they called her. As Clarence Wyckoff, famous first nighter, told her afterwards, "My dear, I didn't see you. I got something in my eye and when I opened it you were gone!"

But Claudette's family didn't miss seeing it. "Weren't they awfully proud of you?" I asked Claudette once. "No, not especially," said Claudette. "I think they were mostly just amazed because I received fifty dollars for doing so little."

The cast and the producer of "The Wild Westcotts" were destined to prop up again in Claudette's life. Al Lewis, the producer, became a Paramount producer and was responsible for two of Claudette's best box-office pictures, "Torch Singer" and "The Gilded Lily." It was Al Lewis who gave Claudette her first lesson in acting. The night of the opening of "The Wild Westcotts" his instructions to her were, "All you have to do, Claudette, is smile." Elliot Nugent, the juvenile of the play, later directed Claudette in "Three-Cornered Moon." Stuart Walker, the director of the play, later directed "Tonight Is Ours," which co-starred Claudette and Freddie March. Also in this eventful play were Edna Mae Oliver and Warren William, and I just guess I don't have to tell you that Mr. William has been Claudette's leading man in two of her late pictures, "Cleopatra" and "Imitation of Life." It's a small world, isn't it? That's what I always say!

Once the theatre gets you there's just nothing you can do about it. One taste of grease-paint and Claudette was thoroughly sold on the idea of becoming an actress. The excitement appealed to her, and so, confidentially, did that fifty dollars tucked away in her purse that had never seen fifty dollars before, and wouldn't again for quite some time. But deciding to become an actress, and becoming an actress are two different things entirely. When "The Wild Westcotts" closed Claudette started that dismal round of the agencies and was just getting herself a half-sole and some O'Sullivan heels when Fate again took a hand. Brock Pemberton was casting "The Marionette Man" and was having the devil of a time finding a leading lady because he needed a girl who looked like an Italian but who had no accent. Madame Burani, who had formerly been Claudette's piano teacher when she was a little girl and had since returned to the stage, told Mr. Pemberton that she had the very person for him, and got the job for Claudette. (This last year in Hollywood Claudette had a chance to return this favor with interest—and did. Madame Burani's second Hollywood picture was as Claudette's maid in "The Gilded Lily.")

Well, anyway, three-line Colbert went right into a lead, but the glory, alas, was short-lived. "The Marionette Man" opened and closed in Washington, and the consensus of opinion of the critics seemed to be that the play was bad but Claudette was worse. And you can just imagine how poor Claudette, with that inferiority complex, reacted to that. The Potomac looked like the best way out, but she just couldn't admit failure to her family, who weren't so very pleased with this theatrical idea anyway. So Claudette took the day coach back to New York.

Then came a little play called "We've Got to Have Money," which Claudette joined for the Chicago run and netted herself the huge sum of seventeen dollars a week and a terrific cold because Chicago was having a record-breaking winter with sleet and snow and Claudette couldn't eat and ride in taxis too. She returned to New York.

But like *Mr. Micawber* she was sure that something would turn up. And sure enough it did. She got a part in the re-



Film star and bibliophile! Jean Hersholt with one of his rare possessions, a first edition of "David Copperfield."

vival of "Leah Klescha" which boasted an all-star cast including William Faversham, Lowell Sherman, and Arnold Daly; and from these experienced thespians Claudette learned more about the art of acting than she ever had before. The play went on tour and in Chicago this time she stopped at the Edgewater Beach Hotel and had a grand time to make up for the miserable winter she spent there. Also playing in Chicago at the time and stopping at the Edgewater Beach Hotel was Leslie Howard who, between tennis games, also taught Claudette a lot about the theatre. He gave her a letter of introduction to Al Woods, which Claudette presented as soon as she returned to New York. Under the Woods management she appeared in Chicago in "The Cat Came Back" and in "High Stakes," neither of which enjoyed much success. In May, 1926, she returned to New York, just one week before her father died very suddenly.

This was the first real tragedy in Claudette's life and she was completely broken up. Then on the heels of sorrow came poverty with all its dismal dreariness. Mr. Chauchoin died without a will and according to the state law his bank accounts were tied up for a year. Claudette was penniless, and of course this would be the longest time of all she had to do without a job. For three months she had only five dollars pocket money. La Colbert became a well known figure on all the best Broadway trolley cars and in the Times Square automat. It was a long hot summer, and she knew every stone in the pavement, but in September the "break" came. She got the lead in Al Woods' "A Kiss in the Taxi," with Janet Beecher and Arthur Byron. After all her flops the long Broadway run of the play was just like Paradise, and the only heart-ache she had that fall was because her father was not there to share in her success. How nearly Claudette came to missing out on "The Kiss in the Taxi" she did not know until several months later when she met Jeanne Eagels, the darling of New York, at a party; and Eagels, out of a clear sky, suddenly said, "I saw your dress rehearsal, Claudette Colbert, and Al Woods who was sitting next to me said that he was going to fire you that night. I said, 'Al, don't be a fool. That girl is going to be a hit.' I guess I was right." So after all it was the great Jeanne Eagels who was responsible for Claudette becoming a star in the fall of 1926.

After that came a lot of plays, including "The Ghost Train," "The Pearl of Great Price," "The Mulberry Bush," "La Gringo," "Fast Life" and "Tin Pan Alley," some of which closed before they had barely opened. But in 1927 Claudette, against Al Woods wishes, accepted the famous rôle of *Lou* in "The Barker," with Walter Huston and an unknown juvenile, Norman Foster. The play had a run of six months on Broadway and Claudette's long slender legs, encased in shiny black stockings, became definitely a part of all the New York theatrical columns. She was called "Legs" Colbert.

Claudette had been so busy ever since she left high school at the age of sixteen keeping body and soul together and trying to make a name for herself in the theatre (if you think that's easy, try it yourself sometime), that she had had no time for romance. But an established star now, her name in lights, and a luxurious apartment for the family, Claudette found time for a little relaxing, and right there ready to relax with her was the young juvenile from Indiana who was making a big hit in his second Broadway show. Claudette met Norman for the first time at the first rehearsal of "The Barker" which was in December, 1927. Norman started "dating"



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BRIGHT EYE IDEAS



by Jane Heath

MEN may hate extreme styles, but there's one beauty point that always gets them, in business or in ballrooms. Lovely eyes! Practice looking eager and attentive; two-thirds of the trick of that "starry-eyed" look is a matter of concentration. The other third is a little patented implement called Kurlash. Slip your eyelashes into this for a few moments each morning. They emerge with the lovely, lasting curl Nature forgot to give them. Curled lashes look *much* longer and make eyes sparkle . . . and Kurlash costs only $1 at any leading store.



Improving on Nature

Men do not like an artificial "beaded" look on eyelashes, which is why so many professional beauties are using new liquid mascara *Lashtint*. $1 buys a charming dressing-table bottle . . . water-proof and tear-proof (remove it with cold cream) to make thin or pale lashes appear dark and luxuriant.



Beauty in the Handbag

Shopping or business over—and a sudden urge for beauty overcomes you! How lucky you are if out of your handbag comes *Lashpac*. From one end a stick of mascara pushes forward to use *both* on lashes and eyebrows. A tiny brush for grooming swings from the other end. Mrs. D. N. writes that it makes a most original $1 bridge prize!

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Department C-4, *The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto,* 3.

Copr. The Kurlash Co., Inc. 1935.

her and writing her poems which were beautiful and sentimental, and it was all just awfully romantic with stolen kisses in the wings, and after-theatre suppers in Joe's speakeasy.

One night Claudette noticed that Norman's face was flushed and he was coughing badly so she rushed him home to her apartment, called a doctor, left him in charge of a surprised mother and grandmother, and dashed back to the theatre in time to go on with his understudy. Norman was laid low with flu for several weeks and Claudette divided her time between the theatre and his bedside. In March, three months after meeting him, she married him, and the famous "separate residence marriage," which you have read so much about, was started. At first they maintained separate apartments because for professional reasons they wished to keep their marriage a secret. Then later because it seemed more romantic that way. Then still later because when Claudette was in New York Norman was in Hollywood.

It was while she was appearing in "The Barker" that Claudette made her first moving picture, a silent picture with Ben Lyon, called "For the Love of Mike," which was made at the old Cosmopolitan Studio in New York. When she first saw herself on the screen she had such a head-ache she had to go home and take six aspirins. She swore never to do it again. But she did. Talking pictures came in with a bang and Paramount signed Claudette for two pictures, the first with Edward G. Robinson, called "A Hole in the Wall"—simply awful!—but the second, "The Lady Lies," with Walter Huston, Charlie Ruggles, and little Tom Brown, was a tremendous hit, and established Claudette as a movie favorite. Paramount lost no time in signing her to a long-term contract. She has been with that company ever since, although two of her best pictures this past year, "It Happened One Night" and "Imitation of Life," were made at Columbia and Universal respectively. Before deserting the stage Claudette appeared in the Theatre Guild production of "Dynamo" and in Elmer Rice's "See Naples and Die." She hasn't been on the stage since 1929.

When the Astoria studio was closed in New York in the spring of 1933, Paramount sent Claudette to Hollywood, where she has been ever since. Hampered many times by bad pictures she has slowly but surely climbed the well-known ladder of fame until today she's "the top" as Cole Porter says. She is one of the most sought-after stars in Hollywood, and has more money-making pictures to her credit than almost any other personality. And she has the satisfaction of knowing that she is what she is, and she has what she has, all because of hard work. As one old crap-shooter to another I tell you that little Lily Chauchoin played it the hard way—and won.

But what happened to love and romance? They drooped and wilted and finally died along the way, just as they have always done since time began. Claudette and Norman were awfully young and terribly in love. And life looked so simple. But it wasn't. Claudette had high hopes for Norman and herself playing in the same Broadway plays, and making the same Paramount pictures, and remaining forever the lovers that they were, but you know how it is with the best laid plans of mice and men.

Claudette and Norman, after all their scheming and planning, never really played together but once, and that was in "The Young Man of Manhattan." They had only been married a short time when Norman was signed by Hollywood and was sent to the Coast to make pictures for



Acme

A London Bobbie stops traffic for a star who stops many a show. Above, Eddie Cantor in England on his recent vacation, strolling the London streets.

nearly all the studios. Claudette's contract called for her to make pictures in New York. Everytime Claudette planned to catch the Chief for Hollywood she was called back for retakes, and the same thing happened to Norman. Twice they met in Chicago for a brief week-end together.

It's rather impossible to keep a romance alive under such conditions. Only pale ladies in old classics can sigh over a memory, cherish a dream, and pine over a faded rose petal. Modern youth calls for something more tangible. Transcontinental love after all is not really very satisfactory.

When Claudette arrived in Hollywood, where Norman had been for three years, they both knew in their hearts that they no longer loved each other. The passing years had brought new interests, new friends, new careers, new ambitions, and there was nothing left for them to cling to, nothing but the wraith of a memory of a boy and girl desperately in love in New York City. They made every effort to recapture those lost raptures, and those silly little things they used to say to each other backstage: they lived together for a while; they dashed away to Death Valley to spend New Year's alone together; they bought each other handsome presents, and they talked of a trip around the world that they knew they would never take—but when love dies it dies, and there is really nothing you can do about it. So Claudette and Norman are definitely separated now, much further than they were when three thousand miles of America lay between them. It's sort of sad, isn't it, two such lovable children who had to grow up. But, as the French say, *c'est la vie,* and what can we do about it?

Screen Style Secrets

Continued from page 33

describe the gown that is my 'favorite':

"It is a heavy white metallic satin cut daringly low in back and with a front bodice fashioned of two full folds of material crossing the neck and coming over the shoulders to fasten to the skirt at the side back. Startlingly simple in line it is and entirely devoid of ornament, yet a smashing effect is achieved by a full cape with a train and the whole is topped by a large collar of Russian sable! Sumptuous, of course, and entirely out of range of the average girl. Yet by substituting another fabric and a summer fur the gown is so simple it is particularly easy to copy—and by wearing the costume in the approved *manner,* its effectiveness should in no way be impaired.

"Secret Four emphasizes a sense of contrasts effectively expressed in color schemes. I have developed this emphatically in a street costume worn by Miss Dunne, fashioned of heavy black and white corded silk, and a three-quarter length coat of the same material has a smart high collar in contrasting white. A hat of the black silk is designed with a definite Cossack influence and adds richly to the smartness of the ensemble. Besides, this is particularly utilitarian because it permits startling variety in wardrobes with a minimum number of costumes. Women should seek to purchase coats and hats which interchange with *all* their dresses by keeping to blacks, whites and a few favorite shades which multiply a wardrobe's 'wearing possibilities.'

"Secret Five reveals an understanding of fashion values—the meaning of 'balance' and 'simplicity.'

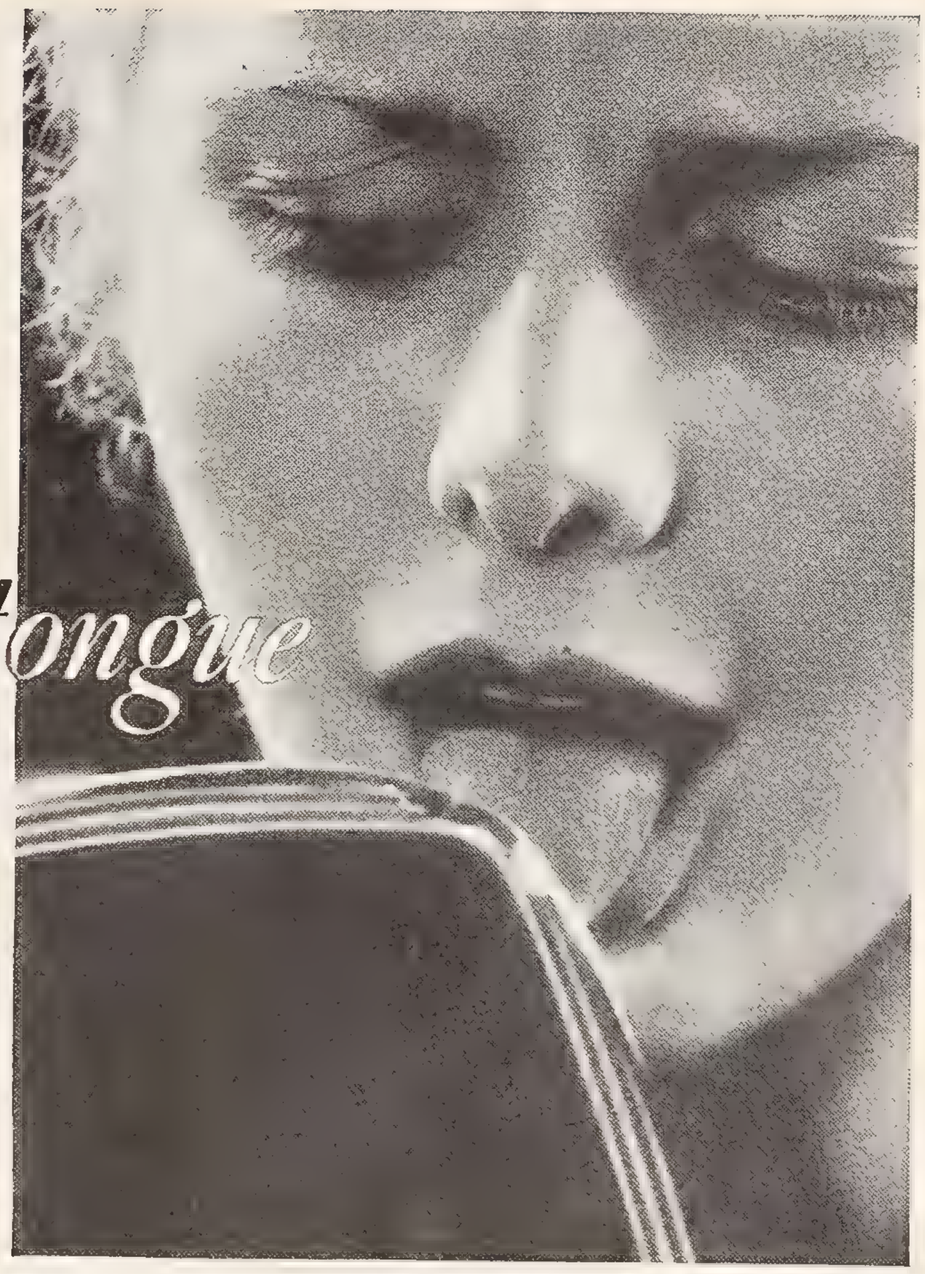
"Just as a building, a chair, or an automobile must have 'balance' so must each gown. If there is a motif on your right upper shoulder there should be some treatment in the vicinity of the lower left hip. It does not necessarily have to be of equal size, weight, or color, but is required merely to give 'form.' A woman with broad shoulders or wide hips should counterbalance these irregularities by minute attention to detail.

"Suppose you are 'large' across the hips. A peplum at the right distance from the waist line will tend to overcome this abnormality, while a broad bow at the neckline will do much to keep the balance of your costume. There are countless such ingenious variations. For angular shoulders exaggerated raglan sleeves with heavy cording capping them, epaulet-fashion, is unusually effective. On the other hand, a wider hem line will add further to the costume's balance and produce the particular effect you desire. Given some practice, a woman's instinct will gradually lead her to countless further conclusions—but she must make certain they are infallible!

"Simplicity can never be overdone. Very often a costume which is otherwise entirely 'right' is spoiled by too many accessories. Women have become accessory-conscious. And that is good, for they are vastly important in stressing a color note or metallic treatment. But keep them simple! For street clothes the only accessories *ever* necessary are the very simplest ones—the proper gloves and bags, an occasional muff and as *little* jewelry as possible. The same thing, with slight exception, applies to evening wear—allowing for a little *good* jewelry or a flower note desired for a flattering touch.

"Secret Six could legitimately be called 'secret sex!' That is—allure. Allure may

Sticking out your tongue isn't polite



—but it's the new test for

BAD BREATH!

Pepsodent Antiseptic offers you
a pure, fresh breath at ⅓ the usual cost

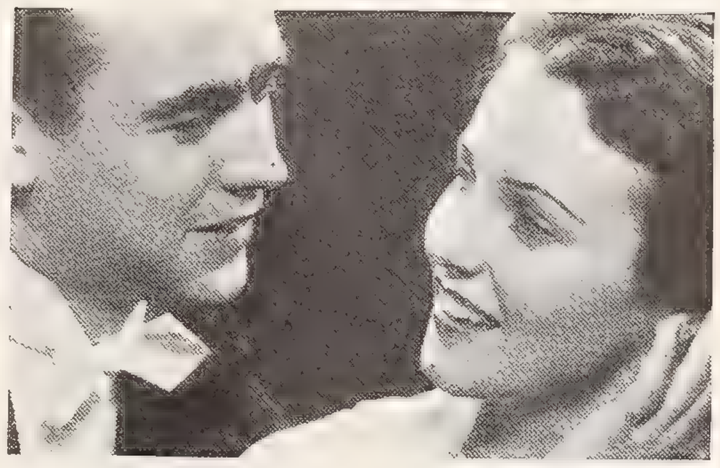
THE good opinion of others is important . . . so don't risk offending them. Look at your tongue in the mirror. The minute you see a grey or brownish coating on your tongue, you may be guilty of impure breath. For a "coated tongue" condition exists in 75% of cases of bad breath, authorities now find.

Take this simple precaution. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic . . . as thousands already do. Pepsodent acts to remove tiny food particles from between the teeth. It helps to cleanse the lining of the mouth . . . to sweep away dead cells and particles from the tongue. It kills the germs it reaches . . . the germs often responsible for unpleasant breath odors. Your whole mouth feels more refreshed —you are confident that your breath is purer, sweeter.

We do not claim that "coated tongue" *always* means bad breath. But take no chances. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic.

Makes $1 *equal* $3

But in fighting "coated tongue" and halitosis, never forget the vital difference



Why take chances on impure breath?

between leading mouth antiseptics. So many leading mouth antiseptics, you see, have to be used full strength to be effective. Pepsodent is safe when used full strength—yet it is powerful enough to be diluted with 2 parts of water and still *kill* germs in 10 seconds. Thus Pepsodent gives you 3 times as much for your money — offers added protection against unwholesome breath.

Look at your tongue TONIGHT. See what it tells about you. Then use Pepsodent Antiseptic to be sure your breath is above reproach. And always remember—a clean mouth and throat are among your best defenses against colds.

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A cool smoke is always better for you. A KOOL smoke is still better! Light one; draw deep. Refreshing—eh? They're mildly mentholated so that your tongue enjoys the full Turkish-Domestic blend while your throat stays cool and relaxed. Cork-tipped; each pack carries a coupon good for handsome merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for FREE illustrated premium booklet and switch to throat-protecting KOOLS!

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be revealed only by careful, understanding study. Miss Rogers has it in large degree. I enhance it in 'Roberta' by designing sheer fabrics which catch the light from underneath and above—such, for example, as net, which adds lissomness to the movements of the body. Because Miss Rogers dances a great deal I bear in mind always to give her adequate room in which to move easily, and at the same time conserve chic without reverting to the stereotyped, billowy, floating chiffon dance frock which has been used to excess. To this end I have created a very simple black satin evening gown, fashioned along the lines of Vionnet of Paris, with full, bias skirt.

"Another for the big waltz number—which will vie in popularity with the world-wide fame of the Carioca and Continental, is a sensational costume developed in high lustre and lacquered satin. The gown boasts an entirely new treatment in line, being moulded tightly to the figure, the skirt breaking into exaggerated fullness just below the hipline to allow freedom for the dance. When in repose the fullness hangs straight in glistening ripples, while the cut is very decolletage. The only jewelry worn are clips, which serve in the dual capacity of ornaments.

"Another costume revealing sex subtly is that illustrated in this article worn by Miss Rogers and fashioned of navy blue polka-dotted taffeta. The suit is closely fitted at the hips with deep raglan sleeves turned back three-quarters of their length to form deep cuffs. Wide ruching, made of the same material, is cut bias and is fringed at the edges; three rows are used on the tunic, another row forms a Pierrot collar, while the ruching is used on the navy blue straw hat. A blue velvet bow is caught in the neck ruff and a velvet ribbon, carelessly knotted, forms a belt. With it are worn navy blue suede bag, gloves and matching blue pumps.

"Really it does not matter much of what a costume is fashioned so long as it fabricates femininity. For those who wish to emphasize subtle allure the nine costumes —all of more than usually spectacular treatment—worn by Ginger Rogers in 'Roberta' offer interesting variations, while keeping to this main point.

"In 'Roberta' are to be found one hundred and fifty costumes which I personally have designed at an approximate cost of $50,000. They include lingerie, evening creations, street frocks, sports attire, cocktail gowns and any number of odd formal and informal novelty costumes. They reveal *all* the secrets of the Sphinx and as many more which confound the modern designer—but the *real* secret of each woman's own individual success may be adequately summed up in two little words —*'know thyself!'*"

From Art to Artifice

Continued from page 30

cold stove and talks about its symptoms. Now and then one excuses himself, goes outside and commits suicide—to the relief of the sparse but dogged "crowd."

The Ram's Headers went dreamily, artily on for a couple of years, and Jo learned her trade well. Once in a while she was given a whack at a comedy rôle; mostly she hurled her youthful beauty into Tchekov's moodier moments—dank Russian drammers in which everybody died but the unlucky audience. We, alas, were being saved for worse fates.

All, of course, save "Seattle Jo." She had a lucky look about her. One day she ups and marries the young marster, Mr. Bell, and was welcomed into the bosom of the social Bell clan at their lovely and gracious Washington estate, "Twin Oaks." It was a somehow strange mating, to me. It seemed to have little of the earth, earthy in it. In fact, I always felt that Josephine was wedded to this other fellow, Art, forever, and that Mr. Bell was a third party in the home.

Soon after the marriage, the Ram's Head Players fell apart. But Jo had grown—grown tremendously. She was a fine young trouper, even then, of the Uptown, Lorgnon School.

At that time the Mecca, Heaven, and Happy Home of high-toned, deep-dish theatrical Art was New York's Civic Repertory Theatre, a gathering of the Drama's Best Minds founded and headed by Miss Eva Le Gallienne.

Its headquarters was a historic old fire-trap on Fourteenth Street, or "downtown," which Eva had propped up, rescued from rats and ghosts, and made the one living temple of The True Theatre in all America. Thither the dowdy, eager Young Things of Greenwich Village trooped to worship at Le Gallienne's feet. Intellect oozed from the floors—Art, in large cold drops, fell from the ceiling on the soiled but devoted necks below.

In that musty, dusty rat-hole Josephine Hutchinson came to full flower. She was the pet, protegée and pride of the metallic actress-manager. She played everything. The old stage rattled to the moans, grunts and coughs of Ibsen and the consumptive Russians. Art ran amok. Serious souls from uptown wrapped their sables about them and worshipped beside the hungry toilers and loafers of the Village. Ah—for a few years Art, Le Gallienne, Hutchinson and Co. had one hell of a time on 14th Street!

Husband Robert Bell faded quietly, imperceptibly out of the picture. He was a gentle, artistic soul, perhaps ill-fitted to compete with this flaming, soul-devouring Art for the favor of his young wife. There was a divorce, and he passed from the scene. His grass-widow marched on, and ON!

Le Gallienne produced "Alice in Wonderland," and Jo was a darling *Alice,* which did so well for Art that it moved to an uptown theatre. Leads—bits—Jo played 'em all in true repertory style. She and her mentor were absolute tops in the nation's tiny group of Serious Theatre Artists. Remember that a faint but unmistakable odor of commercialism hovers over such people as Miss Katharine Cornell like a swamp fog. As for picture stars—well, my dear, REALLY!

Great days, those! Miss Roberts, the mother, gave sharp, brilliant character performances in the Le Gallienne troupe. She still does. She'd be swell in pictures. All was serious, ardent, earnest, and (to this stupid layman), pretty darned stuffy and pretentious.

Suddenly came The Great Change. Houdini or Thurston never did a trick like it. One day I see Jo Hutchinson writhing in the grip of high-class drammer, seemingly as safe from the wiles of Hollywood and its accursed gold as High Priestess Le Gallienne Herself. The next moment I read that Warner Brothers have lured her to their cinema foundry! I gasp! I faint! Ah, there must have been tearful partings! There must have been a last sad pilgrimage to that dirty and deserted Shrine of the Better and Finer on 14th Street. Then on



Study of a pretty girl with a flair for style! Maria Alba, brunette charmer whose next screen appearance occurs in "The Great God Gold."

—alas!—to bizarre, unholy Hollywood.

Warners seized their find and worked their wicked will upon her. Studio mechanics grabbed her. They slicked and waved that rebellious hair. They encased that lithe young figure in sinful silks and satins, tightly fitted. Suddenly a smooth, shellacked young actress appeared—a darned good actress, too, and clutched to the manly bosom of the airy young hero, Mr. Richard Powell. "Happiness," undoubtedly, was "Ahead"!

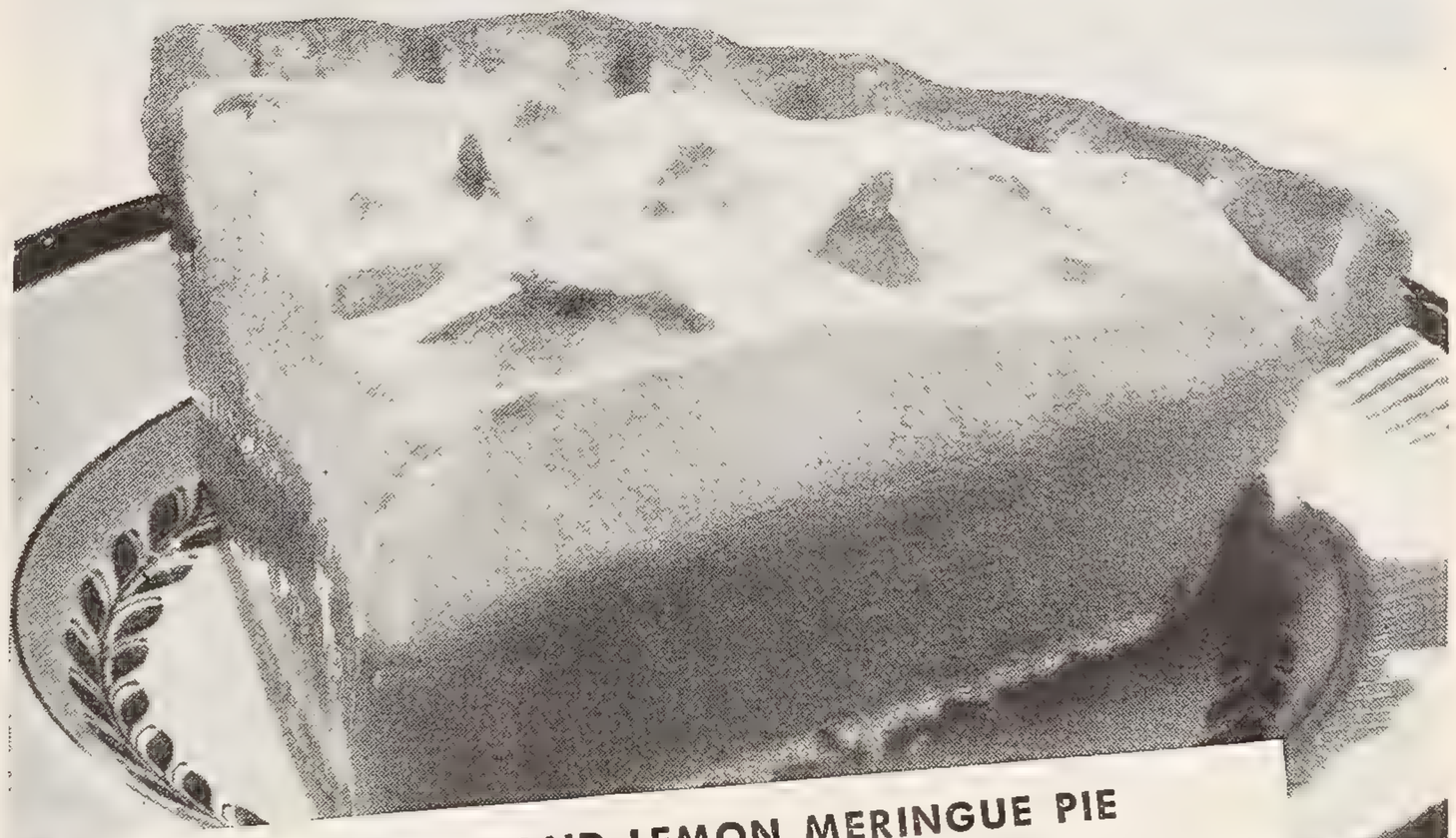
They told me the girl was Josephine Hutchinson, but shucks! They couldn't fool old Hall. Jo Hutchinson was a starry-eyed, frumpy-haired, lip-stickless maiden in love with some downtown fellow named Art. But Hollywood's capture was complete, and the lady conformed to the cinema vogue of making it an elopement when she decided to marry James Franklin Townsend, one of the better known casting directors, the romantic pair slipping away to Las Vegas, Nevada, for a knot-tying ceremony in the better traditions of the Hollywood of today.

Today, always the skeptic, I wonder just how serious "Seattle Jo's" affair with this guy Art really was. Was it the Real Thing, or just a Passing Fancy, after all? My guess is that, Art or no Art, this first-rate young actress just wanted to get ahead, like all the rest of us. Art was a good guy while he had it—but Hollywood happened to have more. Nobody gets along very well on Ibsen three times a day. After a girlhood devoted to Genius, I say Jo's entitled to caviar on her black bread. It's all understandable, justifiable and perfectly dandy.

Just the samee, I think that while Miss Josephine Hutchinson rubs elbows with the Sam Katzes in Hollywood's Club Trocadero, ghostly sobbing is heard in the ratty old Civic Repertory Theatre in New York. It's the wraith of young Jo Hutchinson wondering where the rest of her is!

Gorgeous Lemon Pie Filling

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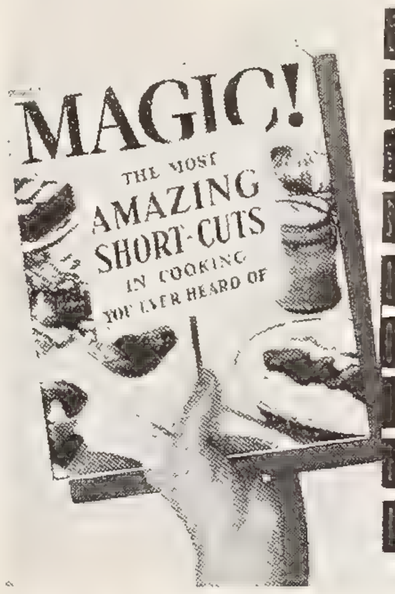


EAGLE BRAND LEMON MERINGUE PIE

1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup lemon juice
Grated rind of 1 lemon or
¼ teaspoon lemon extract
2 eggs
2 tablespoons granulated sugar
Baked pie shell (8-inch)

Blend together Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice, grated lemon rind or lemon extract, and egg yolks. (It thickens just as though you were cooking it, to a glorious creamy smoothness!) Pour into baked pie shell or Unbaked Crumb Crust (See FREE cook book.) Cover with meringue made by beating egg whites until stiff and adding sugar. Bake until brown in a moderate oven (350° F.). Chill.

● Here's a lemon filling that's always perfect! Never runny. Never too thick. Try it, and you'll never make lemon pie the old way again! ● But *remember*—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



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FROM Paris comes the secret of this super-mascara called Winx. Instantly, it gives your lashes a natural accent. It make skimpy, pale lashes look luxurious, sparkling, *alive!*

I promise this: You'll look far more attractive the minute you begin to glorify your lashes with Winx—my perfected formula of mascara—it keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will give your face new mystery, new charm.

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Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascaras—so will *you*, I'm certain. Winx is refined to the last degree—so it's safe, smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—scientifically perfect. Try Winx today—learn how easy it is to have lustrous Winx lashes. Get Winx at any toilet counter, darken your lashes, see the instant improvement.



To introduce Winx to new friends, note my *two* offers below. My free booklet—"Lovely Eyes—How To Have Them"—is complete—how to care for the lashes and brows, how to use eye shadow, how to treat "crow's-feet," etc.

Louise Ross

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If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

Radio Parade

Continued from page 54

arrangements for the airing of the Metropolitan Opera's Saturday matinées. The improvement was accomplished with a single inspired decision to coax Geraldine Farrar from the seclusion of her retreat in Connecticut to act as *raconteuse*, as the publicity notices fancily put it, and bring to the great unseen as well as unseeing audience a touch of personal and intimate association necessary to make the proceedings more real, intimate, and understandable.

For the most obvious of reasons the selection of Miss Farrar to officiate at a microphone during intermissions in the opera was at once obviously judicious, intelligent, and welcome. Miss Farrar's name was magic in those magical days when the Metropolitan required the seating capacity of that citadel that, in its day, was the wonder of theatre wonders. Indelibly associated with the Met's most brilliant events, was the talented artist who was born in Melrose, Mass., who had been starred in opera in Berlin, Monte Carlo, Warsaw, and Paris before she was engaged by the leading opera organization of her own country.

That a former opera star who had performed a repertoire of more than thirty operatic rôles during a period of sixteen years at the Metropolitan, should have such a fund of knowledge about opera and particularly the Metropolitan as to make her the ideal candidate to enliven opera broadcasts with a needed personal touch, was something even a conference of radio experts could agree on. But the listening public, unless it happened to hear Miss Farrar on the radio a couple of years back, when she described a performance of "Hänsel und Gretel," must have had extraordinarily high expectations if they anticipated any such excellence as Geraldine Farrar has brought to her work in connection with the current opera broadcasts.

An infinite variety of anecdotes concerning herself, the opera house, its stars of the past and present, the music itself, or its composers, brighten these informal talks which punctuate the performances emanating from the Metropolitan. No voice engaged in the musical occupations of the performance going on on the stage is more pleasing to the ear than the clear diction and clean-cut pronunciation of this *raconteuse*.

That it all seems so delightfully informal again proves that thorough preparation is the key to spontaneity over the microphone as well as from the lecture platform or the theatre stage. It also proves that Miss Farrar is still the earnest artist that she was when she held Metropolitan audiences spellbound in such rôles as *The Goose Girl*, as *Tosca*, as *Butterfly*, as other figures she bodied so vibrantly as a star of opera. For if you suppose that Geraldine Farrar simply drops in at the Met of a Saturday afternoon as a casual visitor and takes her place before a small piano equipped with a microphone and then starts telling you whatever happens to pop into her mind, you are more than slightly mistaken.

How many hours are spent in preparation of her script in the study of her own home, we do not know. But a script there is, and it comes along with Miss Farrar to the NBC headquarters in Radio City of a Friday afternoon, at which time, in a recording room, the script is read into the microphone of a recording machine and a record made. This record is then played back for Miss Farrar to hear herself just as you are to hear her next day. And if things are not just right in her opinion, there are wholesale revisions of script and method of reading. All of which tells again what you are always told about a star of radio, stage, or movies: that there's plenty of work before the show starts.



In Close-up: George Raft and Carole Lombard, whose "Rumba" dance is shown in this issue.

This particular listener is one of the legion who believe that the opera broadcasts this year, just as those of a year ago, prove that in Milton J. Cross there has been developed one of the most intelligent commentators the art of music can hope to have as an ally in radio.

Mr. Cross bears a heavy burden in the broadcasts of the Metropolitan performances. He is the chap who must worry about the timing of his talk to fit the eratic pauses between acts and scenes of the show. He takes up the slack during intermissions between where Miss Farrar leaves off and the lifting of the curtain for the next act. He has his definite instructions as to precisely when the commercial announcement of the company sponsoring the opera must be made. To fit it all into place is something like doing a jig-saw puzzle on split-second timing.

The points of broadcast for Miss Farrar and Mr. Cross are the cloak rooms at the rear of adjacent boxes in what is now laughingly called "the diamond horseshoe."

Cross draws upon a sound background of musical education and study for his comments on opera and music. He was a serious student of music, so eagerly engaged with his studies at the Damrosch Institute of Music that he agreed to accept his first radio offers to sing only on condition that he would be free during the day to continue his work at the school. In those pioneer days of radio he soon bridged the gap between singing and announcing and became one of the first announcers to describe the higher forms of music.

With an ear-phone clamped to his head, Mr. Cross listens in on the opera, the talks of Miss Farrar, and signals from backstage as to how many minutes more it will be before they "think," (they never know more than a minute ahead), the curtain will go up. Then all he has to do is fit the necessary commercial announcement in at the precise moment ordered—usually just before the curtain of the last act—and tell the story of the ensuing act. Just how Milton Cross manages to keep his good humor in a job like that, we are sure we don't know.

Baxter's Dreams Come True

Continued from page 17

All the time I was playing with Mona Barrie, I was visualizing Winifred lounging on it, Winifred arranging the flowers in the vases. I saw at once it was her type of room. Rooms can be becoming or unbecoming, just as much as a hat, you know." Warner Baxter smiled his discovery. "Winifred, for example, is at her best in a picture hat—she sets it off, whereas a woman of less presence might look merely dwarfed and overdressed in it."

"Don't misunderstand me! She's not 'dressy' in the sense that she has to be always in regalia, far from it. I know she's just as inspiring to me in pink gingham, when she gets up early to breakfast with me, as she could possibly be in the most imposing velvet. What I mean is that she's a woman who repays fine dressing, is never overshadowed by it."

Here's an interesting tribute from the screen star whose atmosphere of romance has ever been a very definite part of his work, and is now just as definitely a part of his home. Of both the Warner Baxters it may be said that they enhance the setting of Belair but are not overshadowed by it, perhaps because to them both it means not grandeur, but home, and home is to both a thing of paramount importance.

"I suppose one reason the possession of a home means so much to me is that I know what it means to lose one; several, indeed, if you count those I lost as a young child," Warner recalls with a hint of grimness. "My father died when I was only five months old, you know; this meant my poor mother was constantly on the move for years. First back to her old home in Columbus, Ohio, which had been my birthplace. Then to New York where we lived for several years in a dingy flat, until in 1905 we moved to San Francisco to a Nob Hill apartment overlooking the most gorgeous panorama of earth, sky, and sea I have ever known. God, what a change that was and how I loved it!" He caught his breath. "Until we opened our eyes that next April 18th to see the apartment walls rocking to and fro. Refugees we were then, with every cherished little possession we had wiped out by the fire that soon invaded our district.

"Eight days we spent in the park. The ninth, we managed to get across the Bay, to be sheltered by friends, but I shall never forget the sense of utter goneness that went with the loss of that home. It seemed unspeakable to me then, and does now—life without a home."

The Gate City was in the turmoil of restoration. All their friends scattered to all points of the compass, when the Baxter mother and son returned to it. Young Warner obtained a position with the Underwood Typewriter Company, but the tugging at their heart-strings was too much for both of them; they were homesick for the old High Street house back in Columbus; glad enough to return when Uncle Warren Barrett sent the train-fare. This decision proved a turning-point in the life of young Warner, then a boy of sixteen.

For several years he sought and held commercial jobs of the salesman type; potboilers all of them. Though we find him selling farm-implements and even touring the country selling insurance, his inner thoughts and ambitions were for the stage, always the stage and its people. "These subconscious dreams and hopes were the ones that had the shaping influence in my life finally," Baxter knows now. "They



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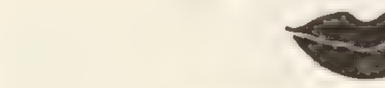
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were the moulding force for my career, and yes, for my home, too. I'm one of those who have to have a home."

But slowly indeed the dreams materialized. False starts, blunders, a mistaken early marriage, followed by an equally mistaken investment in which every cent of his hard-earned little capital was wiped out; poverty so actual then that more than once food and Baxter were strangers for days at a time. Through it all, Baxter stuck to his dreams and his visions. His marriage appears to have been a five-month affair, ended by a parting practically painless, so thin and evanescent had the relationship grown. Warner had turned over his entire life-savings, two thousand dollars, to his brother-in-law, sight unseen, to be invested in a garage. After the collapse of this, his wife returned to Philadelphia. They never met again and were eventually divorced.

Stranded in Tulsa, Oklahoma, Warner turned to the stage. He was engaged by the North Brothers Stock Company to play juvenile parts at twenty-five dollars per week. The ball had started rolling. From juvenile he was soon progressing to leading man, with a salary of thirty-five dollars. Motion pictures began to intrigue his interest. He headed for Hollywood where the motion picture industry was already flourishing in 1914, but what could be hoped by a young actor from Oklahoma? No one brushed off the "welcome" mat, nor polished the front doorbell in anticipation of his arrival.

He had very little money. He rented an attic bedroom in Hollywood, and literally starved while making the rounds of the casting offices. He was a good salesman of farm implements, an ace at selling insurance, but when it came to selling Warner Baxter to the motion picture industry, he was a total loss.

It was during the regime of silent pictures, of course. Baxter possessed all the requisites for screening—a picture face and the ability to act. But, like Clark Gable and other aspirants, he could not convince the casting directors.

Still optimistic, when everything seemed stacked against him, Warner stuck to his vision. He could be patient. Some day he would win. He knew in his heart and soul he would get his "break" at the right time and in the right way. He did.

Oliver Morosco, operating one of the finest stock companies the Pacific Coast has ever known, granted the boy an interview, had him read a part; signed him on a long-term contract.

The first thing Warner did was to send for his mother. She entrained for Los Angeles at once, arriving before Warner made his début at the Burbank Theatre on Main Street. He met her at the train; after an affectionate embrace, he suggested they have something to eat. When they had finished their dinner, the boy looked at his mother rather shyly: "Mums, have you any money to pay for this?"

He was absolutely broke and had been without food for two days. But he was rehearsing to appear on a Los Angeles stage and was so elated that the food problem did not bother him. He opened at the Sunday matinée in "Under Cover" with Edmund Lowe and Frances Ring playing the leading rôles. Mother was with him and the world again beautiful.

Transcendingly so, very soon now, with the coming of love—the real thing this time!

The day of his first rehearsal, Warner arrived in front of the theatre ahead of time—he is always on time for appointments. As he passed the lobby of the theatre he observed a beautiful girl chatting with friends.

"What a gorgeous-looking girl!"

He was so impressed with her brunette loveliness that he had to have another glance at her. He passed up and down before the lobby five times in all. Gaining courage with each trip, he smiled at the girl who returned his salutation with her own winsome smile.

When the company gathered on the stage for the rehearsal, he found the lovely lady had preceded him. She was Winifred Bryson, a member of the company. She seemed interested in him and it was not until months afterward that he learned Miss Bryson's concern for him had been purely humanitarian at the start. "His cheeks were so sunken, his face so ghastly white, I felt I simply had to feed him," she explained later.

Pity being akin to love, it was not long before Winifred Bryson and Warner Baxter were the central figures in a romance deeply satisfying to both. First of all, they were friends. They understood each other, liked the same things, were true comrades. Both had fought their way upward; both knew what it was to be homeless, to find home only in an attic bedroom. Both wanted above all else a substantial permanent home of their own. Where should it be? Los Angeles was decided on. Nothing seemed to prevent. Warner had saved his money steadily through the four years of his courtship. Since that two-thousand-dollar garage loss, he was more than ever inclined to be thrifty; never would he splurge again. His picture prospects seemed of the brightest. They bought a charming little home on Beechwood Drive, in the exclusive Wiltshire district, and no two children with Christmas toys could have felt more delight than the two Baxters at this glorious forward step in the career. They owned a home at last; such a charming one, too, expressing all the harmony and hospitality for which they were becoming famed in the film colony. Who could have foreseen, just when all looked fairest, Warner was to have his first serious tumble from the bandwagon!

The picture, "Marriage Circle," was his undoing. He had been chosen and signed for leading man above many contestants, but even the first day on the set he was apprehensive. He was not convinced he wanted to play the part after all. As outlined to him by Ernst Lubitsch, the great European director, it seemed too theatrical, too unbelievable. Furthermore, the Continental technique rather baffled the actor. Inherently honest, he felt he could never bring himself to the point where he could feel natural and sincere in delineating the rôle. He asked to be excused from playing the part. Monte Blue was at once assigned to it. The picture was one of the first to be filmed in Hollywood by a Continental director. It was an over-night sensation. Monte Blue soared to sensational heights, became a star. Stoically enough, Baxter never referred to the matter since. He felt he would have been miscast. He probably was right.

Sometimes an opportunity that seemingly points to great success may be rejected wisely. "It might be a failure that would be hard to live down," he told a friend the day he left the cast.

Lean days followed, even the loss of his first home, but he never lost hope. He knew his real opportunity to scale the cinema heights would come, eventually. "Faith comes to us when we cease to think of external things as having power over us and realize that God, having all power, will bring good to pass in our lives," he said in reply to a fellow artist, apprehensive about his own future. "Be patient with yourself and with the working things in your life, with the details of your business affairs and with those with whom you are associated. You cannot hasten things by your



A famous star and the mother he resembles so closely. Above, Mrs. Jane Barrett Baxter, and her son, the famous Warner.

impatience. Only your calm, silent trust and patience will bring results."

Not long afterward he was called to the Fox Film Studio and given the leading rôle in "In Old Arizona," one of the first successful talkies. The rest is filmland history. The "Cisco Kid" made the name of Warner Baxter known all over the world wherever motion pictures are screened. He was given the Academy Award for the finest portrayal of that year. A long-term contract with Fox immediately followed. The Baxters were back on the top wave. No need to hesitate now on the new home of any size. Let the architects start their drawings when they will. And so Belair—the new Baxter home, on a firmer foundation than ever, with ever-widening vistas of happiness for themselves and the friends they welcome.

Warner loves to have his intimates about him. He is a good story-teller and often entertains his guests by dramatizing the oddities and whimsicalities he has encountered in the work and amusement of the day. He has a flair for sleight-of-hand tricks and is clever in putting them over. He enjoys cooking and on gala occasions will put on the chef's apron, go into the kitchen and prepare a meal for his guests. His *chili-con-carne* is the most eagerly relished dish among his friends.

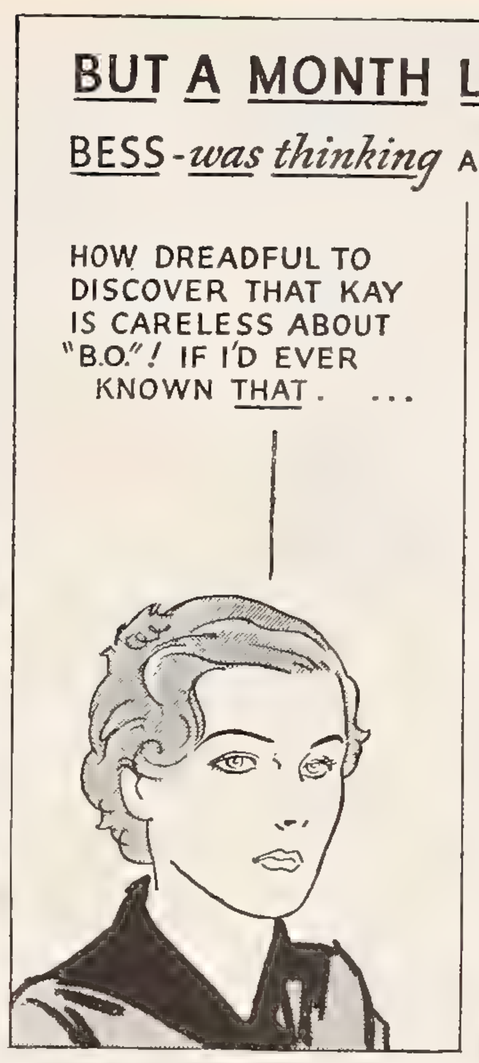
He has a relish for the fantastic in the most trifling incidents of everyday life. Recently he wanted a nut bowl and cracker. His love of the fantastic led him to the creation of a cracker in the form of a squirrel, made of copper. One puts the nut in the squirrel's open mouth, pulls its bushy tail. The mouth closes. The nut is cracked and falls into the bowl.

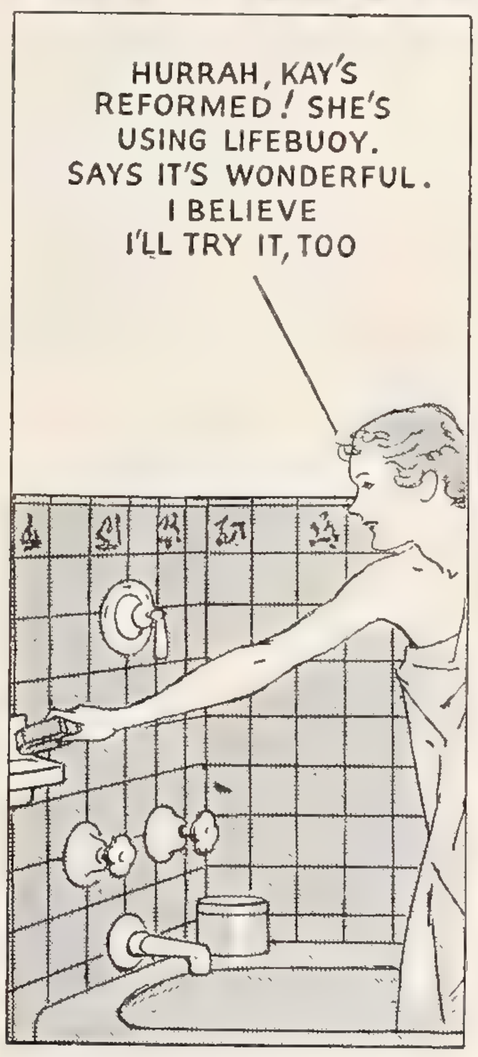
But beneath it all—the story-telling, the fun-making, the joy of the fantastic—runs a solid vein of devotion to truth and to duty. These are qualities that endear him to all those who really know him.

Women are of the highest importance in a man's life, Baxter believes; the right woman, worth going through fire and brimstone to win; after winning her, it is up to him to keep the pitch of romance high. "Women are like violins. Men may make from the delicate instruments any songs of which they themselves are capable."

So a married love may be lived in a hat or a hotel room or a hovel—or a mansion. The Warner Baxters are living theirs simply and naturally in a mansion, because they are mansion-souled people, both of them.









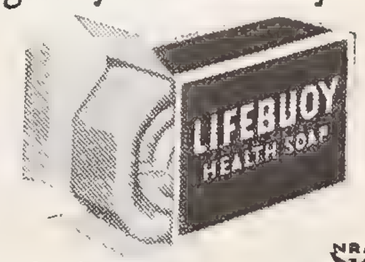
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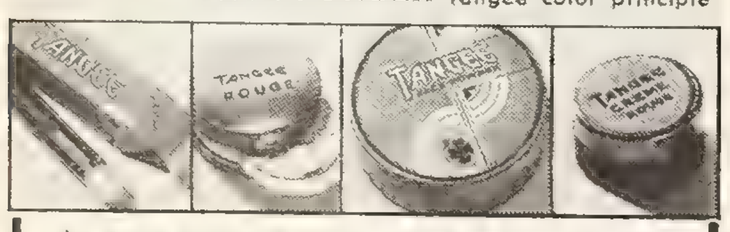


Mr. Marshall makes lipstick test between scenes of the new **Universal Picture, "The Good Fairy,"** in which he is co-starred with Margaret Sullavan.

Herbert Marshall talked frankly about his ideals of feminine beauty. "Only in naturalness is there real beauty — to me, at least," he said. "Especially do I abhor this barbaric custom of painting a woman's lips to a gash of red."

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Maureen Knows Hollywood

Continued from page 20

polishing. Six months of the process and she was home again, and playing around with her friends in her family's military set. At that stage she was quite carefree. A bewitching young flirt who hadn't an ambition in her head, except to have fun and eventually to settle down and marry some handsome fellow who would cater to her every whim.

Then out stretched Hollywood and grabbed her. She was a Dublin débutante without the slightest idea of ever becoming an actress. Fox sent Frank Borzage to Ireland to direct John McCormick's "Song O' My Heart" on authentic locations. The troupe relaxed in the evenings at Dublin's foremost hotel. Dinner-dancing there was Maureen.

From all the crowd of men and women she stood out in Borzage's eyes. He sent the waiter over with a note, explaining who he was and begging to speak to her. Intrigued at a movie director wanting to talk to her, she nodded yes. He came over, asserted that she was exactly the type he was searching for. A lovely, fresh young Irish beauty to be heroine of the film.

She knew her parents would object. But Maureen is extraordinarily adventurous. So she decided not to tell her family, and for the next four days she went to where the company was shooting and watched them. Just as they were finishing the last scene on the fourth day Borzage called her, dabbed screen make-up on her, gave her a few lines to say, and thrust her before the cameras. She was so astounded that she went through the test scene before she realized what it was all about.

Twenty minutes of make-believe and Borzage knew she was a "natural." He contacted her family and they finally agreed to her stepping into the lead in the film. Maureen and her mother sailed for Hollywood to complete the picture and when it was premiered she was pronounced a success.

After seeing Maureen settled, her mother returned to the family in Ireland. Maureen was on her own. Her troubles began. She did all right with her career. There came a brief interlude of uncertainty when a series of mediocre pictures resulted in her Fox contract lapsing. But she soon signed a long-term deal with M-G-M. Of course she wishes that she could have more rôles like the one she had in "The Barretts." That was so much more stimulating than routine leads. However, it's Maureen's private life which has brought her grief.

"I was eighteen when I arrived here. I said to myself, 'Before I am twenty-one I'm going to try everything once.'" She hesitated, then continued honestly. "My reward has been—experience. And now I know that childish philosophy was—bunk!"

She spent her money freely. A big salary coming in regularly was too large a temptation to resist. And then, she fell in love. Here we reach the sad point. For four years she has been positive that Johnny Farrow, good-looking, man-of-the-world writer, is the man she wants to marry. Still the path isn't smooth. Johnny, it seems, was married before he ever came to Hollywood to write scenarios. He has had his divorce, but both of them are devout Catholics and that former ceremony of his is the snag.

A year ago, over a secluded table in the quiet dining-room of the Garden of Allah where Maureen was living, she first talked to me.

"Acting? I don't get any particular fun from it. I'm naturally lazy and I still hate schedules. Pictures abound with early calls! I attribute my career to luck and, on my part, to restlessness. Not ambition. I have no driving urge.

"I don't mean to be ungrateful. Pictures are more fun than any other kind of work I could do. The constant uncertainty, the hope that tomorrow I may get a wonderful rôle always buoys me up when I'm blue.

"I've seen a lot for a girl of twenty-two. Perhaps too much. My guess is that those who stay at home and stay domestic are happier. Two motives spur me on: a wish



Good news for proud parents! Joan Blondell and George Barnes hear by phone at the studio where both are working that the baby is "just fine."

to accumulate enough money to be financially independent. And—pride! I would like to feel that I had accomplished something, now that I've been in Hollywood so long!"

Small, the flyaway tendrils of her brown hair caressing her healthy cheeks, and so pretty with those terribly blue eyes, she mentioned her reasons for loving Johnny Farrow.

"The only kind of man who can thrill me is one who is definitely superior to me in every fashion. I either worship or despise. I put my love on a pedestal and, if he does not dominate me, well—!

"To that clinging-vine heroine I portrayed in the pictures with Weissmuller, *Tarzan* was a wonder. His physical superiority made him master of his world. The girl loved him principally because of her vast respect for him. If I were living where brawn was of more value than brains, I'd use all the feminine tricks I could think of to lure the most attractive cave-man!

"I feel the same way in reality, in this different environment of Hollywood. I'm in a sophisticated world and Johnny Farrow to me is a parallel of *Tarzan*. He is brilliant; therefore a success in his line of work. He is daring; consequently never dull. He has experienced so much more than I. To be frank, I'm the independent type who secretly enjoys being bossed!"

Nearly a year elapsed after that chat before I ran into Maureen again. In the meantime she'd scored heavily on the screen. She'd taken a two months' jaunt back to Ireland, where she hadn't visited for more than three years. She'd got away from Hollywood for a breathing spell. Abroad she was feted as the triumphal star.

So I went to M-G-M for lunch with her, hoping to find her in an ecstatic "coming

back to Hollywood happy" mood. But Maureen had not undergone any startling change.

"The main benefit of my trip back to Ireland was the realization that it isn't so far away. I flew to the Atlantic and, by flying, it no longer seems so awfully remote. And getting away from Hollywood for a while was a relief, too. Staying here all the time puts one in a rut. From now on I'm going home at least once a year!"

Unfortunately, there is no happy ending yet—at this writing—for Maureen and Johnny. "They say that it will be straightened out. That there will be a dispensation so we can marry. But it takes so long!"

"But your career, Maureen?"

"No career can fill my life!" she replied, vehemently.

"What *do* you want then?" I spoke as gently as I could.

"I haven't saved any money. I want to go on working until I have a little put aside. So at least I'll be able to end my days in a bungalow court if necessary! And then, I want to quit work. I want to marry. And have a child."

Suddenly I sensed how alone Maureen is.

"What I need most," she mused aloud, "is discipline. I sometimes think the only way I'll be content is to have someone take complete charge. That's why I want to marry and settle down to a very normal, simple life. Quick success on the screen isn't a guarantee of happiness."

A while later she said, "I don't think one should ever do what she doesn't want to do." The headstrong Maureen speaking again!

Such a complex personality, this lovely young O'Sullivan. So at odds with the average movie girl. She didn't struggle for fame; she couldn't choose it in preference to love. Too bad she hasn't the customary vanity, anyway. "There is always my public!" proclaims the typical Hollywood woman when personally upset. Maureen isn't even that way. Being recognized and flattered, all the hullaballoo, sincerely doesn't begin to compensate for a troubled heart.

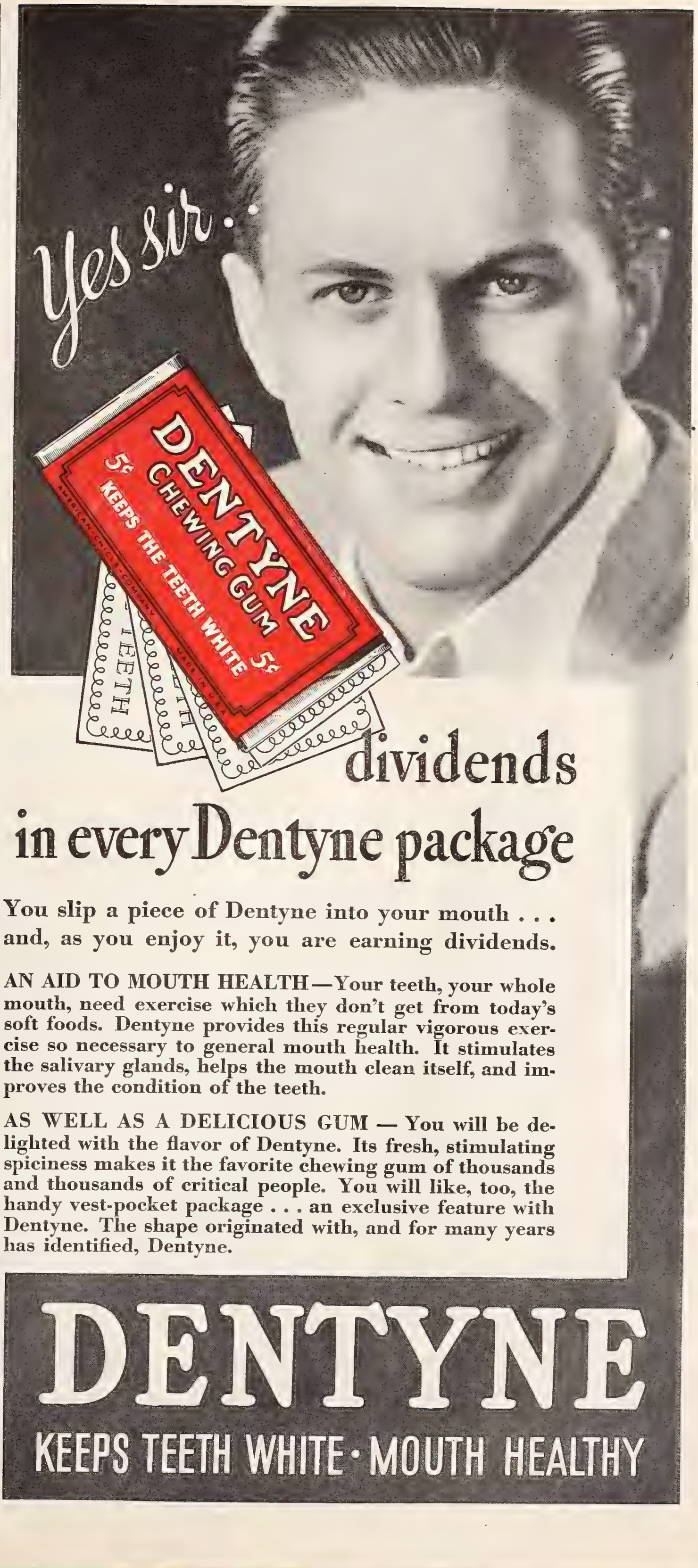
She has marvelous screen potentialities because, aside from a unique personality, she can interpret every shade of emotion. At least experience has left her endowed with understanding.

How far she will ultimately progress as an actress is unpredictable. She has no desire ever to go on the stage. She isn't a battler at the studio. She can't go in and fight for "building" parts, for instinctively she senses too well that fame is a deceiving thing. The tinsel hasn't enough dazzle to fool her. Perhaps, if marriage to her Johnny Farrow is not to be in the cards, she will turn to acting as complete surcease. Many have done this. Maureen may.

Acquiring some close, inspiring friends seems to me her best immediate alternative. "I know it's my fault I'm lonely," she says. "I've just been thinking about this. There are so many fascinating people in Hollywood. I must try to come out of my shell, forget myself by concerning myself with others.

"Often it dazes me when I stop to think that all over the world, in big cities and in far-away spots, I'm having fantastic romances in film after film. It dazes me because here I am, going from home to the studio, then home again. Six days a week. Life is slipping by!"

Please don't presume that Maureen bemoans her lot. She scorns self-pity. She, more than anyone else, appreciates the luck she's had. That's why you've never heard of the *real* Maureen before. But I believe that now you'll admire her more. You'll see her not merely as a cute Irish flapper, but as I do. As a grand scout, a very



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human, turbulent soul, who emphatically deserves a better break than she is receiving.

What does any degree of fame amount to when you can't have the one you love? I suppose these bumps are what Maureen rates for being a valorous, unchained individual. She wanted to grasp life, know its emotions to the full. And she likely will proceed, gallantly, until she figures out a philosophy of her very own. A protective shield, a satisfying design for living. But as her life is now—I'm genuinely sorry for her. She has a career and it's like holding onto a lion's tail. It would be foolish to let go until she can make a quick change, until some solution to her love plight, some better thing evolves for her. And meanwhile, as her countrymen would say, "It's a divil of a dilemma!"

But It's All News to John

Continued from page 21

"Two Martinis," said John to the waiter. John is also by way of being a psychologist.

"Jerry tells me you're crazy," I informed him optimistically.

John looked vaguely alarmed. "I try to keep it a secret when I first meet people," he explained, "or at least until I know if it's safe to relax."

"Never mind," I consoled him. "I'd probably have guessed it. Say," after a moment's pause, "they tell me that after you made 'Another Language' last year you were deluged with picture offers but said you wanted to go back to the stage for more experience. Is that right?"

Once I knew a girl who prefaced important announcements with "This is no lie, either." John's revelations are usually preceded by "You won't believe this."

When he had finished his Martini he began: "You won't believe this, but I did. I wasn't deluged with offers as you put it, but I did have several and turned them down. You see, what I want is to be a really good actor and I think the place to learn that is on the stage. In pictures, you can't experiment. You make a scene and it's in the bag. On the stage you can try out different nuances and bits of business both during rehearsals and after the show has opened."

"And now you've learned enough that you feel you can sign a contract?" I put in.

"No," said John promptly, "but this last year on the stage has taught me a lot. I've got the only kind of contract I'd want. It specifies two or three pictures a year and it also stipulates that they have to be made in the summer and that I can do plays in New York between September and June."

I thought of what time and Hollywood have done to James Dunn; of what they did to Alexander Kirkland. I remembered something Kay Francis said to me once: "We all come out here with high ideals and great ambitions. Look at Muni and Edward G. Robinson. The only kind of contracts they would sign were those permitting them to do plays. Muni went back once and did a play. This last year he just traveled and the stage was forgotten. Robinson has never done a play since he first came to Hollywood. He just loafs between pictures."

If Time could just stand still for John and Hollywood ebb and flow around him without touching him! For here is a really fine actor—one with youth and ambition, ideals and illusions. If I were the Almighty I'd crystallize him as he is today.

But Joshua is dead these many centuries. Time stands still for no one. And Hollywood is a Charybdis that sucks under all who venture near.

"Your parts in 'Another Language' and 'She Loves Me Not' were very different," I remarked, harking back to the interview but thinking how much more pleasant it would be just to chat and forget business. "Which did you prefer?"

"Both," said John promptly. "I don't want to be typed. 'Another Language' was a comedy drama. 'She Loves Me Not' was farce comedy and that was something I'd never done before and couldn't make the New York managers believe I *could* do. I want to do some musicals and eventually," hesitantly, "I hope to be a good enough actor to do the sort of character leads that Leslie Howard does."



John Beal and Gloria Stuart in "Laddie," based on Gene Stratton-Porter's novel.

"Well, that's quite a repertoire to aspire to," I observed, "but I'll tell you this: all actors howl about not wanting to be typed but if they aren't they never get to be very big stars. The public doesn't know just what to expect of them."

"You won't believe this," said John, "but being a star means less than nothing to me. I don't care a tinker's damn about fame and fortune. The only thing in the world I care anything about is being a good actor. If, when people see me in a part, they'll believe me and come away feeling, 'He can act' that's all I want.

"You won't believe this," he went on, "but ever since I was a kid, all I've ever wanted to do was either draw or act. When I was in college—"

"Princeton, wasn't it?" I interjected.

"Pennsylvania," said John, "—I drew and drew and drew until suddenly my eyes went back on me. I thought it would be foolish to start out to be an artist when one of my chief tools was no good so I concentrated on acting. I got pretty good parts in the Mask & Wig plays.'

"Your home is in Philadelphia, isn't it?" I went on.

"Joplin, Missouri," said John. "Say! They've got all my history in the publicity department if you're interested in *that.*"

"All right," I agreed. "Now, what's in those little books you're carrying?"

John flushed. "Some sketches I made. I thought maybe you'd rather look at pictures than talk. But you don't have to if you don't want to. We can just sit."

I shot him a suspicious glance but he was dead-panning me. Darned good the sketches were, too. Yes—young John Beal is going places!

The Girl Behind the Gardenias

Continued from page 16

didn't mind because there was no top, but when they started shooting the scene and put on the cover I nearly died with terror. They pulled me out—limp. I had fainted dead away.

"Crowds terrify me, too. I always avoid them if possible for I get a panicky feeling I am being crushed.

"As for superstitions, we all kid ourselves that we don't believe in them; but most of us have a cherished one or two tucked about somewhere. For instance, I like black cats but nothing could induce me to walk under a ladder. And I insist on seeing the moon over my right shoulder. Trying to get the right slant on the last new moon I did a real W. C. Fields fall, getting all tangled up in a long coat and a scarf I was carrying. As I went down I did a double flip-flop that Fields himself would have envied—but I *did* see the crescent at the proper angle!

"Then, I'm super-sensitive and too easily hurt and I cry like a baby over the least thing. Tears are always very near the surface, but a good cry clears up the emotional atmosphere and everything looks brighter after a deluge. I used to brood a lot over real or imagined troubles although I'm out-growing that; but I still suffer tortures when I'm misunderstood."

Leaving the dining-room we wandered through the house which Joan has practically made over during the past few months, and she showed me every detail with pride. She loves every inch of it. She says during that year as a chorus girl in New York her home was a dreary little hall bedroom and she used to lie awake nights dreaming of a real home of her very own. It is this dream that she has visualized so beautifully.

Upstairs in her own personal suite, consisting of a sitting room, a spacious bathroom with a glassed-in shower, and the newly built sleeping porch which she will use the year around, the decorative color scheme is Joan's favorite blue and white. At every doorway are two slender white columns that add a quaint touch that is altogether charming.

The profusion of flowers that always decorate every room in her house are personally arranged by Joan and she devotes several hours each Saturday making a complete change of bouquets throughout. All flowers give her a definite thrill but she chooses lilies and old-fashioned candy-tuft, with their delicious fragrance, for her own bedroom.

It is on Saturday night that she usually entertains with a small buffet supper, and frequently the same group of intimates are invited for the next night, too. Joan loves to have her friends around her but seldom goes in for formal or large affairs.

She's a whirlwind of energy, very independent, and likes to wait on herself. Besides a cook, she has a butler—but she plans her own menus; a chauffeur—but she usually drives her own car; a gardener—but she always helps with the planting. She has a personal maid only at the studio for she likes to take care of her own clothes and she's an expert at sewing and alterations.

Joan cannot possibly sit idle with her hands in her lap. She is always doing something—sewing, rearranging the furniture, practicing her music, reading or studying. Joan is planning for a future day and is taking a strenuous course in dramatics, history, and languages.

Joan didn't want to talk about love, ro-

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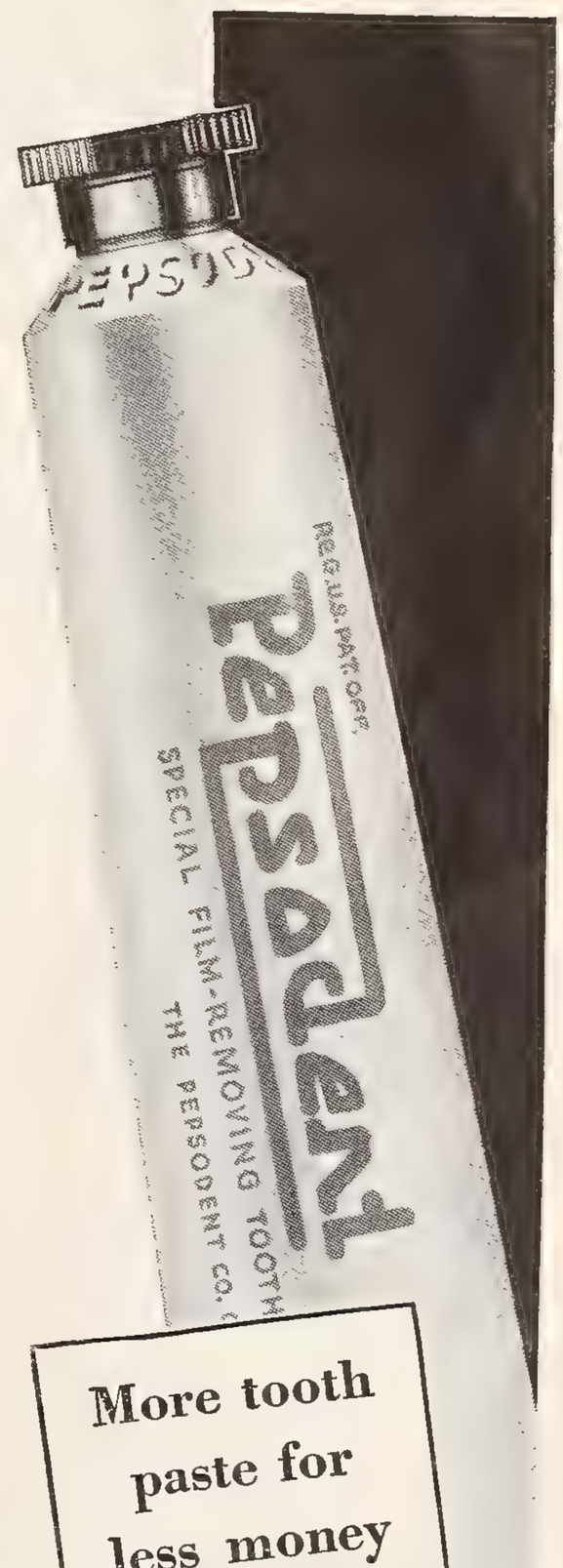
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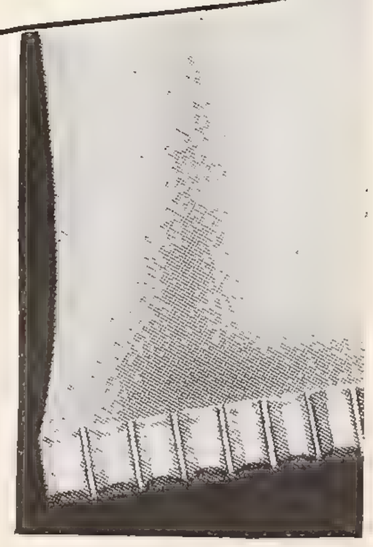
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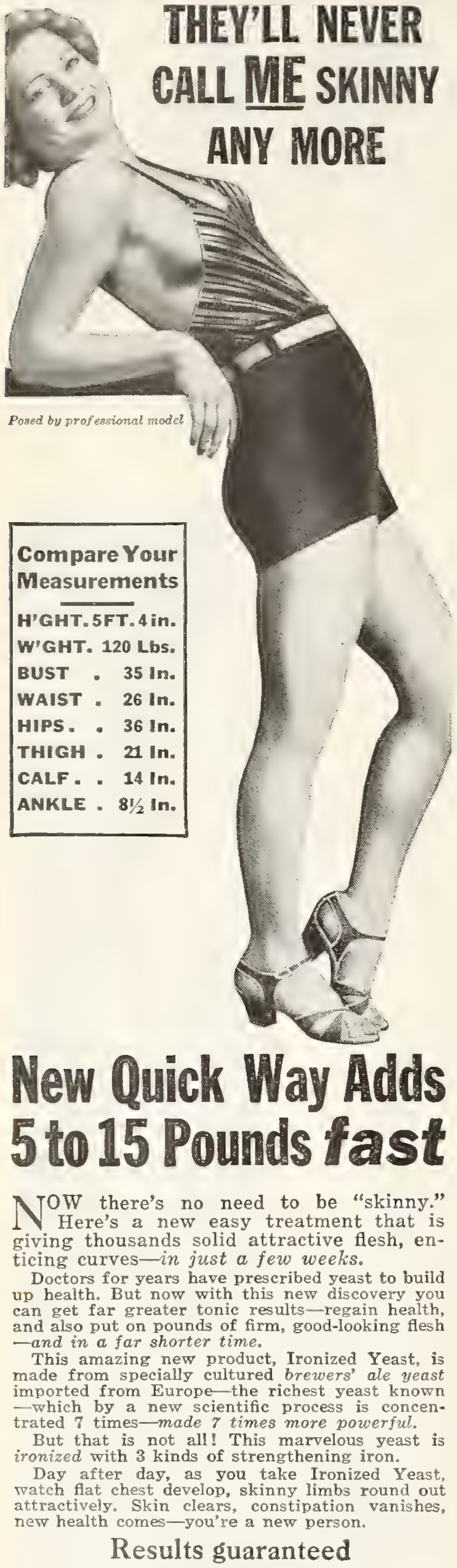
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mance, or marriage; she insists that marriage has no place in her immediate plans; but she talked freely of her friendship with Franchot Tone.

Franchot probably understands Joan better than anyone. They speak French together, read plays, attend all the symphony concerts, swim in her new pool, go dancing in the bright spots and frankly hold hands during the weepy scenes at picture shows.

They are both diligently studying voice under Signor Otto Morando and spend many evenings practicing their lessons together. With sweet pride Joan said, "Signor Morando says that Franchot has accomplished in one year of intensive study —he takes two lessons every day—what usually requires three. There is no limit to where his voice may carry him, for he has developed great power. I'm sure grand opera is ahead of Franchot.

"I have no such voice," she added. "I'm studying to aid me with my dialogue and of course, to be able to sing on the screen whenever the need comes up. I may have a musical soon. I'd love it."

You see how it is, you can't separate Joan Crawford from her career—it always keeps popping up although I was trying to tell about the girl, not the actress.

Born with rhythm in her body and also with an intense determination to *do* something, to *be* somebody, it was inevitable that Joan should turn to the stage.

It was on New Year's Day, 1925, that she received the wire summoning her to Hollywood and the screen, and she has been with the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio ever since, just recently signing a splendid new contract for three more years.

Something like a year ago, the Metro executive Harry Rapf told me, "I don't know to this day what I saw in that wide-eyed little girl that convinced me she was made of star material. There was something very compelling, very different, and she intrigued my interest. Her absolute co-operation in developing the qualities that make a successful screen star is responsible for her success. She is a hard worker. Once given the opportunity, she pushed right ahead. She hasn't yet reached the top. She is destined to become a great dramatic actress."

Success hasn't spoiled Joan because she sincerely and honestly believes she hasn't gone very far yet, so she's doing no shouting. There is a long road ahead of her before she reaches the goal she has set for herself.

"I know it means hard work and many sacrifices, but I'll reach it," said Joan, straightening herself as if she were marching into battle. "I've been credited with succeeding through hard work alone. I like to feel I had some talent to start with and that through hard, persistent effort I've developed my abilities.

"I want a chance at versatility in my rôles; one learns only by doing. I can't get my studio to believe I can play anything but ultra-modern girls, wearing Adrian's lovely clothes. But look at Norma Shearer; she's modern to her little finger tips, and see what she did in costume drama.

"I'm not asking to portray *Camille, La Tosca,* or the other women of classic drama —*yet!* But I want above all other things in the world a chance to play Joan of Arc —George Bernard Shaw's version. And I want this, oh, *terribly!*"

This then, is a glimpse of the girl behind the gardenias—a very real, a very honest Joan. Impulsive, generous to a fault, who loves kitchens and gingham frocks—yet at the height of her career yearns to portray that glorious character of French history!

Life Begins Again at Fifty

Continued from page 31

time. "All right then. Don't believe me!"

I'd have been a simpleton not to. Despite a certain Fieldsian whimsicality of gesture and expression, he had been both earnest and convincing.

"Only don't get me wrong," he warned. "I'm not squawkin'. I've had as many breaks as the law allows, and more than the next fellow. If you got stuck on the top rung all your life, you'd miss out on a lot of healthy exercise. I'm thankful to be startin' out again at fifty instead of finishin' at forty-nine. And that's a funny thing," he mused. "Now I look back, I got started at just about ten and twenty and thirty and forty, too. Oh it might have been eleven or thirty-nine—I wouldn't want to hang for the difference —but you get the point.

"I ran away from home at eleven and never went back till I was earnin' good money. At twenty I was playin' the Winter Garden in Berlin—my first European engagement. A doctor told me I had consumption. 'Go to Milan,' he said, 'and eat raw wine.' Raw wine—ever hear that one?—he meant grapes. 'Eat raw wine,' he says, 'or you'll die,' Well, I couldn't afford to go to Milan and eat raw wine or cooked, either, so I stayed where I was.

"More than twenty years later I was bothered with indigestion, and went to a doctor friend of mine in New York. He put the fluoroscope on me.

"'Hey, Bill,' he says, all excited. 'About twenty years ago you had consumption.'

"'Am I O. K. now?' I ask him.

"'Sure,' he says. "The scars are all dry.'



Acme

Lilian Harvey, Europe-bound, after a long Hollywood sojourn as a star in American pictures, boards a plane at Los Angeles smartly garbed in a tailored suit with divided skirt.

"'That's fine,' I told him. 'That's what I get for eatin' raw wine in Milan.'

"Well, that was twenty. At thirty I thought I was washed up in vaudeville. I made up my mind to come out West, get a job managin' some little theatre, draw cartoons for the papers, play around in the sunshine, live like a human being. Then Ziegfeld hired me, and I stayed with him nine years. One 'Follies' after another, but not much sunshine. My racket was pantomime in those days, and the silents never gave me a tumble. The minute I started usin' dialogue, they made me an offer. Why?" Again his eyes crinkled in that amiably derisive grin. "Look for the answer in the back of the book, lady. *I* never found it.

"That was when I was about forty. I played in seven silents and then I got the gate, and went back to the stage. But I was sick and tired of the stage—sick and tired of racin' over my dinner till I got indigestion and racin' off to a show. People in the theatrical business are supposed to be harum-scarum. Take it from me, there's no train in the world so on time as a ham actor. If he's on at 8:32, he's ready and waitin' in the wings at 8:31½—whether his insides are twisted with colic or the thought that he's left his mother dying at home. Yes, I know—they've kidded the shirt off that line: 'The show must go on'—but they can't kid the truth out of it.

"Anyway, I was fed to the gills with livin' in a trunk. Suppose you're playin' one-week stands in vaudeville. You arrive in town on Monday. The baggage man doesn't get your trunks in on time. You rush over to the theatre to rehearse your music and see that your props are set. You grab a sandwich or you don't, and rush back for your act. If things go wrong, you fuss and fume yourself into a stew, and by dinner time at five or six you're so upset that you're better off not to eat. You do your night show, prayin' it'll go better than the matinée. You know the critics are sittin' there, ready to roast hell out of you, so instead of bein' better, it's probably worse. You go home and drown your sorrows in sleep, and oversleep next day because Sunday night on the train you didn't sleep at all. After the matinée you unpack your trunk. You send out your laundry, and in the hope of gettin' it back by Friday night, you tell 'em you've got to have it Thursday mornin'. But they know you're a liar.

"Wednesday's comparatively calm. All you have to do is find out when the train leaves and worry about how things are goin' to be in the next town. Thursday you start stewin' over your laundry, and find a gravy spot on the only decent suit you own. You dash to the tailor's and go down on your knees to him, and for double the regular fee and a couple of passes he promises to get the suit back to you next day. Next day's Friday, and you have to pack. The baggage man's comin' for your trunk at 7 in the morning. You ask him to come later but he can't. He's got a date to pitch horseshoes. Your laundry hasn't come. Between the matinée and the evening performance you dash over there. You can't swear at them, because they might get sore and play you a dirty trick. They promise to deliver it in an hour. You rush back to the theatre, then go home in fear and tremblin'. You open your door and peek in like a lovesick kid, waitin' for a letter from his sweetheart. No laundry, no suit. You control yourself because you know, if you don't, it's only yourself you're hurtin'. The baggage man wakes you at 6:30 for your trunk. The laundry comes at 8. The suit doesn't come at all. You phone the tailor before the matinée, and he says he'll

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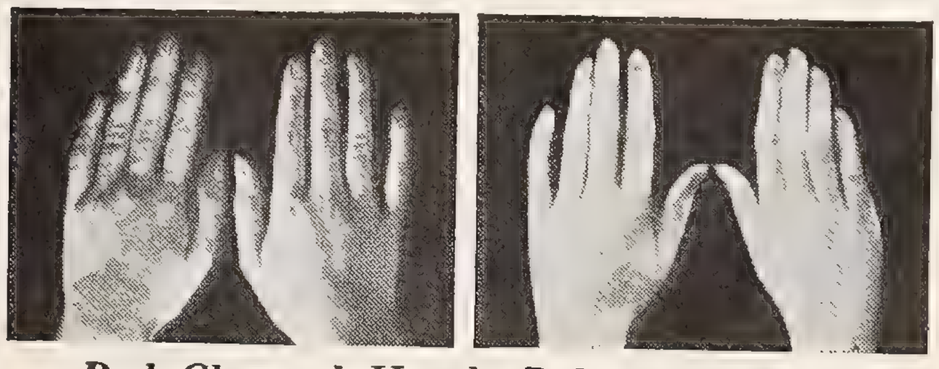
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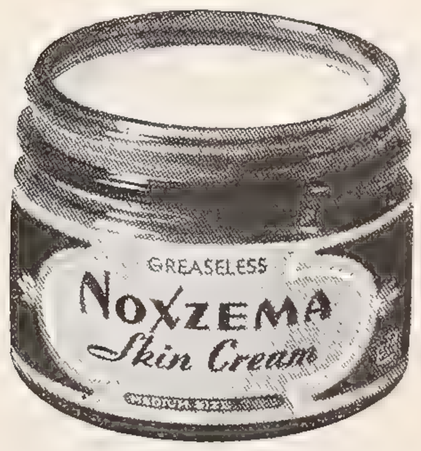
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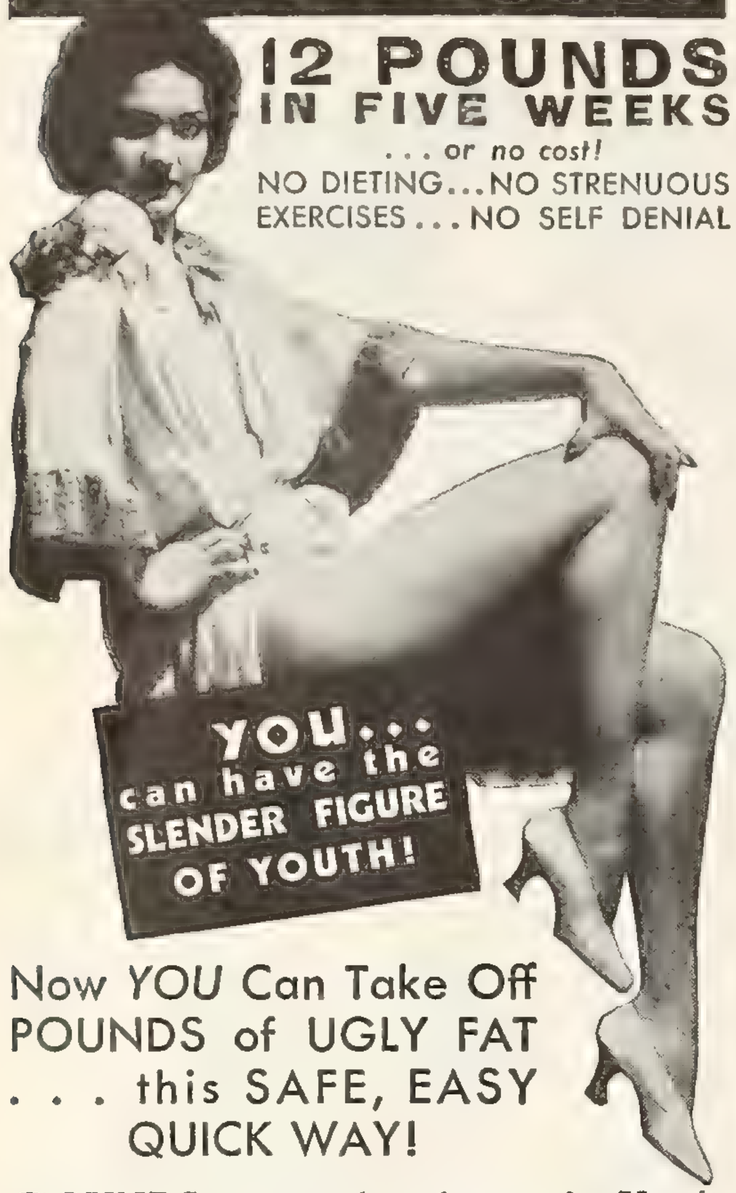


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Now *YOU* Can Take Off POUNDS of UGLY FAT . . . this SAFE, EASY QUICK WAY!

SOUNDS too good to be true? Yet it *is* true. Redusols increase your metabolism; which after all is nothing more than turning surplus fat into energy. You will be amazed at your increased vitality.

YOU MAY EAT WHAT YOU WISH AND AS MUCH AS YOU WANT

■ There is no need to change your present mode of living, yet objectionable, surplus fat—especially around hips and waist—will quickly disappear.

THE REDUSOL WAY IS THE SAFE WAY!

■ Beware of products claiming more rapid reduction—physicians agree that 15 pounds a month is the limit of safety. And, do not accept any substitute for SAFE Redusols—the harmless capsules which reduce fat by perfecting metabolism. Redusols contain no thyroid extract or other harmful ingredient. They are absolutely safe when taken as directed.

READ HOW A SECRETARY OF STATE REDUCED 18 POUNDS IN 5 WEEKS!



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9 East 40th Street, New York City
Dear Sirs:
I am very glad to tell you that Redusols have reduced my weight 18 pounds in the past 5 weeks. Before taking Redusols I weighed 205 pounds. I now have a fine appetite, eat 3 good meals a day, feel energetic and ambitious, and yet have reduced my weight to 187 pounds. This has been done without diet or tiring exercises . . . simply by taking Redusols.
You may use this letter in any manner you wish.
Very truly yours,
(Signed) JOHN J. LYONS

THIS TESTIMONIAL FROM THE HONORABLE JOHN J. LYONS

—former Secretary of New York State, reflects the average experience of hundreds of users who daily send us unsolicited testimonials. Many letters on file show reductions of from 30 to 40 pounds! Why not rid yourself of burdensome FAT—Remember, you REDUCE or it costs you nothing!

DON'T WAIT . . . MAIL COUPON NOW

DILEX INSTITUTE, INC.
9 East 40th St., Dept. 154, New York City

☐ Enclosed find $3.00, please forward, postpaid, one box of 90 Redusols Capsules in plain wrapper.
☐ Send Redusols Capsules, C. O. D. I will pay postman $3.00 (plus 23 cents postage).
If I do not lose at least 12 pounds after taking the first box of Redusols as directed, you will refund my $3.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
Orders from Canada & Foreign Countries Cash in Advance

send it after you. Knowin' you've got nothing to lose, you tell him where he can send himself. You make the train at the last minute, with your laundry under one arm, a sandwich and bottle of beer under the other, and your pockets stuffed with the junk you didn't have time to pack on account of the baggage man had a date to pitch horseshoes!"

Fields was in full swing by now, and apparently enjoying himself. He'd risen and was pacing the floor, his face preternaturally solemn, his hand lifted now and then to define a point. Two friends had come in and, realizing that they'd stumbled on a good show, subsided grinning into chairs.

"Sometimes," Fields went on, "you say to yourself: 'Well, now I'm goin' to save some money, and I won't take a sleeper.' So you find yourself a seat and curl yourself into knots, and spend the night listenin' to fifty-seven different varieties of snores and the yowl of the baby that no train's complete without. You don't sleep a wink, but you save $1.75. You put your $1.75 into a sound bank, and the banker nicks you for all the sleeper jumps you've stayed awake through in a long and sleepless existence. So they give him a year in jail. But the poor guy's sick, so they send him to a convalescent home with his wife and take one of his Rolls-Royces away from him to remind him that he mustn't do it again. And *that,* my friends," he concluded in sonorous tones, dropping neatly back into his chair, "is why darkies were born, and why old Bill Fields returned to the great and glorious West, where nobody wanted him." He bowed majestically to a spatter of applause.

"*If,* however," he continued, reverting gradually to the normal, "*if* the West didn't want me, I wanted *it.* I wanted sunshine and warm weather. I wanted a house and a bed to sleep in and a closet to hang my clothes in and a washing machine I could swear at if it didn't get my laundry back in time. I wanted to be out in the open, and play golf and tennis and handball and squash. But for all that I had to have work. I couldn't get it. I offered to write, direct, and play in my own pictures—for nothing net—just to show them what I could do. They wouldn't take me as a gift.

"Till one night I was eatin' in the Brown Derby and Al Kaufman came over. 'Bill,' he says, 'I think I've got an idea for you. I'm goin' to double you up with Alison Skipworth.'

"So that's how life began for me at fifty. Now it's tops. My clothes are hangin' in my own closet in my own house. I play tennis on my own courts and I've even gone Hollywood to the extent of a swimming pool. Though between you and me," he remarked in a sepulchral aside, "I'm more for the shower. I've got work and friends I enjoy, and the world's my oyster. Sure—but I'm watchin' my step just the same. I'm no optimist about things goin' on this way for the rest of the world. I've been up and down too often. Next thing you know," he added with a trace of grimness, "Huey Long'll get hold of the country, and you'll be writin' a story about Bill Fields beginnin' life at ninety, trainin' a couple of fleas. Only," he pointed out kindly, "no one'll read it. Never mind, sister," he comforted me next moment, "I'll read it myself."

I asked him about his own writing, knowing that he had a hand in all his scripts.

"Well," he began, "it's this way. When I was a kid I could never learn a thing. I was too dumb—"

"Let *me* tell this," interposed Jack Cunningham, with a withering glance at his collaborator—Cunningham's the writer who has worked on so many of the Fields scenarios. "He's afraid he might get some credit. He's got more natural feel for pungent line and spontaneous talk than anyone I've ever struck. He changes things on the set. He gets some of his best lines while the cameras are grinding. Which makes it a little hard on the people he's working with. Remember, in 'It's A Gift,' where the boy comes to the grocery store to tell him the orange ranch is no good? We needed a line to put over just what that grocer felt about the orange grove. We'd racked our brains for days, and couldn't get the right line. So they decided to shoot without it. Well, just as the director was about to yell: 'Cut,' Bill the grocer says, as quietly and naturally as though he'd been that grocer all his life: 'I've got my heart set on it. I'm going through with it.' Sounds simple, doesn't it? Just what that grocer would have said. But the rest of us who were smart enough to learn our lessons at school were too dumb to figure it out."

"Take it easy," growled Bill out of the corner of his mouth. "She'll be callin' me sweet next." He turned on me with purpose in his eye. "Listen," he said. "I'm a peppery, stubborn cuss, but I'm not bad at heart. Anything else I'll forgive; but call me sweet, and so help me, I'll rack you alive and haunt you dead!"

ANNOUNCING WINNERS OF MARGARET SULLAVAN COVER GIRL CONTEST:

FIRST PRIZE: evening gown with velvet evening wrap, won by Miss Virginia Graham, U. S. Bureau of Public Roads, Raleigh, North Carolina.

SECOND PRIZE: $100.00 in cash, won by Mrs. Isabel Vierling Kelch, 8254 Albin Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

THIRD PRIZE: Crosley Radio, won by Mr. Alan Gardner, 9 Dana St., Cambridge, Mass.

FOURTH PRIZE: fitted traveling case, won by Miss Jean Cooke, Edgewood Park Junior College, Greenwich, Conn.

ADDITIONAL TEN PRIZES of personally autographed new photographs of Margaret Sullavan, won by Mrs. Faye C. Burke, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. Anne McQueen, Canton, Ohio; Elizabeth Thatcher, Huron, So. Dakota; Miss Lucie M. Wiltshire, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Will S. Gidley, Springfield, Mass.; Laura W. Hutchinson, Charlotte, No. Carolina; Miss Mae H. Ashworth, Mt. Vernon, Ind.; Charmaine Sanguin, El Paso, Texas; Mrs. Fred Curtis, McCracken, Kansas; Evella Williams, Crystal Springs, Mississippi.

Ask Me!

By Miss Vee Dee

Selma B. I liked your letter for it gives me a chance to answer questions about interesting people—not that *all* our favorites are less interesting but you know what I mean or do you? The young lad who played *Boka* in "No Greater Glory" was Jimmy Butler. He is one of the most promising youngsters in pictures; his rôle of the son, *Jim Jr.*, in "Only Yesterday" with Margaret Sullavan and John Boles, established that fact. He was *Bill Wiggs* in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." "Romance in Manhattan" is his new hit. Mary Carlisle was born on February 3, 1912, in Boston, Mass. She is 5 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 100 pounds, and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Ginger Rogers' latest release is "Romance in Manhattan" with Francis Lederer as her co-star.

Barbara. Donald Woods is comparatively a newcomer to the screen and you are not the only fan who thinks he's pretty keen. He was born in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, in 1906, is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 160 pounds, and has dark brown hair and eyes. His first screen appearance was in "As the Earth Turns" with Jean Muir. He has played in "She Was a Lady" with Helen Twelvetrees; "Merry Wives of Reno" with Margaret Lindsay and Glenda Farrell; and in "Fog Over Frisco" with Bette Davis. His latest is "Sweet Adeline" with Irene Dunne.

D. A. I count the time well lost if I haven't several arguments to be ironed out and settled to the entire satisfaction of all concerned. You are right about Jack Gilbert playing the lead in the silent version of "The Cossacks." I'll give you the entire cast including John Gilbert: Renee Adorée, Ernest Torrence, Dale Fuller, Mary Alden, Josephine Borio, Neil Neely, York Sherwood, Joe Mari and Paul Hurst.

Peggy S. and Richard A. It's a pleasure to tell you about Charlotte Henry, for she is one of the most natural young actresses on the screen, don't you think so? She was born on March 3, 1914, in Brooklyn, N. Y. She has light brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 1 inch tall and weighs 104 pounds. Among her screen successes are "Huckleberry Finn," "Lena Rivers," "Alice in Wonderland," "The Last Gentleman" with George Arliss, and "Babes in Toyland."

J. M. J. How these promising young players come along—we wouldn't want them to stay behind, for youth must be served and served right too. Betty Furness had the rôle of *Joan Shadwell* in "Life of Vergie Winters" with Ann Harding. Betty appeared in "Beggars in Ermine" with Lionel Atwill; and in "Dangerous Corner" with Virginia Bruce and Conrad Nagel. Later she was in "A Wicked Woman," in which Mady Christians stars.

Trent (Junior) Durkin. Fo'give me! I'm sorry I got you wrong in that reply in the February issue. But now we all know that Trent, who used to be "Junior" Durkin, and Junior, who now is "Trent" Durkin are one and the same—and here's our best to you for more and better good rôles.

M. B. Thanks for your kind words! Yes, I know Alan Dinehart is back in Hollywood under a three-way contract to write, act and direct for Fox Film.



SOME WOMEN still suffer regularly; martyrs to the time of month.

*

OTHERS have put this martyrdom all behind them. The days they once dreaded are just a memory. They approach this time without fear. They pass it without the old discomfort.

*

MIDOL has made periodic pain a thing of the past for many, many women.

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"OH, YES" say some who have read about it, and heard about it, "but my suffering is so severe, and I've tried so many things that didn't help! Midol may not end all the pain for me."

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TRUE, there are women who are not relieved of every trace of pain when they take these tablets. But they get such a large measure of relief that they are quite comfortable in comparison.

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AND the comfort you get from Midol is not momentary, not an interlude, but sustained comfort from the very start. In fact—

*

THE BEST TIME to begin with Midol is before any discomfort is felt.

*

YOU MAY escape all pain.

*

YOU ARE SURE to have an easier time.

THE ACTION of this medicine is effective for hours, and two tablets should see you through your worst day.

*

SO why postpone this welcome comfort another month?

*

ONE REASON some women still hesitate to try Midol is their doubt of its being as effective as advertised. Doubters should ask anyone who has tried it!

*

ANOTHER REASON for hesitating to take these tablets is the fear that Midol may be a narcotic. It is not.

*

THE NEXT time you are in a drug store, pick up a package of Midol. You'll find it displayed on the counter. If not, just ask for Midol.

*

TUCK the slim little aluminum case of Midol tablets in your purse, and be all prepared. Be prepared to "be yourself" all through the days which might otherwise be given over to the usual pain and discomfort.

*

YOU'LL be grateful!

P. S. It's a true kindness to tell any periodical sufferer about this real relief. Don't keep your discovery a secret!

IT CLEARED UP MY SKIN IN *NO* TIME!



Improved Pasteurized Yeast Safely Corrects Skin Troubles, Constipation, Indigestion, "Nerves"

WHY put up with a blotchy, pimply, unattractive skin when this simple treatment will do so much for you?

Your distressing skin condition, like so many cases of indigestion and "jumpy" nerves, has probably been brought on by a sluggish system. Your trouble is internal and needs internal treatment.

Science now knows that very often the real cause of slow, imperfect elimination of body wastes is insufficient vitamin B complex. The stomach and intestines, deprived of this essential element, no longer do their work properly. Your digestion slows up. Poisons accumulate in your system.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin B which is necessary to correct this condition. These tablets are pure *pasteurized* yeast — and yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamin B complex. This improved yeast quickly strengthens your internal muscles and gives them tone. It stimulates your whole digestive and eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, pimples and blotches soon disappear. Indigestion stops. Headaches go. Pep returns. You *look* better and *feel* better!

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. *These tablets cannot cause fermentation in the body.* Pasteurization makes Yeast Foam Tablets utterly safe for everyone to eat.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today.



YEAST FOAM TABLETS



A perfect beauty treatment all in one jar!

Beauty News For You

WHO travels far must travel light! The story of the lady who carried sixteen trunks has been a warning to us all. We want our beauty aids to be both compact and convenient. All in one jar, so to speak. And—this just shows you how resourceful we are—here it is!

Lady Esther's four-purpose cream is a whole beauty treatment in itself. The people who use it, love it. They say it does all that any complicated beauty treatment could do, in about a tenth of the time. It does it pleasantly, thoroughly, and delightfully. So much so that you positively look forward to taking your make-up off at night with it. Higher praise is there none!

It is a *light* cream. None of the heavy, sticky, greasy feeling about it that so many other excellent creams have. It gets down to business in your pores and cleans them so that they are fresh and clear at night. At the same time it softens the skin, acting as a smoothing cream and preventing little lines from forming. This, as you know, is a big beauty advantage because so much happens to rest and rejuvenate our faces while we sleep.

It is one of the few creams we have heard about which gals "in the know" use not only as a cleansing and night cream, but as a light base for powder. When you buy it you are getting several creams, all in one jar!

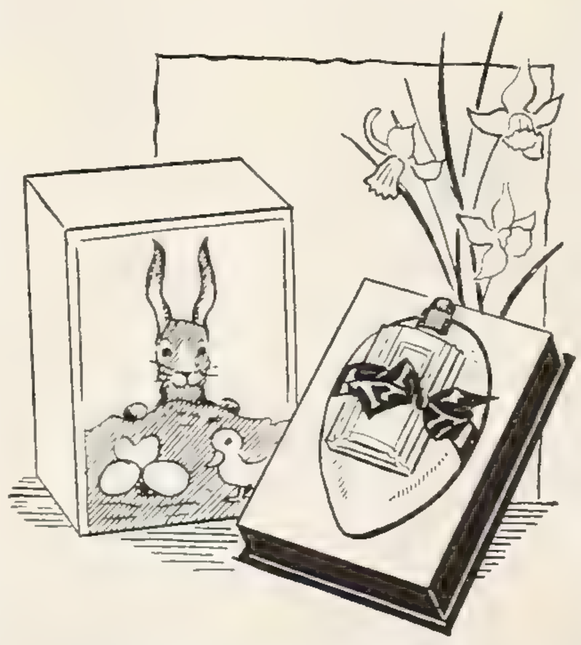
Ummmmm, that smell



L'Heure Intime, the fragrance of a Spring evening.



New! A powder that matches every skin.



Cheramy's great big Easter egg and the saucy bunny who brought it!

Femi-nifties

of Spring! It gets you, doesn't it? We thought so. It gets other people, too, and that is what is so important.

We know of a perfume manufacturer who has caught it and put it up in little bottles for your own especial fascination. He calls it L'Heure Intime, and it smells for all the world like a Spring evening, fragrant twilight with a dash of new moon about it. It makes you think of the people you love best in the world.

Perfumes are hard to describe. Every once in a while we give up and say we can't. But this one perks up our jaded sense of smell and adjectives. Imagine the way Spring smells when first it comes out of winter. All the springy, flowery smells in a chorus, but done delicately, like the muted strings of a violin. It is the kind of perfume you like to identify yourself with the whole year round.

You want to smell it again and again! As if you could never get enough of it, instead of making you tired of it after the first inquisitive whiff or two.

One word of caution about it. It is a lasting type of fragrance, one of the things you look for first in a perfume you buy, so it is not necessary to use more than a drop at a time. It is a French perfume and should be applied in the French way, on the skin, not on the clothing.

Well, we have just come in breathless from romping around town in the search for news for you. We have met with success. Before you decided that that may be just a hollow brag, listen!

Tangee have made a brand-new powder which ends that mask-like look so many of you complain to me about your skins. It does so by the same principle that made the Tangee lipstick so famous. This new powder changes to your own exact skin tones the moment you put it on. It ends the artificial look powder sometimes gives. All you have to do is to select which shade, flesh, rachel or light rachel, is closest to your own coloring, puff it on gently, brush it off

and there you are, looking so fresh, young and, unpowdered that it seems a miracle.

It isn't a miracle. It is very scientific and happens because of a new ingredient in the powder, one which turns the color of your natural skin tone under it.

I needn't tell you Tangee powder is of fine and even texture, that it stays on a long time, and doesn't cake up on you. In other words, it is a good, honest powder! With this new color ingredient added it is destined to make cosmetic history.

Here is a little Springtime gift that is a big surprise. An enormous Easter egg of, of all things! Soap! Scented so delicately with your favorite Cheramy fragrance. And right on top of it, tied with the daintiest of ribbons, is that same favorite Cheramy perfume.

It is the kind of thing to buy for yourself when you want to give yourself a treat, and the kind of thing for your best friend when you want to show her how much you think of her and what good taste you have. The soap is a finely milled French variety that lasts months; that is, if you can keep your small brother away from it! If you can't, we won't be responsible for what happens. And it is so perfectly scented that you can smell its delightful perfume on your hands for hours.

You are particular about your cosmetics, of course, so it is the contents of a package that interests you most. Here is a case, however, where the outside of the package is as exciting as the inside. The most impudent French bunny you ever laid your eyes on—(see him?)—is staring up over the edge of things, ready to take flight and scamper away at your first movement. He is a perfect lamb of a bunny! Look for him in the stores and the moment you lay your eyes on him you will want him for your very own.

Salutes and Snubs

Continued from page 8

ALADDIN HAD A LAMP BUT WE GOT MOVIES!

Instead of rubbing an old lamp and wishing, we modern Aladdins rub a coin in the palm of our hand and buy a ticket to our favorite movie, to produce the magic result. The movies are proving to be gloom's worst enemy—the public's best friend.

Mabel M. Schlenger,
5214 N. Paulina St.,
Chicago, Ill.

"DADDY" DUNN!

Gosh, I'm glad Jimmy Dunn is Shirley Temple's daddy again in "Bright Eyes." They're a great team. I hope they stick together. Believe me, when I took my small daughter to see "Now and Forever," I had one heck of a time explaining how come Shirley called Gary Cooper "daddy."

Elmer H. Mayer,
6814 Fifth Avenue,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

KATIE, YOU'RE FORGIVEN!

Once I had the temerity to call Katharine Hepburn "flash-in-the-pan" and "poseur." Apologies are herewith tendered. In "The Little Minister" she is not only the consumate artiste but singularly beautiful. What a contribution she'd make to the cinema as *Joan of Arc* or "The Tudor Wench."

George Wilton, Jr.,
1028 Connecticut Ave., N. W.,
Washington, D. C.



"Please tell women smokers more about Old Gold's throat-ease" says Claudette Colbert
PARAMOUNT STAR

© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

AMERICA'S *SMOOTHEST* CIGARETTE

EASY with a BUESCHER



CHARLES STRICKFADEN plays a Buescher Saxophone in Paul Whiteman's orchestra. (10-8-34)

Loads of fun, right from the start, because a sweet-toned Buescher is so easy to learn! You play tunes right away. Surprise your friends. Join a band or orchestra. Fit yourself quickly for one of the many big pay jobs now open.

FREE on trial. Any Buescher instrument will be sent without obligation. Write now for details and handsome Free Book. Mention instrument: saxophone, cornet, trombone, etc.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
449 BUESCHER BUILDING ELKHART, INDIANA

Old Money and stamps WANTED



POST YOURSELF! It pays! I paid J. D. Martin, Virginia, $200 for a single copper cent. Mr. Manning, New York, $2,500 for one silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams $740 for a few old coins. I want all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps. I pay big cash premiums.

I WILL PAY $100 FOR A DIME

1894 S. Mint; $50 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not buffalo) and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Get in touch with me. Send 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Folder and further particulars. It may mean much profit to you. Write today to

B. MAX MEHL, 251 Mehl Bldg., FORT WORTH, TEXAS
(Largest Rare Coin Establishment in U. S.)



BLACKHEADS!

NEVER SQUEEZE BLACKHEADS. IT CAUSES SCARS, INFECTION!

Dissolve Blackheads scientifically with amazing **KLEERPLEX WASH. This wonderful NEW DISCOVERY contains 5 scientific ingredients.** Also refines Large Pores, stops embarrassing Greasiness, "Shine". Clears Muddy, Sallow, Tanned Skin. Has marvelous medicated pore purifying powers. Gets at the cause **QUICKLY! SAFELY! RENEWS! LIGHTENS! BEAUTIFIES** your skin. Gives you that clean-cut attractive look. **SEE INSTANT IMPROVEMENT.** No chemicals. No staying home. A guaranteed pure **natural product, approved by Health Authorities and thousands of happy users—Men and Women.** Nothing like it! Stop wasting time and money on ordinary products. Your skin deserves the best. Get your 2 mos' supply of Kleerplex Wash **TODAY.** Just send $1.— (plus .10 postage) direct to **KLEERPLEX** (Dept. 22) 1 W. 34th St., N. Y. C., or pay postman (plus C. O. D. charge). Outside U. S. $1.25 and no C. O. D.s. **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!** (Copyright 1934 Kleerplex)



DR. WALTER'S

famous flesh colored rubber reducing garments show a decided improvement in the figure immediately.

LATEST BRASSIERE gives a trim, youthful, new style figure. (Send bust measure.)....$2.35

NEW UPLIFT BRASSIERE.....$3.40

REDUCING GIRDLE. Beautifully made, very comfortable: laced at back. Send waist and hip measure $4.75

FLESH COLORED GUM RUBBER HOSE; fit smoothly and improve shape at once. Send ankle and calf measures. 11 inch $3.85 pair; 14 inch $6.85 pair. Send check or money order—no cash.



Dr. Jeanne S.C. Walter, 389 Fifth Ave., New York

Don't let an UNSIGHTLY SKIN



rob you of ROMANCE, HAPPINESS

DO MEN LOOK your way—or do they look away? An attractive complexion, naturally fresh, unmarred by sallowness and ugly blotches unlocks the door to the romance every woman wants. Thousands of happy women have regained the fresh skin of their childhood with Stuart's Calcium Wafers. Magic, they call it. But there's nothing magic about it. Stuart's Calcium Wafers simply rid the system of bodily wastes and supply the system with the little calcium nature needs to create a healthy, glowing skin! Even stubborn cases often show marked improvement in a few days. Isn't it worth a trial?

STUART'S CALCIUM WAFERS

AT ALL DRUG STORES, 10c AND 60c



THEY BLEND WITH YOUR HAIR

New dull textured finish makes these tight holding bob pins almost invisible in your hair. Look for them at your favorite store or write for free sample—specify black, brown, blonde or gray color.

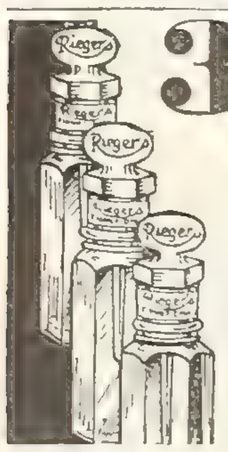
STA-RITE HAIR PIN CO., Shelbyville, Illinois



IF YOU HAVE GRAY HAIR and DON'T LIKE a MESSY MIXTURE.... then write today for my FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years' European American experience, I am proud of my Color Imparter for Grayness. Use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and dandruff; it can't leave stains. As you use it, the gray hair becomes a darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending my free trial bottle and book telling All About Gray Hair.

ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 5, LOWELL, MASS.



3 Perfumes

SUBTLE, fascinating, alluring. Sells regularly at $12.00 an ounce. Made from the essence of flowers:—

Three odors:
(1) Fascination
(2) Lilac
(3) Aristocrat

Send only **20¢**

A single drop lasts a week!

To pay for postage and handling send only 20c (silver or stamps) for 3 trial bottles. Only one set to each new customer. 20c!

Redwood Treasure Chest: Contains 4—50c bottles of perfume selling at $2.00 an ounce—(1) Hollywood Bouquet, (2) Persian Night, (3) Black Velvet, (4) Samarkand. Chest 6x3 in. made from Giant Redwood Trees of California. Send only $1 check, stamps or currency. An ideal gift. $1.

PAUL RIEGER, 179 First Street, San Francisco

Heartbreaker? No!

Continued from page 51

you have given them a brighter outlook on life; that you have given them inspiration to go forward."

His secretary had just told me that he receives hundreds of such letters. One had just come from a young woman who works in a perfume factory in Havana, stating that he had changed her entire life, that all her work was being done with a song and life was gay where before it had been hopeless, and yet her work had not changed at all.

"Such testimony as that," he said, "is greater compensation than any money we ever receive."

While I waited in his outer office for him to arrive, I thought the room small and crowded, with secretaries and desks and photographs and manuscripts and files, reaching to the ceiling on all sides, and hardly room to turn around. When I entered his inner office, there was little difference, except a comfortable chair at the end of his desk, where I could sit facing him. I resented the close quarters, even though all these things were mute evidence of his contact with thousands of minds, his active participation in a dozen or so worthwhile organizations, his constant effort to do his part in helping others.

But the strangest thing happened. Mr. Lederer began talking in his soft voice with the slight accent, and I forgot all about the office. I didn't hear the noise. I didn't know the space was small. In fact, we seemed much too far apart and I leaned forward in my chair to bring me a little closer. So far as I knew, we might have been in Queen Marie's boudoir or the Blue Room at Washington. Now I realized why that brilliant critic, Heywood Broun, had written, after seeing Lederer on the stage: "Not in years and years have I noticed in any playhouse that same strange poignancy of incense and gunpowder which filled the theatre as young Mr. Lederer approached a love scene."

I have been with men more at ease. I have been with men who knew more of the fine art of making women feel important to themselves (like Ivan Lebedeff, who belongs to the same school of courteous handkissing), but I have never been in the presence of a more sincere person than Francis Lederer. It is as if the very soul of him were seeking expression, seeking only the good of mankind—a soul longing for growth only to enlarge its usefulness.

No wonder it irritates him somewhat that practically every article written about him has dealt with his technique as a lover. We have defied him to be as good as Clark Gable, Leslie Howard, and Robert Montgomery. We have taken it for granted that he took pride in being called a "love expert" when as a matter of fact he has in his repertory over four hundred plays, and only a small number of them were romantic rôles.

"My views on romance are so different from the average person's," he says. "Most people feel that romance must include love of the opposite sex. I think we can find romance in any direction we turn. I have a great friend, a wonderful poet in Bohemia, and he writes exquisitely romantic poems about what the world terms prosaic things. For instance, he wrote a most unusual poem about a railroad station, and he writes about garages, grocery stores, and people and animals that we least often associate with romance or poetry. I think, as he does, that life is romance, every step of the way."

In this connection I might add, Mr. Lederer thinks that the idea of sex has been stressed too much in Hollywood, not only in pictures but in our ideas about the association of people. He neither decries nor deplores sex, but insists that it should be kept in its proper place.

"While sex may be some part of love, there is sex without love and just as certainly much love without sex," he adds.

I am not the first woman to "discover" Lederer. I can't claim the distinction! Women have been "discovering" him ever since he got his first part on the stage. At least six famous actresses have discovered him, among them our own Lillian Gish, who tried to bring him to America for pictures years ago.

The great Reinhardt perhaps went to more trouble to secure Lederer than he ever has before or since for any artist. He made direct appeal to the agent holding Lederer under contract, telling him he could not afford to stand in the way of so great an artist. But it was not until several prominent actors of Europe wrote an open letter, which was published in the newspapers, insisting that Lederer be allowed to do *Romeo* under Reinhardt, that he got his temporary release.

But you may not be familiar with the rise of Lederer, even though you have seen his American pictures, "Man of Two Worlds," "Pursuit of Happiness" and "Romance in Manhattan." Speaking of "Pursuit of Happiness," a brilliant writer said to me: "The person who said there had never been a perfect picture performance had not yet seen Francis Lederer in 'Pursuit of Happiness.'"

But to get back to his rise: Things have not always been as rosy for Lederer. Even ten years ago, it would have taken a man of great vision to conceive of a man in Lederer's position rising to such heights. But Lederer had just such vision and he never lost it. Not only was his origin obscure, without the advantages that money brings, but he suffered the still greater loss of a harmonious home life, for his parents were divorced, he remaining with his father. To a sensitive soul like Lederer, the lack of harmony was much worse than lack of money.

Twenty-seven years ago, this handsome Czecho-Slovakian was born Frantisek Lederer, in Karlin, just outside of Prague. He is six feet tall, athletic and clean-shaven. His hips are narrow but he is all muscle and you would never suspect that he weighs 170 pounds. You probably recall his hair is like Persian lamb and always slightly disheveled.

His father was a leather merchant and he and his two sons lived in a crowded apartment, similar to our tenement district. The boys were sent to public school but the severe father allowed them little time for play; and he did know enough to impress upon them that the only man who could succeed was the man who used his brains and not his hands. Francis could not endure the leather business and his failure in mathematics in fourth year high school forever dispelled the father's hopes of making a banker out of him.

At thirteen, Francis saw his first matinée, and from that moment was determined to become an actor, though no one in his family had ever been one. His parents threatened to disown him if he became an actor and after that he was never allowed to see plays. In the first one he did attend later, he saw a man smoking and decided he could never be an actor, *for he would not smoke!* He believed in physical fitness and he was a loyal Boy Scout, acquiring an abhorrence of both tobacco



Will Rogers and Richard Cromwell in a scene for Will's new film opus, "Life Begins at 40."

and alcohol. If he were not to be an actor, then he must learn a trade, so he became apprenticed to a small dry-goods store, doing everything from cleaning the store to selling goods. Occasionally during this time, he saw a picture show, which aroused in him again the desire to act, whether for stage or screen.

The director of the Old German Theatre in Prague gave him permission to sit in the wings and watch the actors. He worked in the store all day and sat in the wings at night. At last he was allowed to play with the extras, carrying a spear, eating a sausage, closing a door or any little thing like that. But he made these scenes stand out until he was stealing the show from the principals. Once in the background he was cleaning a room and he put such comedy in his work that the audience watched him instead of the principals and this led to what they called an "apprentice actor" for which he received the huge compensation of $1.20 a month.

From this lowly beginning, he mounted step by step, doing stock through many countries. Finally he was offered the lead with the Mary Pickford of Germany, Henny Porten, in "Refuge." His success was so remarkable that he was offered one picture contract after another and might have become a second Croesus, had he been wanting *only* money, but he refused to work in any picture that he did not consider a good story. For years he continued to work in pictures during the day and at the theatre at night. When his great opportunity came in "Romeo and Juliet," he worked just as hard at the studio all day and barely had time to get his bath and make it to the theatre in time to go into his part.

With all of this work back of him, it is not surprising to find him with a serious outlook. You know about his World Peace Federation, for which organization he has entirely separate offices and secretaries in another part of Hollywood. You can no more interview him and ignore his Peace Movement than you could talk to Ruby Keeler and forget she is married to Al Jolson. This is no pastime hobby with Francis. It is part of the very warp and woof of his being, and neither things past nor things to come will ever separate him from it. In addition, he is vitally connected with a dozen or so other organizations, one of which deals with the problems of the unemployed. To tell you all about these would take ten pages more.

It is difficult to talk to Francis Lederer about intimately personal matters. You recognize so quickly that he would always respect another's privacy and you are embarrassed to question him as you do the average player. But I did ask him about the girl with whom he has been seen most frequently: Mary Anita Loos, the niece of the well-known writer, Anita Loos. With courtesy but restraint, he replied:

"I would never discuss my personal affairs with any one, but if you must mention Miss Loos in my interview, I can only say that I consider it a very great honor to know such an extraordinary person. The association with her is a rare and delightful privilege."

Now, your guess is as good as mine, but his reply does sound a little more serious than when he talked about the other girls. Of course, there is said to be a Mrs. Lederer, in Europe, from whom he has been separated for years.

Janet Tells Her Success Secrets

Continued from page 19

long as the public likes me in this sort of part, it would be foolish for me to change even if I wanted to.

"A romantic picture," she added thoughtfully, lifts an audience out of the rut of daily workaday living, even if only for the run of the picture, and that's why I really enjoy making pictures with a bit of romance. I want people to forget their troubles, and string along with the characters they see on the screen.

"Incidentally, my screen parts are not quite so naïve as when I began, but that's only natural. I'm not the same girl as when I came to Hollywood, and I wouldn't feel happy playing the same parts. But the change has been made so gradually, picture by picture, that it hasn't been very noticeable.

"Good parts," she told me, "are essential to success on the screen, and because of this I believe in leaving decisions about parts, stories, and direction up to those in charge. Many stars try to have a voice in choosing their stories, but I know it's impossible for any one person to be star, producer, and scenario department all at once. If the studio believes in a certain picture, I'm willing to take their word for it!"

She added, smiling, "In the early days I have been handed scripts which I didn't believe in, but I didn't make that the cause for an argument or a quarrel. I would go in and talk things over—and we'd agree on a different story."

"Talking things over" may seem a decidedly unusual way of convincing a stubborn scenario department, but this, we learned, is typical of Janet. She doesn't sulk. No "I tank I go home" stuff for her. She simply goes to those in charge, without fuss or fury, and states her case. Perhaps you have gathered from her own statements in this story that she has a gift for putting her views clearly and persuasively.

"I welcome competition," she told me, "even though you may have heard tales of established stars who are jealous of newcomers and rivals. At first I wondered if the custom of tearing down an established

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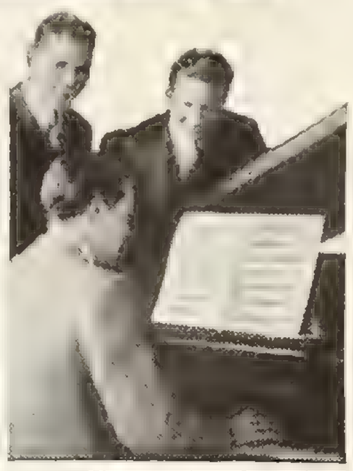
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star to help a newcomer was quite fair. You know the sort of thing I mean. Newspapers print items that Miss Newcomer has 'more appeal' than the star. Critics write that a newcomer 'stole the show' from the star.

"Then I realized that I had benefitted by all this when I began, and it's only fair for others to profit now. Newcomers need all the help they can get! It's up to them to do their best and up to me to do mine. Let the best man win!"

Her attitude to newcomers on her own lot bears out her statement. When Raul Roulien was making "Delicious" with her as his screen début, she actually told him how he could "steal" a certain scene—and made him do it. Many another newcomer has reached the top through her friendly advice and counsel.

There's nothing "starry" about her. She has remained refreshingly human in the face of success, and undoubtedly this helps explain why success has lasted. She was sitting in her little portable dressing-room, a quaint, one-room affair on wheels, which can be moved from set to set wherever she works. In it she goes over her lines, changes costumes, and rests. It is, definitely, sacred to Gaynor. She asked, casually, "Who uses this while I'm away on vacation?"

Horrified employees leapt to answer, "No one, Miss Gaynor, of course! One actress wanted to use it, but—" you gathered that the trespasser had been quickly and forcibly impressed with Miss Gaynor's importance. Janet hardly listened. Obviously, she didn't much care whether anyone used her dressing-room or not.

She is never late on the set, even though this is sometimes considered a star's privilege. She had never held up production on a picture. The business manager of the production came over to ask her, "Are you planning to go to the football game next Saturday?"

If not, evidently, there would be work.

Janet hesitated a moment, and then smiled, "Do you really want me to say yes —or no?"

You can count on the fingers of one hand the stars who would not have taken advantage of the chance for extra time off!

We waited to ask about publicity, often considered the most vital factor in a star's success, until the very last, because Janet's seclusion from interviewers is well known. She rarely appears at public gatherings, and her press agents never put on campaigns, as is done for other stars, to keep her name in every paper and her picture in every magazine.

"Publicity is terribly important to a beginner," she admitted, "because it helps put you over. But an established star shouldn't need it so much. Personally, I'm not very interested in whether I have much publicity or not. I don't believe it's a necessity to my career. *My pictures should speak for themselves!*

"As for interviews, I don't believe in broadcasting my personal beliefs in this or that, and I think the public tends to grow tired of stars whose opinions are constantly appearing in print. So I don't like to be 'quoted' too often!"



Soap supplants clay for modeling screen sets. Above, Newt Jons, sculptor, with a setting designed for "The Crusades."

In the face of this convincing argument, I could only put away our pad and pencil and retire in good order. I hope I haven't quoted Janet too lengthily, but her views are so fascinating that it's always a temptation. With her gaiety, charm, and sheer delight in living, it's fun to have the privilege of visiting her—the group of assistants and fellow-actors always standing around the door of her little portable dressing-room testifies to that. And undoubtedly the truest explanation of her success is that audiences—you and you—feel just the same way.

Have You Seen Kelly?

Continued from page 57

thing in six countries.' The way that shut them up was marvelouse."

"Marv*elouse!* Did you hear that? That's what I get for seeing George Givot. I'm an unconscious mimic—I can't help it. Why, for days after I met Zasu Pitts I was using my hands like this—"

No description would do justice to the way Patsy imitates Zasu Pitts!

"I think she's the greatest comedienne on the screen today," Patsy put in. "I hate it when the papers say I was signed to take her place opposite Thelma. No one could ever fill her place."

"You've got a place of your own," I assured her, at which she pumped my hand in typical Kelly fashion.

Sarah Veronica Kelly—Patsy to you—is a Brooklyn girl, one of a large Irish family. She felt that she was "the Patsy," always in the way, and so she changed her name. Sarah Veronica hardly fitted her—she was a regular tomboy as a kid and used to skate and play ball with the boys in the middle of the street.

"I was in the hospital more than I was out of it as the result of street accidents, so my mother thought the best way to keep me out of mischief and use up my energy was to let me take tap-dancing lessons. I began when I was nine and got so interested in it, I gave up baseball. At twelve I was teaching other kids at the school. I never thought I'd be a professional. My brother wanted to get on the stage and he was promised a part in a Frank Fay act if he could learn a dance-routine. I went to the theatre to see that he got the job and Frank Fay took me instead. It wasn't an important part, just a bit. I got my first chance when I went on in the place of a boy who got sick. I danced and wise-

cracked and finally landed in musical comedy."

Among the shows Patsy appeared in were "The Sketch Book," "The Vanities," "The Wonderbar" and "Flying Colors."

"I used to spend my money as fast as I made it—I still do," she went on. "I was always flat-broke. I swore that I'd never go into pictures. Not that I expected any offers but just supposing someone had a brainstorm—! Well, during one of the periods when I was 'flat,' Hal Roach and Howard Dietz talked me into signing my present contract and before I came to, I was on my way to Hollywood.

"So a comedienne's life is not a happy one?" I asked.

"Oh, don't get me wrong—being a comedienne is grand, but—well, take the other evening, for instance. I was walking along the street when a very good-looking boy, said 'Say, what's your name?' Of course I was minding my own business but that interesting feeling was just creeping over me when he added, 'You look just like Whats-Her-Name. You know the one in pictures—the *crazy* one!'

"Now I ask you! How would you like to be known as 'the crazy one' and me getting that lovely romantic glow and all!"

Patsy thinks the funniest thing about her is that she has an older sister in Ireland whom she has never seen. "She's got about six or ten kids. I think the exact number is eight."

"Has she ever seen you in pictures?"

"I have no idea. I've never written to her or heard from her. How can you write to someone you've never seen—and yet she's my own sister, isn't that funny!"

Greet Spring with that Hollywood Figure

Continued from page 56

have taken stock of yourself and discovered that you are a bit less than perfection. What do you do about it?

To begin with, you look into your diet. Spring-time is upon us, and you can go in for a body house-cleaning to advantage. If you're over-weight, keep away from fattening foods. Clean out your blood with plenty of fresh vegetables and fruit. Drink a good eight full glasses of water every day. Get all the fresh air you possibly can.

Try eating a baked apple and whole wheat toast for breakfast; an appetizing green salad, or cottage cheese and pineapple, or hot green vegetable with butter, for luncheon; and a well-balanced dinner of, say, beef broth, meat, one green vegetable, salad and fruit. Remember you should eat less meat in the Spring.

If you don't care much for salads, perhaps you'll like the ones Paramount stars have specially prepared for them. Claudette Colbert invented this salad and showed the commissary how to prepare it as she does at home: You take Romaine lettuce, tomatoes cut in pieces, a hard-boiled egg sliced, and put them in a wooden bowl which has been rubbed with garlic; use a French dressing made with pure olive oil and blend it through the ingredients of the salad with a wooden spoon.

When Claudette gets tired of this, she orders California Salad, made of Romaine lettuce, grapefruit, strawberry, avocado and green peppers, with a dressing of mayonnaise diluted with cream and lemon juice.

Gail Patrick is another girl who invented her own noontime salad. She puts half a cup of cottage cheese through a sieve, adds one shredded carrot, four dates cut up, and used a good French dressing over all.

But you must do something besides dieting. You must get to work seriously to take off those added winter pounds.

Do your exercise routine outdoors or in front of an open window. If the people downstairs complain, invite them to join you. Help them to get fit with you!

Here are some excellent limbering-up exercises that can be done beside an arbor, a gymnasium, or a plain painter's ladder:

(1) Place the left leg on a rung of the ladder or arbor-trellis about waist-high; grasp the ankle with both hands, and bring the head forward. Then slowly raise the head and bend backward as far as possible. Repeat with right leg.

(2) Place both hands on same rung of ladder, waist high, spread feet well apart, and throw the body back as far as possible. This is called arching the back, and is an excellent stretching exercise.

(3) Hold ladder with right hand well above head, and left hand grasping rung lower down, raise right leg as far up and out to side as you can, lower slowly and repeat. Repeat with left leg.

If there are two of you doing the exercises, you can add a fourth one to the limbering-up series:

(4) Assistant kneels and grasps you by the right hand, in his right, supporting your back with his outstretched left hand. You arch your back, as far back as you can go, at the same time raising first the left and then the right leg, with knee bent and toe carefully pointed.

If you are eager to get rid of a few extra pounds so you can wear tennis shorts or a revealing bathing suit without feeling embarrassed, and yet you haven't time to go in for a regular gymnasium course, you can, if you have the will power, do all that is necessary in fifteen minutes—only it's fifteen minutes *every day.*

Here is your schedule: *3 minutes deep breathing,* either outdoors or in front of an open window.

3 minutes bicycle exercise. (You don't need a bicycle for this. Just lie down on back, hands clasped back of head, raise legs and rotate them as if riding in air.)

3 minutes exercise for the abdomen. (Lie on your back on the floor, with toes braced under a heavy piece of furniture. Keeping your legs together on floor, slowly raise trunk to sitting position, hands on hips. Lower trunk to floor again and repeat half a dozen times.)

1 minute leg raising. (Lying on back, raise both legs up vertically, then lower them slowly, feet together, until they almost touch the floor; raise them again and lower, repeating again, then relax.)

1 minute trunk exercise. (Stand erect, hands on hips, and rotate entire body left to right in a circular movement.)

1 minute neck exercise. (Standing, hands on hips, swing head forward and back, and from side to side, completing with a circular movement.)

1 minute bending. (Bring hands up over head and then bend forward, touching toes.)

1 minute setting up exercises. (Hands on hips, toes together, raise heels, bend knees to squatting position, then rise, and repeat. Warning: Do not do this too often or too strenuously or it will overdevelop the thighs.)

1 minute stationary running. (Standing still you run lightly, holding arms close to sides, elbows bent and hands at shoulders.)

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Many people complain that they perspire too much after taking one. That's because they don't know how to do it. First, turn on hot water, then cold, then hot and cold alternately. When you are ready to quit, use cold, but don't turn on a hard spray as this will bring all the blood to the surface and make you very warm afterwards, causing excessive perspiration. Instead, turn on a light spray. Then take your towel rub, briskly.

At night, if you can't sleep, run a tub full of warm water. It's soothing. Lie in it for five minutes, or until you are thoroughly relaxed. Don't rub briskly with a towel afterwards, just pat yourself dry and get into bed.

People who go around boasting of the icy showers they take make me tired. When I was in the army, we had one of those braggarts. He used to boast about the cold showers he took at home, how he often had to break the ice in the rain-barrel, or wherever it was. One day we got so tired of listening to him tell about it that we took him to a nearby pool that was really ice-covered, broke the ice for him and pitched him in. That ended the conversation about icy showers!

Shock from cold is something to be reckoned with. When you first go in bathing this summer, don't go dashing into the water head first as so many silly kids do. Walk in slowly, get the ankles wet, then stoop and throw water on to the wrists and shoulders before getting wet all over.

To go back to reducing: Girls in civil life don't realize how fortunate they are in not having to watch every mouthful of food. I've seen girls at the studio who were under orders to reduce quickly, who were actually hungry on a strenuous diet. The sight of a rich creamy pie or cake almost made them faint. You don't have to go into it as vigorously as they do, so don't pity yourselves when you give up rich desserts and heavy foods.

Whenever the studio sends me new girls they've placed under contract, I find they need to be cut down to fit the screen. They look lovely in street clothes, and no doubt that's how they get in, but the camera magnifies their figures so that on an average they must be moulded down at least two inches.

Here's a difficult exercise that is very good for reducing the abdomen: Stand erect with your back to a wall. Take one step forward. Stretch up your arms as high as you can, chest well lifted, then bend elbows and place palms on the wall behind your head. Arch your trunk well as you "walk" down the wall with your hands. Straighten up and repeat the exercise several times. Make a conscious effort to hold your figure tall at all times, with the abdomen drawn in.

Trunk bendings and twistings are the type of exercise that provides a sort of internal massage necessary to the health of a majority of people who live sedentary lives. If you're a stenographer, teacher, or school girl who doesn't go in for sports, you are likely to need these exercises rather more than muscle-building ones.

Here are some that are not at all simple, but you can work up to them if you become adept at the simpler ones above:

(A) Stand very erect, with chin up, chest out, feet apart and arms in West Point military position, that is, extended at sides on shoulder level. Bend forward, rotate arms with elbows held straight, and clasp hands around the back of each ankle. Then rise quickly to erect position, and bend the trunk backward, flinging arms back until shoulder blades almost touch. Be sure you exhale on the downward movement, inhale on the upward. Repeat this slowly four times, then repeat rapidly four times.

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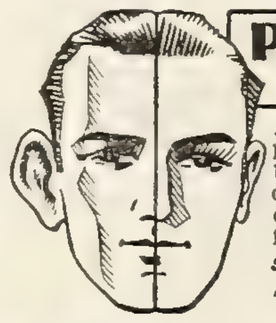
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(B) Stand erect, left hand on hip, right arm at side. Take a long step forward with the right foot. Bend the knee and raise the right hand straight over the head. Swing the trunk forward and down until the right hand touches the floor. Return to starting position and repeat with other hand.

(C) Stand erect, with arms raised above the head. Bend forward from waist until arms and body are parallel with the floor. Slowly raise the left leg in back to a line with the body also parallel to the floor, inhaling as you raise it. Sweep both arms slowly outward and back in a half-circle as far as they will go, exhaling. Return to a standing position and repeat the exercise, standing on the left leg and raising the right one.

(D) Stand erect, feet slightly apart and arms extended in West Point military position. Bend backward as far as possible without falling, and at the same time bend the knees forward in a quarter bend; hold this position for a moment, then sink down to a half bend. Return to the quarter bend, then to the erect position, dropping the arms. In the quarter bend, the knees are directly over the toes; at the half bend, the knees project beyond the toes. Inhale on the upward movement, exhale on the downward one. This exercise develops excellent co-ordination of the muscles. It is not one for a beginner.

(E) Stand erect, feet slightly apart and parallel with each other. Holding the knees stiff, bend forward and rest your hands on the floor. Keeping your feet in place, stiffly, walk forward on your hands until your body is straight, being supported by the toes and hands. Now walk back with your hands, raise your trunk erect and throw your arms out wide, chest up, inhaling deeply.

Now that it's almost Springtime, it will be very beneficial for you if you'll go in for that English habit of walking. I notice that English girls who come to the studio always seem to like to walk. Ida Lupino takes long hikes whenever she has a few hours off. Elissa Landi likes to take her dogs for walks over the hills. Both these girls are noted for beautiful complexions, and they have a naturally lovely carriage.

When you walk, though, remember your posture. You think I'm getting very tiresome on this subject, but until correct posture becomes a part of you, you can't think of it too often. Try that old fashion of walking with a weight on your head if you find that you forget about posture whenever you are in the open. When you get accustomed to the weight, you can pretend it is there.

Physical fitness isn't just a fad for girls who want to break into the movies. It's a way of acquiring health and beauty of body as well as clearness of mind. It takes years off your apparent age, and adds sweetness to your disposition. So let's get going, girls! Up and at it!

James Davies' Answers to Letters

WILL all those who ask for copies of back issues of SCREENLAND please address their queries to the magazine? I have no back copies.

Remember, *if you are still in your teens,* you can afford to be heavier than girls in their twenties. The pounds will slip off easily as you grow.

Adele, Gowanda, N. Y.: You are 14 and already 5′ 6½″ tall. No, there is nothing you can do to get shorter and I doubt if you can stop growing without seriously injuring your health. No doubt you have now reached your full height. Don't worry about being tall; some of our loveliest screen stars are tall, including Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo, Kay Francis, Kitty Carlisle, Gail Patrick.

Mrs. J. C. B. E., Florida: You are 20 lbs. under-weight.

A. M., Garden City, N. Y.: You should weigh 15 lbs. more. If you are easily exhausted, I advise you to consult your doctor. If not, try drinking hot milk or ovaltine before going to bed. Confine exercises to brief swims or routine stretching.

Miss R. D.: You are 22 lbs. over-weight.

Helen A.: You are 26 lbs. over-weight. If you follow routine for general reduction given in this article, I can promise you results, but you must exercise regularly. In six weeks you should notice some difference.

Bernyce B.: You are 11 lbs. over-weight. Try the rolling exercise, as well as general routine, regularly. Concentrate on correct posture, develop poise, and you will not look bashful before an audience. A dramatic school will help you greatly.

Mrs. L. L. L., San Antonio, Texas: You are, as you say, more than 20 lbs. over-weight. Don't despair. I've cured worse cases than yours. Night and morning, *regularly,* do the leg-lifting exercises, first, on back, then face downward; the bicycle exercise, and rolling. It would be well, also, to follow the routine in my article in this issue.

J. M. B., Sacramento, Calif.: Go in for a strenuous course of exercise, engage in sports, especially swimming and hiking, and you will reduce healthfully and effectively.

Catherine D., Long Island: Yes, you should lose 10 lbs., apparently in the hips. Follow my suggestions in this issue, with longer time spent on hip-reduction exercises.

B. W. A.: You are only a pound overweight. You should have no trouble losing that extra pound if you're sensible about diet.

Betty H., Oakland, Calif.: You are very little over-weight. Do ten-minute routine every morning, and walk when you might ride, and I think you'll find the difficulty overcome.

Hattie H., Newark, N. J.: Your measurements are small for you height, but this is a good fault. Your weight is not bad.

Winifred W., Havana, Cuba: Your hips and thighs are too heavy. Get busy on the right exercises for this condition—and keep at it!

Miss A., Brooklyn, N. Y.: Try the more strenuous exercises given in this article.

Mrs. Alma B., East Liverpool, Ohio: Do arm circling, arm flinging, deep-breathing exercises for bust. Use warm olive oil or cocoa butter for shrunken busts; pat it on carefully, never massage.

Mildred Ford, Memphis, Tenn.: You are a very pretty girl, but your hips are too large for a Hollywood figure. Try hip reduction exercises in this article. Good luck to you.

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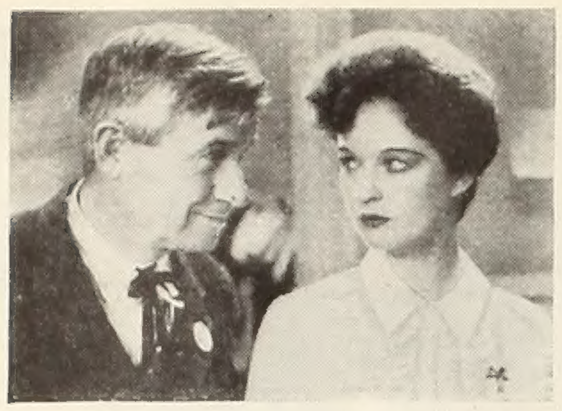


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TAGGING *the* TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 54-55



The County Chairman *Fox*

Again Will Rogers gives us precisely what we want and expect of him in this recreation of George Ade's story about a local politician. Rogers is at his lovable best as the shrewd manipulator of the political doings of his county in Wyoming—fighting bitterly a man who married the only girl the small-town lawyer ever loved. There is a good story with young love prominent—Kent Taylor and Evelyn Venable.



Jack Ahoy *Gaumont-British*

Jack Hulbert, who is England's most popular screen comedian, is seen as a wealthy chap who enlists in the navy and becomes the farcical hero of a burlesque of a melodrama about Chinese pirates and a stolen submarine. The story is too plotty for its own and the star's good, though the film, thanks to Hulbert, and a very pretty girl named Nancy O'Neil, manages a fair amount of excitement and amusement.



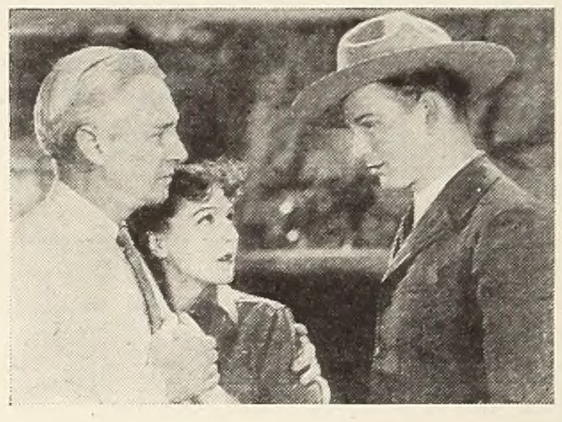
Grand Old Girl *RKO-Radio*

A vehicle for May Robson, who gives a performance her fans will cheer to the echo in the rôle of a school principal, who fights corrupt local politicians and is to be displaced, when a former pupil, now president of the U. S., saves her. Some of the school scenes have spirit, and all of Miss Robson's acting has appeal, but the overstressed melodramatics are a severe handicap to the entertaining qualities.



It's a Gift *Paramount*

W. C. Fields at his best. If you have laughed at "Bill" before, prepare to roar now, for this tops his every past effort in straight comedy. There isn't much story, other than what happens to a lazy fellow ambitious to sell his grocery store and move to California—but doesn't. The gags, with Fields handling them perfectly, are among the funniest of recent film harvest. Youngsters and oldsters will enjoy this one.



Sequoia *M-G-M*

Very different! A film that's amazing for its extraordinary camera work and the remarkable "acting" of two wild animals, a deer and a puma—natural enemies which here fight side by side against their common foe, the hunter. It is a nature story laid in the Sierras, with the humans involved playing a minor part, though of course, Jean Parker is attractive as the girl who befriends the animals. You must see it!



Bordertown *Warners*

When Paul Muni and Bette Davis are cast together, good acting must result—and it does in this play set in a lawless town on the Mexican border. Bette plays to the hilt a part as cruelly colorful as that in "Of Human Bondage," as the woman who tramples on others to win the man she loves. Paul Muni has an equally impressive opportunity as the man in the case. Exciting melodrama—for adults, not for children.



The Night Is Young *M-G-M*

Ramon Novarro as a romantic arch-duke, Evelyn Laye as the dancer with whom he falls in love, Charles Butterworth and Una Merkel as a comedy team compose what should be a most agreeable and engaging group. Well, they are—but because they do it all themselves, without much aid from a stodgy musical comedy plot that gets pretty dull at times. While it is more stagey than sprightly, the result is likeable charm.



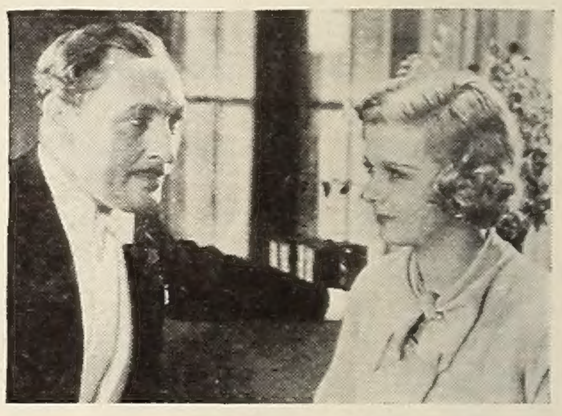
Biography of a Bachelor Girl *M-G-M*

This is what passes for "sophisticated" drama, but which is really quite innocuous romance involving a portrait painter, notorious for her romances with brilliant men, and a cynical young editor who signs her to write her autobiography for his magazine. Ann Harding and Robert Montgomery make a most effective team. Una Merkel and Edward Everett Horton supply fine comedy moments. Very talky, but good.



Baboona *Fox*

You must know by this time whether you enjoy these easy-chair visits to the African jungles and the veldt. Here Martin and Osa Johnson give us many novel and interesting views shot from airplanes, and one or two mildly exciting action bits supplied by the beasts which prowl the terrain we visit. It is all very handsomely photographed, and presented with a view to making the most of the life and locale.



The Man Who Reclaimed His Head *Universal*

Tense, taut, and trenchant drama made vivid and penetrating by the fine acting of Claude Rains as a writer whose editorials attacking war elevate his employer to great political prominence in France. The publisher sells out to the munition makers and courts the hero's wife. The hero returns from the front and kills his betrayer. Lionel Atwill and Joan Bennett are excellent. Very real and gripping serious drama.



Enchanted April *RKO-Radio*

Unless you like sweetness doubly sweet, this picture may prove too saccharine for you. The story tells of four women who colease an Italian château, all being on marital vacations—one, played by Ann Harding, perhaps permanently. It is the suffering wife attempting to be eternally noble and courageous who makes it all rather hard to believe. Reginald Owen and Frank Morgan are fine. From "Elizabeth's" book.



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